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JOHN HEYWOOD,
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BY

JOHN HEYWOOD,

DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER.

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CALM—CEMAES BAY, ANGLESEA.

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A FRENCH ESTIMATE OF RUSKIN.

BY J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

THOSE of us who were wont to look out eagerly for new volume, lecture, or letter of Ruskin, have often a difficulty in realising that he is still living, so deep is the silence that has fallen on his closing years. He is himself an illustration of his own saying, that death is a period, sometimes long, happiest when short, but a period always. In dreams we often meet those who have passed away, and wonder that they are still living, but unhesitatingly accept the fact. The confusion of dreamland is almost reproduced in waking hours, when, in the case of one who has played such a prominent part in earlier years, existence is prolonged so far beyond the period of energetic life.

But the close of his activity has by no means meant the close of his influence, for Ruskin holds a place amongst those whom we consider as primarily students and men of letters, but who have also exercised an immediate effect on practical life. His activity has been diverse, touching life at many points. As the writer, whose estimate of him we are about to consider, says: "This thinker is a man of action. If he holds a flower, he also bears a sword, like the pious knights of the middle ages whom we see in the paintings of the early masters, adoring

the Virgin, in ecstasy, between two battles. And this feature marks him out clearly from the art critics and lake-poets, satisfied when they have done the salons or praised Nature, without any concern about improving the one or preserving the other. Ruskin has felt this concern. Every time he has put forth an idea, a pamphlet, a book, like the soldier who discharges his weapon from afar, he has gone into the thick of the fight to see what has become of his idea, to follow it up with his own strength, and, if we may be allowed the phrase, to grapple closely with facts."

The critic of Ruskin, upon whose estimate of him we enter in this paragraph, is M. Robert de la Sizeranne, already known by a volume on contemporary English Art, in which, also, we read much of Ruskin and his influence on the pre-Raphaelite movement. He was led to a close study of Ruskin by chance evidences of his great practical influence on this side of the Channel.

"Several years ago," he tells us, "being in Florence on the 7th of March, the festival of St. Thomas Aquinas, I wished to study in the cloister of the greatest of Dominican churches—Santa Maria Novella—the frescoes of Memmi and Gaddi, in which we see the triumph of St. Thomas, and his areopagus of the seven celestial and the seven terrestial sciences. It seemed to me that no better day could be chosen for an attempt to realise what this man had been as a disciplinary of thought. Then, again, a splendid sun was shining over the domes of the City of Flowers, and sunshine is indispensable for the deciphering of all these figures of apostles, allegorical beasts, dogs of the Lord worrying the wolves of heresy, philosophers—from Boëthius, who looks like a leper, to Tubal Cain, who looks like an ourang-outang. Wishing to be alone, I was there by nine o'clock in the morning. The cloister was empty. The freshness of the monastic solitude made strolling to and fro delightful. Through the old fourteenth century arcade shone the green grass which, lasting not long, is ever being renewed. The sacristan, watchful and cute, had fastened the door with a vast array of bolts. The bells rang out in full volley; then all again was silence. . . . I paced for some time the footway of tombs bordering the green cloister, when, drawing near to the Spanish chapel, I heard the beginning and growth of a gentle sound of words, of reading, as of a prayer. Had I been forestalled? Already I distinguished in the luminous shade silhouettes of girls, with Giottesque profiles, in white-

veiled travelling hats, and carrying handfuls of mimosas. They were crowded together before the Triumph of St. Thomas Aquinas. One of them read—

> 'Optavi et datus est mihi sensus,
> Invocavi et venit in me spiritus sapientiæ,
> Et præposui illam regnis et sedibus."

Then the voice took up an English text, of which the sense was as follows: 'I prayed, and the spirit of wisdom came upon me, the σοφια, or Santa Sophia, to whom the first great Christian temple was dedicated. This higher wisdom, governing by her presence all earthly conduct, and, by her teaching, all earthly art, Florence tells you, she obtained only by prayer.'

"For long she read thus, passing from the most eloquent remarks on the place of discipline in human thought to the most minute criticism of the fingers or hair of such or such figure in the fresco, noting the re-paintings, studying the pose of heads, the folds of robes, contrasting the calm of Rhetoric with the extravagant gestures of the talkers in the streets of Florence, 'who make lips of their fingers, and hope, insanely, to drag by vociferation whatever they would have out of man and God.'

"The audience listened intently, manœuvring with the precision of a Prussian regiment to bring themselves before such or such a figure, following the indications of the thin book bound in red and gold. At times the voice rose as if in invocation. The distant sound of an organ accompanied it in undertone. Breaths of flower-perfumed air passed like incense. The golden mimosas, touched by rays of sunlight, shone in their hands like tapers. I saw that these travellers stood on the sepulchral stone of the Spanish Ambassadors which has given the chapel its name. What they were reading seemed like a sheaf of flowers come to life from a dead past. What were this book, this unknown office, the priest of this religion of Beauty? The sacristan, come round that way, tossed me the name: 'Ruskin!'"

Another year our author was staying in an English house, enjoying a rest, after an Economical Congress in London. Here, amid talk of machinery used for so many things which in earlier days were works of art, serviettes were pointed out, made of Langdale linen, and a coat, made of St. George's Guild cloth. And when he asked who founded this guild? who was the Titan or madman who sought thus to make his century retrace its steps? he was given again the name heard in the green cloister: "Ruskin!" "There was a man, then, quite close to us, across the Channel, who had won sufficient empire over British minds to awaken them to the ecstasies of the early

painters, and to impose upon them his own boldly reactionary conception of life, of style, of economics, and even of clothing." He learned more of Ruskin, of the vast sales of his books, of pirated editions in the Far West, of Ruskin Societies in London, Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool; of artists engraving his drawings, writers telling the story of his life, culling from his books "Ruskiniana," "Birthday Books," "Guides to Museums." Mr. Frederic Harrison had proclaimed him "the most brilliant living genius of England, the most inspiring soul yet among us;" and the head-master of a London girls' school had declared, at a school festival, that "the nineteenth century would only be famous in the future because Ruskin had written in it."

Whatever Ruskin might be, our author concluded that at any rate an art critic must take account of him; so he set himself to read Ruskin and everything he could find written about him. Not only this, but, he tells us, "I followed the path the master had trod. In Switzerland, at Florence, Venice, Amiens, by the Rhine or the Arno, wherever he had worked, I worked after him, repeating at times the sketches from which were drawn his theories and illustrations, waiting the effects of sunlight which he had prescribed, and watching in some sort on the eternal monuments the fugitive shadows of his thoughts. Then I waited, before writing, until, after several years, this system lay before me, not in its delightful complexity, but in its broad outlines, like the Alpine ranges he loved so well. Near to they seem a chaos; but as we retire from them they unite to form upon the horizon a faint blue line—a line that is a world."

It is the estimate of Ruskin thus formed that we have to consider in this paper. One danger M. de la Sizeranne has incurred is evident from the close of the paragraph

just quoted. It is no easy task to systematise Ruskin, and when you have got your system, it is too apt to be Ruskin no longer. And, though the book strikes us as the best attempt of the kind made hitherto, the system is still something less than the man.

The full title of the book is "Ruskin and the Religion of Beauty." What has been quoted already is sufficient to show that the author does not mistake Ruskin for a mere æsthete, a worshipper of sensuous beauty; for such an one as was Tennyson's builder of the Palace of Art, ere he awoke to the deeper needs of his being. The beauty is a vital—we may say a spiritual, a divine—beauty; and its cult is not an exclusive one. Beauty is claimed as an essential element in the religion which alone can satisfy all the aspirations and complete the development of the human soul.

The book begins with a character sketch; then we have an examination of the writings; and thirdly, an analysis of Ruskin's thought, æsthetic and social.

Much of the success of a writer who endeavours to give an account of Ruskin the thinker, depends upon his understanding of Ruskin the child and the man. Much of what at first sight appears of greatest importance in the writings becomes of much less moment when we trace it home to mistakes and narrowness in his early training. "Modern Painters" must be read in the light of the "Oxford Lectures" if Ruskin is to be understood.

On the whole, M. de la Sizeranne's character-sketch is a good one. The early development of Ruskin's powers of observation, his enthusiasm for natural beauty ("my eyes leap out of my head" was his own account of the impressions of a visit to Croydon), his father's love of literature and art, his mother's evangelical convictions, her detestation of the Pope and the theatre, and her love of flowers, her

too great carefulness to keep her boy out of all danger and to save him from the very suspicion of care—all this was obvious, being so clearly brought out in the pages of "Praeterita."

These influences sowed the seeds and ensured the freedom for the growth of his artistic taste. This freedom was also secured by the neglect, nay, almost the weeding out, of another growth, the personal affections. His home life developed no tender affection for his parents, and he saw but few people outside the small family circle. Repeatedly his love was thwarted—finally, it was blighted. In later years, writing of these earlier days, he could say: "I had nothing to love. My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and the moon; only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out." At such a cost, then, of the love of father and mother, of wife and friend, had he to become worthy to be the lover of nature, of art, and of man. Hence, says M. de la Sizeranne, "subjected to this special *régime*, all the faculties of the child converge towards acute sensibility, to the fastidious analysis of landscapes and figures. His æsthetic sense grows, to the detriment of all the others. He cannot love this little cousin because she wears her hair in ringlets, which he cannot bear the sight of. If, by chance, he is taken on a visit, he notes only the pictures which adorn the drawing-room, and is oblivious of the company. Soon, at Oxford, he will find intolerable the faces of tutors and comrades not sufficiently characteristic, and will only listen to professors bearing some resemblance to the Erasmus of Holbein or the Melanchthon of Durer. Well equipped for geometry, he stops short when he leaves that science of visible and tangible dimensions to take up algebra, dealing only with the relations of figures. Things interest him

only in the measure of their beauty, for the joy or the suffering they cause through his sight. So that on the threshold of his manhood a strong æsthetic influence greets him, and obviously will determine his life-work. Nature stands revealed to him, no longer in her grey northern garb alone, but in her azure southern splendour; no longer bedizened as around the city, but in her great, free, wild, and primitive nakedness, and soon, intelligence, will, and heart, he will yield himself to her and to those, who, like Turner, will have revealed her to him."

In a chapter on Ruskin as a man of action, M. de la Sizeranne tells the story of the Working Men's College, the St. George's Guild, the Sheffield Museum, and the other ways in which Ruskin endeavoured to give practical effect to his theories. We need not follow him through this chapter. That many of these schemes have not met with much success, that they count for little in the great volume of our national life, he rightly considers to be of small moment. When you sow seed you cannot tell which will prosper, this or that, or whether both will fail; and it is after many days that the bread reappears that has been cast upon the waters. All the same, it would not be difficult to show how powerfully the teaching and the work of Ruskin have influenced the applied arts in this country, and how this influence is now spreading over the continent of Europe. Another chapter, entitled "La Franchise," rightly insists on a characteristic which has been strongly marked throughout the whole of Ruskin's career. The following passage would serve as a piece of self-description: "To be ἐλεύθερος, liber, or *franc*, is first to have learned how to rule our own passions; and then, certain that our own conduct is right, to persist in that conduct against all resistance, whether of counter-opinion, counter-pain, or counter-pleasure. To be defiant alike of the mob's thought,

of the adversary's threat, and the harlot's temptation—this is in the meaning of every great nation to be free; and the one condition upon which that freedom can be obtained is pronounced to you in a single verse of the 119th Psalm, 'I will walk in liberty, for I seek Thy precepts.'" On this passage our author's comment is that, "This blunt frankness, when he applies it to others, makes him lose at times all proportion, and forget all politeness. . . . But it must be noted that the master treats himself no better than he treats others. Often in Praeterita' he speaks of the follies and absurdities of his youth, and mocks the pompous style of 'Modern Painters.' . . . He bravely reprints his defective lists, while confessing his errors. . . . . Ruskin hastened to say what he thought, without reserve, and never ceased to think. He did not wait before writing to be sure that his ideas were fixed; and, later, he did not cease to write when he found out they were not fixed. Wherever he believed a new light was shining he sought it. If at times he went forward imprudently, he also drew back without false shame, only having had in view one thing—truth. His weakness would be the lot of many writers had they his frankness. Each of us 'contra-thinks' himself. Let us not blame Ruskin for contradicting himself."

The second part of the book deals with Ruskin's utterances. At the outset we are met by an amusing criticism of his lack of logical arrangement.

"No comprehensive plan, no logical sequence, at the utmost a tendency like the law of form in a crystal. 'The subject which I want to bring before you is branched, and, worse than branched, reticulated in so many directions that I hardly know which shoot of it to trace, or which knot to lay hold of first.' He proceeds to lay hold of all of them at once. At a bound you reach the subject itself, only, stunned by the fall, you do not readily see what it is. Thrown into this universal exhibition of ideas, you set off wandering in all directions, afraid of losing yourself, but charmed with your excursion. It is not that labels are

wanting. There are more than in any other writer. Each phrase is numbered, and the Ruskinites say to each other: 'You remember paragraph 25 of the sixth chapter of the "Stones of Venice"?' Or, again, 'Let us meditate on the 248th paragraph of "Aratra Pentelici!"' Everywhere one sees partitions, railings, compartments purporting to keep different matters separate; don't believe in them. You will find some chapters reprinted in several different volumes, others which anticipate their successors or repeat what has gone before, upsetting the whole economy of the volume. 'This,' he says repeatedly, 'belongs to another part of my subject.' His books overlap like budgets, and his composition is as involved as the time-tables which the bewildered traveller vainly tries to decipher at the railway station. . . . If you expect from a book a single and connected thesis on one definite subject, if you are not resolved, on opening it, to leave behind all taste for logic and all instinct for classification, you had better not venture into this wonderful maze. Sesame will have no charm to win entrance for you, nor Ariadne any thread that can guide you."

But notwithstanding this confusion as a whole, we are still encouraged to read because "each individual idea we extract seems clearer and better defined than in any other treatise on æsthetics," because, instead of abstract discussions, we have concrete instances, several of which are quoted, and support the conclusions that while we are reading—

"the field of ideas is enlarged: the horizon recedes. For to aid in the understanding of a work of art, to hold us a moment longer before a detail of sculpture, Ruskin lays the whole physical world under contribution, as, just previously, the whole moral world. Here, in the fold and droop of a veil, he sees the mysterious law by which the worlds are governed; there, in the curve of a petal, he sees the flower which reveals a God. All the scientific and moral notions accumulated by the centuries group themselves naturally round the object he examines with you. For him more than for any other,

The voice of ocean whispers in a shell,

and every grain of dust is the magic sesame of the halls of knowledge. His receptive equipment is circular like those used for panoramic photography. Wherever he places himself he discerns the whole of natural phenomena and human sympathies; every cup over which he leans reflects all that passes above our heads. A sane, scientific, nourishing poetry is born of these simple unions. He neither creates nor invents, discovers nor supposes; he combines ideas and passes rapidly from one point of view to others never suspected to be so near; he unites obscure sympathies. He takes up a central position where meet the conclusions of science and art, of religions and philosophies, and instantly, at a touch, as an electric circuit is completed, ideas are brought

together. A sudden flash! What is this new force, we ask. These two ideas had no life, no poetry. But there is nothing new, except that they have been united, charged from the infinite, and there is life now where before were only lifeless theories."

In one of the most interesting chapters in the book entitled "L'Image," Ruskin's power of picture-writing is illustrated. The point is a most important one, and is well treated. "It is always with the eye of a painter that the writer examines dogmas or deciphers manuscripts. For him history is a public place, drawn in perspective by Canaletto, where persons well or ill-clad come and go, as in the pictures of Guardi or Tiepolo, carrying banners, which he delightedly explains, bearing coats-of-arms which he analyses with care, striking coins which he mirrors before our eyes like the Piero de Medici of the *Uffizi*, with a quick and subtle gesture. A trefoil, cut beneath the feet of St. John in a florin struck in the Val di Serchio, represents for him a victory of the Florentines over the Pisans, and he marks the advance of the popular party in Florence by the progress of a colour in the City arms, as we follow the hours by a shadow rising on a wall.

"If he speaks of lavas and siliceous rocks, of conglomerates and limestones, of the stratified hill country of Cumberland, and the motion of the Swiss glaciers, it is still as a painter who looks upon science as a landscape of which the lines change slowly under the pressure of the elements, with endless variation and return, the laws of which are explained by shapes of clouds and flowers. Religions come before him as in frescoes of the early painters, where sacred virtues recommend themselves by beautiful forms, and dogmas are esteemed for purity of colour. The whole cycle of thoughts and things is run through thus, pencil in hand. The writer thinks in images—which indisputably certain great painters of his country do not—and thus, rather than by his drawings and water-colours, he shows

himself a painter and one of the most painter-like in the United Kingdom."

Again, our author distinguishes Ruskin from other critics by his passion—by the currents of enthusiasm or anger which sweep across his books. But what shall we say to a claim for modernity? Yet this claim is made, and well sustained.

"All these writings are of our own time. They have analytical curiosity, a cosmopolitan outlook, humane tenderness. Any other age could neither have inspired nor comprehended them. If, in fact, on the one hand, we examine what are the three chief characteristics of our modern life, we shall find that it is more scientific than that of our fathers—in other words, it examines more closely the reasons for its impressions; it is more cosmopolitan—that is to say, it is coloured with memories gathered in many lands; and it is more social, troubled, that is, with the relations of the different classes, and more sensible alike of their griefs and their discords. If, on the other hand, we resume the impressions left with us by Ruskin's criticism, we shall find it entering further into minute examination of works of art, taking its illustrations from more lands and more landscapes, and more fully penetrated with the social sense of art and its obscure affinities with the social life of the masses. And on these three sides the man of Brantwood appears, not as a writer of yesterday, but as a writer of to-day—nay, rather, of to-morrow. Every passing day, like a falling leaf, reveals his heaven more clearly. Because our life is more and more analytical, travelled, and disturbed; because we have more knowledge, insight, and pity, we have more sympathy with his science, his travel, and his sociology. They who, deceived by his tory and loyalist side, call him out-of-date, understand neither his work nor the life of to-day. Doubtless there have been at all times analysts of Nature and of Art, but they have not at all times been aided by the implements and documents of Science, or of contemporary historical criticism. There have always been artists, but they could not always choose their examples in all the galleries of Europe, study the colours of every glacier, dip their brushes in the water of every lake. There have been at all times apostles and spirits vibrating to the miseries of the poor, but there has not always been, in the higher ranks of society, an urgent sympathy for the lower ones, and all the days of human life have not been saddened or elated by the fevered expectancy of a night of judgment. Ruskin, then, does battle with his age, filled, like the suckling who, La Bruyère tells us, fought his nurse, with the strength its milk has given him, and the very words he utters bear the form of all that he has cursed."

The chapter from which these extracts are taken is so full of penetrating criticism that one would gladly transcribe the

whole. But it is not within the compass of this paper to give a translation of the book. Analysis, imagery, passion, modernity—these are the four qualities by which M. de la Sizeranne finds the writings of Ruskin pre-eminently distinguished. We must now follow him as he discusses Ruskin's thought, first æsthetic and then social.

From the mass of Ruskin's writings a system of thought is to be extracted. The task is not an easy one.

"It was said by ancient wisdom," our author reminds us, "'we never descend the same stream twice.' On closing these gilt-edged, blue, or purple volumes, where we have found so many powerful pages of analysis, imagery, and passion, we are similarly inclined to say, 'We never read the same Ruskin twice.' His contradictions have been the joy of his enemies, and have ploughed the foreheads of his disciples deep with furrows. M. Augustin Filon has written that he would undertake to extract from the works of Ruskin the most contradictory of doctrines, and Mr. Whistler has amused himself, in a substantial volume, by drawing from them aphorisms which, in point of clearness, rival the 'Arrangements in Black' of the celebrated American artist himself. When we have read one page of the master we think we know his meaning; after ten pages we hesitate; after twenty we give it up. The subtleties, undulations, windings of his diverse systems—æsthetic, religious, and social—make him an imponderable, unseizable magician, who, if we seek to shut him up in a logical formula, disappears in a cloud of smoke, like the genie of the 'Thousand and One Nights,' and we find ourselves face to face with a heterogeneous collection of precious things, glittering and charming, but changeful and fleeting as flame or flood. But yet the stream which flows beneath our eyes is much the same as the stream which flowed past the same place when our grandfather, holding us by the hand, showed it to us for the first time. This flame, which, leaping up, peoples with strange forms the great hall of the family mansion, recalls in general shape the flame that warmed our childish fingers and conjured the delightful dreams long vanished up the chimney. No flow is like the flow of yesterday, but the river is always the same. No flame reproduces exactly the arabesques of the past, but the hearth remains unchanged. Ruskin is like a river; he is like a flame. He is always changing, always renewing himself, always the same. His thoughts come always from the same source, and it is high. They go always to deepen the same ocean, and it is far away. What is the source, and what is the ocean?"

This enquiry begins with an examination of Ruskin's attitude towards Nature, and what follows, to the end of the book, is an exposition, not a critique. The chemist, the naturalist, the economist, are asked what it is in

Nature that none of them, as such, takes into his reckoning, and which yet affects powerfully the human emotions, so that the mere appearances of Nature, like Yule-tide bells, bring us both joy and sorrow. "The science which would explain this to us must account for the *forms* as well as the *forces* of Nature, must establish not only the laws but the joys of creation. This philosophy or science would not be, it may be said, a science properly so called, or even a philosophy. Perhaps, and we will not dispute about words. There is, in fact, between the two orders of enquiry, a profound difference. 'Science deals exclusively with things as they are in themselves, and art exclusively with things as they affect the human senses and human soul. Her work is to portray the appearances of things, and to deepen the natural impressions which they produce on living creatures. The work of science is to substitute facts for appearances, and demonstrations for impressions. Both, observe, are equally concerned with truth; the one with truth of aspect, the other with truth of essence. Art does not represent things falsely, but truly as they appear to mankind. Science studies the relations of things to each other, but art studies only their relations to man; and it requires of everything which is submitted to it imperatively this, and only this—what that thing is to the human eyes and human heart, what it has to say to men, and what it has become to them: a field of question just as much vaster than that of science, as the soul is larger than the material creation.' . . . . What is this faculty which enables us to see and study in men something more than marvellous motor machines, in plants something more than alembics, and in flowers something more than medicines? . . . . Evidently it is not intelligence, for ideas of beauty are instinctive, and when they are in question, the best thing

that can be said about intelligence is that it is useless. Is it sensation? The pleasures of sensation must be subordinated to a useful purpose or become injurious. On the contrary, the pleasures of sight are given to us like presents. They respond to no necessity of simple existence, and can be enjoyed with no restriction of time and measure. They are, in fact, not means of life, but an object of life. The faculty which perceives beauty is not, then, an animal sensation. It is the heart that renders us capable of deep and calm emotion before the great horizons of nature. The faculty which serves this end is then one of the heart—a sentiment. The claims of sensuality and of reasoning are set aside in favour of a sympathy springing from the heart. The heart cleaves to form, to the expression of personality, not to force. Art is concerned with form, leaving force to science; and the power which gives form 'has been by all nations partly confused with the breath or air through which it acts, and partly understood as a creative wisdom, proceeding from the Supreme Deity, but entering into and inspiring all intelligences that work in harmony with Him.' And whatever intellectual results may be in modern days obtained by regarding this effluence only as a motion or vibration, every formative human art hitherto and the best states of human happiness and order have depended on the apprehension of its mystery (which is certain), and of its personality (which is probable)."

"And here," says M. de la Sizeranne, at the close of a discussion of which I have endeavoured to suggest the outline in a few sentences, "the Prophet of Beauty stops. He has said enough for those who love Nature; he has said too much for those who do not love her. But we will reproach him neither for his standpoint nor his dogmatism. He affirms nothing but that which his eyes have seen; he repeats nothing more than what his ears have heard. The beliefs that cradled his childhood have long fled before the goad of doubt. He has rendered to free thought the most conspicuous homage. He has, to the scandal of the old universities, from his professorial chair at

Oxford, pursued with indignant attack the baseless fabrication of dogma and 'insolence of faith'; he has denounced the pride of the Church, which imagines 'that myriads of the inhabitants of the world for four thousand years have been left to wander and perish, many of them everlastingly, in order that, in fulness of time, divine truth might be preached sufficiently to ourselves'; and has rallied the mystics who 'withdraw themselves from all true service of man, that they may pass the best part of their lives in what they are told is the service of God—namely, desiring what they cannot obtain, lamenting what they cannot avoid, and reflecting on what they cannot understand.' But this has not been done to abdicate before materialism the free examination of his æsthetic, nor to bow before 'the insolence of science.' He has not abandoned at the door of the laboratory the ardent scepticism he had not feared to bring into the cathedral. He has not allowed reason, any more than faith, to free itself from the problems he had put to it by denying or minimising them. In full vigour and in full repute, in full sanity of mental power and before the evening of his life, he returned to Nature and found her unexplained, if not in her force yet in her beauty. But this beauty he has always affirmed to be the great inspirer of the deeds of men, their highest joy and enduring law. He demands then an explanation, or, if not an explanation, an avowal of the mystery by which the deepest part of our life, our admiration, is surrounded. The portal of the unknown, which Science makes bold to close, he opens again, without struggle, but firmly, by showing that there is not one science, but simply many different sciences, and one of them so backward as to be hardly known and named, and yet that it assuredly exists, since its subject plays so large a part in the things that have made us what we are, and in those also which we make. To him it is certain that the question he has put remains unanswered, and that there is more æsthetic between heaven and earth than is taught in the schools of our philosophy. He comes back then to the God of his childhood, not so much because He is the truth as because He is an explanation of the Beautiful, while philosophy can only account for ugliness. Legend for legend, he gives himself to those which wither nothing, which darken nothing, which accord best with his æsthetic sentiment. The Christ becomes for him the supreme and gentle artist who labours with His hands to make more fair the dwelling-place of men; He is the gardener whom the Magdalene met, who watches over the new-born flowers; He is the unknown painter who lays on the edge of the gentian the touch that gives it life; He is the subtle weaver who clothes the lilies in garments more beautiful than those of Solomon; He is the vine-dresser, not unknown at Cana, and who to-day, in every grape that hangs from the vine, still changes into wine the water of earth and air. The Christ is all that awakens life in the springtime, all that shines in the mount, and quenches our thirst as it descends into the plain. He is Nature; He is Beauty; He is Love. We are not surprised that the servant of Beauty should be His servant; nor that, in the westering of his days, writing his mental testament and gathering into one all things he has clearly seen, like the sun, who, as he fades from sight, gathers to himself all the rays of which he has been so prodigal throughout the day, Ruskin should say this to us:—'And

now, in writing beneath the cloudless peace of the snows of Chamounix, what must be the really final words of the book which their beauty inspired and their strength guided? I am able, with yet happier and calmer heart than heretofore, to enforce its simplest assurance of Faith, that the knowledge of what is beautiful leads on, and is the first step, to the knowledge of the things which are lovely and of good report; and that the laws, the life, and the joy of beauty in the material world of God are as eternal and sacred parts of His creation; as in the world of spirits virtue, and in the world of angels, praise.'

"If such be Nature, what should Art be? Assuredly something at once very great and very humble; very great towards ourselves, very humble towards her. For if the life, the joys, and the laws of Beauty in the material world of God are as sacred parts of His creation as virtue in the world of spirits, the man who studies these laws recalls these joys and prolongs this life, the artist, fulfils one of the greatest tasks of humanity. He comes between Nature and us. He is the interpreter, the singer, and the recorder. We hurry in life to our different aims—to the office, to cricket, to the public council. His mission is to stop us and say, 'Look at this pebble and its veins, this blade of grass, which has a meaning for you, this limb, this heaven.' . . . . The artist watches Nature as the sailor watches at sea. He is the awakener of our admiration. It is he who traces the subtlest laws, who gives us the most vivid joys, who presses towards the discovery of the æsthetic mysteries which bind us to things above and things below. And more, it is he who shows us how his time and his country have understood these things, and of this understanding leaves us the surest evidence. But while Art is very great towards ourselves, for the same reason its rôle is very humble in relation to Nature. Towards her 'all art is praise.' For if the material world has been expressly organised with an æsthetic intent—if the clouds are painted in fresco every evening to gladden our lifted eyes, and the flowers washed in water-colour every morning to gladden our downward gaze—it is evidently in Nature that all beauty must be sought. She is the supreme type and the enduring model, not the dreams of imagination or any ideal imposed by tradition.

"From this conception of Beauty follows naturally the part which the artist is to play in reference to Nature, and this is the main question in art. According to his decision an artist will be an eclectic, a realist, or an idealist. He will follow one of the three great theories to which all theorles of art converge—the theory of choice, the theory of literal imitation, the theory of idealism. But if we have defined Beauty as 'the signature of God on his works,' and even on the least of his works, if we have affirmed that all Nature is Beauty, it is not for us to accept the theory of choice, much less that of idealism. Choose! Who would dare? Consequently, and according to 'the phrase which made pre-Raphaelitism,' the artists ought to 'go to nature in all singleness of heart, rejecting nothing, scorning nothing, choosing nothing;' much more without idealising anything, need it be said? To choose is an impertinence, but to idealise is sacrilege. It is the paradoxical, outrageous pretension of a mean spirit, who, incapable of penetrating the

Beauty spread throughout nature, undertakes to create it according to his own miserable imaginings. The imagination has nothing to create; its rôle is to 'penetrate the truth, to unite the truth, to restore the truth.' It ought never to be to substitute something for, or add something to, the truth. We are left to take the side of Realism. We should indeed do so, if Realism, as understood in modern studios, were the imitation and adoration of Nature. But far from the realistic school admiring and seeking Nature, no school in history has more deliberately proscribed and more insolently mocked Nature. Far from setting itself to reproduce what in this world is natural and original, it has devoted itself to the representation of what is artificial and accidental. For it is necessary to expose the sophistry of this school, which, relying on a true principle that nature far surpasses the human imagination, has made it serve, by a strange abuse of words, the extravagant conclusion that everything due to the fabrication of men—machines, pavements, locomotives, cabs. bicycles, public-houses, and railway embankments—is Nature, and therefore merits our admiration. These odd lovers of reality who begin by manufacturing, artificially and after their own imaginings, an ugly object contravening all natural laws, go on to tell us that this object is beautiful because it is real, lacking at once precision of logic—because on these terms reality could not be opposed to artifice—and love for the reality which they disfigure instead of copying. . . . Beauty, then, is neither in an ideal, on the one side, nor in the denaturalised Nature copied by the realists, on the other, but in natural Nature; and if we do not easily find this Nature to-day, if the human figures which surround us are blighted 'by the visible and instant operation of unconquered sin,' do not let us appeal to a dream, but to a reality, a vanished reality, a memory of the happy days when Man—strong, pure, vigorous, and confident—walked amid lovely landscapes which he had the time neither to destroy nor insult. To this question: What must Art do, and what must she show us? we answer, then: Simply, Nature as she is, and Man as he has been. The way of Nature undefiled is easy to take; it is that which leads to the valleys which industry has not reached as yet, and the seas she cannot spoil. For the figure painter and the sculptor, it is, perhaps, a difficult task to restore Man as he was before vice and mechanical labour; but, at least, this reality must be obstinately pursued, and not something other than reality. Nothing must be generalised, nothing added, nothing improved; but we may remove from the human countenance the signs of degradation which the artificialities of our time have put there. Nothing must be invented outside of Nature; but the injuries which civilisation and misfortune have done to Nature may be effaced. This is not an effacing of natural truths, but a restoring of the true text by obliterating an interpolation."

We need not follow our author into the discussion of technical questions, but it is worth noting that he says that where Ruskin's doctrine contradicts most completely French ideas it is always worth knowing, even if it is not

to be followed, and he also points out that in several things Ruskin, fifty years ago, anticipated the art-practice of the present day. This summary of Ruskin's art teaching ends with the conclusion that "despite everything here that is exaggerated and paradoxical, we cannot call these the ideas of a moralist, for they are indisputably the sentiments of an artist, and he never was an artist, whatever his sign and superscription, who has not experienced them! To forget his art for Nature, to forget himself for his art, is the express condition of all uplifting towards the mysteries of Beauty, and it is also, practically, in every work of art the first condition of success. In saying that 'All art is praise,' praise humble and devout, forgetfulness of self and sacrifice, the Master of the Laws of Fésole has given expression to more than a moral and sentimental aphorism; he has given a precise rule, the application of which can be made every day to the most delicate æsthetic problems of our time. This enthusiast has seen clearly through our modern sophisms, and this prophet has laid bare, under the glosses of critics, and in despite of the interested theories of artists, the real evil, the profound evil, from which certain of our arts are suffering—vanity. He has seen and insisted that in addition to the material and technical qualities without which there is no art, 'for the first business of a painter is to paint' there is needed also, to produce great harmonious works, a certain moral quality. He has realised that science will not always suffice without conscience, nor skill of hand without simplicity of heart."

And now we reach the point where Ruskin's art theories touch our social and economic system. How is it, the question is asked, that with all our experience and skill we cannot rival the great art-works of the past? And the answer is, because we lack humility—"the humility

which does not look for sudden and brilliant success, but which is contented with long and calm endeavour; the humility which does not confine itself to the intellectual and aristocratic arts, which recoils from no necessary toil; the humility which makes possible the union of all artists, founded on the mutual esteem for the part each takes in the labour of all. If to-day we see the creation of some beautiful easel pictures, some fine statues, some good parts in a building, but never of a complete work of beautiful decoration, it is not that knowledge and skill are lacking, it is that to achieve a swift success the artist, like the artisan, specialises; he directs all his efforts towards the greatest reputation and the most lucrative work; he shrinks from devotion to all the arts from fear of succeeding in none. This division of labour leads in industry to rapid progress and great gains. But at the same time it is fatal to the arts. It divides them at their source, and no subsequent efforts can bring them together. We can produce fragments, never an *ensemble;* collections, never an organism. To produce an *ensemble,* there must be the same life and the same life where life is given by the same creator and inspirer. Every artist ought to be a workman; but at the same time, and to maintain the equilibrium, every workman ought to be an artist. The artisan should not seek to do art-work mechanically, but to do his own artisan's work artistically. Great decorative art, popular art, can only be had at this price. Such art, such life. It is granted that art should only reproduce beautiful figures and beautiful, that is to say, unsullied, landscapes. But what if neither men nor nature are any longer beautiful? And it is also granted that art can only be produced by artists, simple, modest, and devoted. But what if artists are no longer simple, modest, or devoted? Where are the models for such works, and, above all, where are the workmen?

Where are the bodies which incarnate beauty, and the souls which sacrifice themselves for her?—where the great common ideals, the happy solemnities of national life, furnishing the occasion for works springing from the people's heart, like the cathedrals of other days? Where, again, the ties of æsthetic solidarity, which will enable a multitude of artists and workmen to forget the differences of their conditions that they may aid each other to fulfil them. We see at once how the æsthetic thought of Ruskin becomes a moral and social thought, and why, in the middle of his career, from 1860, he no longer thinks it possible to revive art without reforming life."

"And, in fact, whatever we may think of our modern life, whatever lofty estimate we may put upon its conquests and its progress, there is one respect at least in which this progress is not easy to perceive, and in which our century has not added one iota of increase to our human patrimony, Beauty. But the philosophers and the economists, the men of progress, had promised the masses, in taking away their traditions, customs, faith, beauty, that they would give them happiness. Have they done so? To this question there needs no reply. The cry of the coming generations answers for us. On the point of grasping what the philosophers and economists had promised the masses in the name of progress, the discovery is made that happiness is not one of those things *quæ numero, pondere, mensurâre constant,* but a divine currency, and that in scattering to the winds all divine dreams, happiness had long been dissipated. There is the rub—cruel, obvious, undeniable—for even if it can be proved to the workman and to the peasant, by the help of ingenious and consolatory statistics, that he is richer than the workman and the peasant of the good old days, how can it be shown to him, if he feels the contrary,

that he is happier? . . . So that it is vain to oppose to the plaints of the artists over the devastations of modern progress the applause of the artisans for its benefits. From below, as from above, the same reproach is heard. What have you done with Beauty? say the ones; and the others: What have you done with Happiness? How has this progress given us a higher ideal? ask the former, and the latter: in what has it made our realities better? . . . Since the same hour sees personal happiness and material beauty alike effaced, since the same tempest bears away the songs alike of birds and men, are not the disappearance of social calm and of the joys of art due to the same cause? And should we be beyond measure surprised if Ruskin has dreamed that in restoring to the world Beauty—Beauty in Nature, in human form, in spirit—he would restore to it at the same time Happiness? But the raging leprosy which destroys the beauty of the landscape is industrialism or speculation—in a word, riches; a rich country is an ugly country. . . . To this, if the economists deign to give any reply, they will not fail to say that the actual capitalist *régime*, decried as it may be by dreamers, is none the less the best that has been discovered hitherto. They will maintain that in advancing material progress, the principles of the Manchester School have not perhaps increased materially the poetry of the world, but that this was not their aim, and that, certainly, they have increased its wealth. They will say finally that to preach a crusade against capitalism, because it creates factories, mines, and railways, is in fact to render homage to the economic point of view, and that to advocate its destruction is to advocate the destruction of all that enriches the proletariat as well as the capitalist, nations as well as individuals. . . . But the life, the health, the pleasures of art, that have been sacrificed to the love of riches, would they not also have been riches? Wealth

as understood in the current language of financiers and economists is the enemy, not only of the picturesque beauties of nature, but of social happiness. It is a thing in every way injurious and immoral. At whatever point of view we place ourselves, at the point of view of the natural beauty, which speculation injures and vulgarises, or at the point of view of the happiness of the poor, whom it enslaves and grinds down—wealth is an evil. A supposedly wealthy country is no longer a happy or a beautiful country. And the cult of Mammon is as impossible to reconcile with social justice as with the religion of Beauty."

We have thus been given a summary of Ruskin's thought. If we put it into a few brief phrases, it appears no more than a list of commonplaces. That God is more than all our creeds; that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy; that the best achievements in any art are wrought by means which nature lends us, and are but shadows of realities greater than they; that the love of money, if made an end in itself, is a root of all evil; so that we cannot serve God and Mammon: we are agreed about all these things, and yet in actual life we are always forgetting them; nay, trampling them under foot. And if no impassioned pleader for them ever cried to us, we should become dead to the things which, though we honour them with lip-service, are but little in our hearts.

The main thing with regard to the book under consideration is—and surely it can be no small thing to any of us—that, following comparatively soon the work of M. Chesneau, another French critic should show such keen interest in English art and the greatest of English art critics. That Ruskin should be not only introduced, but interpreted, to French readers by such a keen appreciator of his genius as M. de la Sizeranne; that even the beauty

of his language should have been made known to them by translations retaining to a quite unexpected degree the qualities of the original, is for us all a subject of congratulation. England has led the way in the industrial movement of modern times; it is only fitting that she should take a leading place in pointing out and attempting to remedy the evils which that movement has brought in its train. And, in fact, English painting and English decorative art are now held in high estimation amongst the nations who not long ago thought us incapable of any considerable achievement in either field; and M. de la Sizeranne's brilliant little book should prove a further help in the same direction.

Of its purely literary qualities it is possible to speak very highly. The merit of the translation has already been referred to. The lightness and swiftness, yet withal the certainty and firmness of the writer's touch have, it is hoped, been made evident. He is not sparing of detail, but the detail is always in subordination to the whole. He possesses in no small measure Ruskin's own peculiar gift of picture-writing; and, where needed for a subtle pyschological study, he can summon to his help eloquent imagery and metaphor. As an analysis the book is not only clear but comprehensive, and presents us, as few other books on Ruskin have done, with a living, not a dissected Ruskin.

In the main, in this paper, M. de la Sizeranne has been allowed to speak for himself; and its last words shall be the last words of his book.

"'The sun is God,' said Turner, dying, and Corot, on his deathbed, 'Look, look! those landscapes!" And their reverence and gratitude before the beauty of Nature were such that they prayed her still to be their consolation beyond the tomb. So happy had they been with the things seen, far from man, along the river banks, on the hill sides, in the depths of the woods and of the vales, that they wished, in quitting the earth, to find no better thing in heaven; or rather, this earth itself had been heaven enough for them. So also the passion for Nature has been for Ruskin the beginning and the

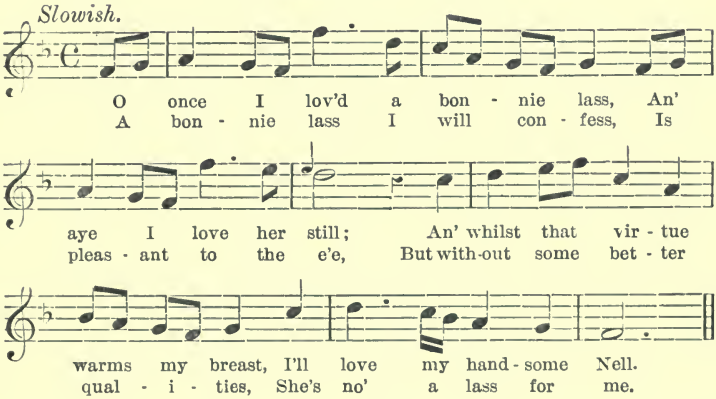
end of all. She has composed each feature of his countenance, dictated his every word, directed the course of all his thoughts. She has been the fire that illumines, the fire that warms, the fire that purifies. She has kept him from the littleness of hatred, withdrawn him from the torments of love. She has led him by the ways of analysis that the loved one might be better known, and taken him to the heights of synthesis that the known one might be better loved. She has bidden him seek the aid of science, for science penetrates deeply into certain domains of Nature. She has saved him from the vanities of science in revealing to him the world of Beauty which Science neither sees or conceives of, for the simple reason that she is Science and not Art. She has determined his idea of Art, and dictated his definitions. And, finally, she has raised him up against man in his arrogance, fain to correct Nature herself, and has bent him towards man in his distress, by a profound sympathy for those who live painfully amid the joys of Nature, or who, in our artificial cities of the nineteenth century, are for ever cut off from her presence. If we cannot hold him to have reached the perfect truth, we will not, therefore, fear for him or for ourselves. Perhaps in the night through which we are passing false lights will lead astray both wise and prudent, while the star which could have guided them aright appears to ignorant shepherds only. But when we speak of the wandering spirits of whom was Ruskin, it matters not what is in their heaven, but what is in their heart. If they have desired the truth, if they have sought it without impurity of motive, without return on self, without pride ; whatever may be the oasis of faith or waste of doubt to which the star has led them, oasis or desert will alike have been to them a Bethlehem. And to the aged one who through sixty years of his life has cried 'Glory to Beauty in the highest!' there may well remain some lingering angels of the night divine to answer, 'On earth peace to the man of goodwill.'"

THE SONGS OF BURNS.

BY THOMAS DERBY.

"A little before which period I first committed the sin of rhyme."
—*Letter to Dr. Moore, August 2, 1787.*

BURNS'S FIRST SONG.
(*Written on Nellie Kilpatrick.*)



ALTHOUGH one can scarcely hope to break new ground in so well harvested a field of inquiry as that presented by the songs of Burns, one may, perchance, stumble upon some little corner which has hitherto almost escaped the ploughs and harrows of the literary husbandman, and there labour on with patience, assured meanwhile that

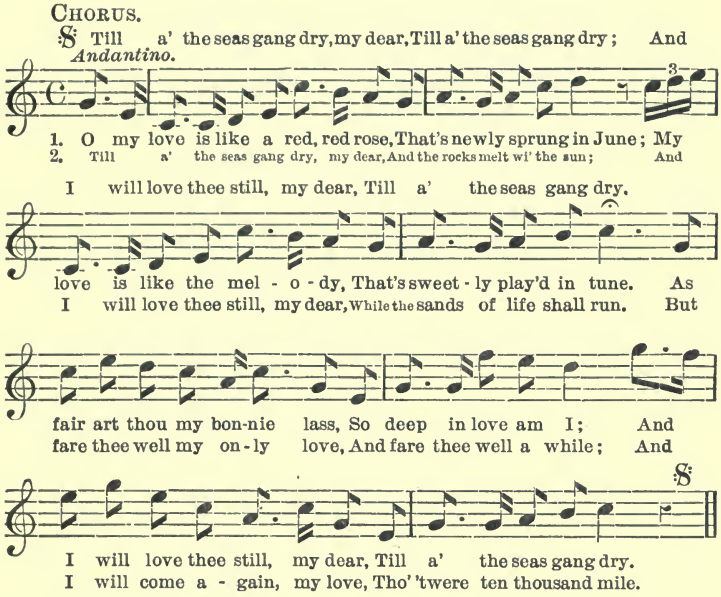
though the ingathering of actual discovery be but meagre, to the worker at least, the crop of pleasure will be abundant.

With this aspect of the matter in view, I propose, whilst dealing in a general way with the subject, to call attention more particularly to the influence which music had upon the life of Burns, upon his lyrical labours, and upon the development of his genius.

The question is, perhaps, not one of the first importance, but I submit that we cannot be far wrong in giving consideration to any or every effective influence that helped in the making of those songs, which are probably regarded as their most cherished poetical possession, by a larger body of people than the contribution of any other British poet. That they are so regarded is not because the writer of them was lowly born, nor because they are of uniform excellence, for as a matter of fact they are of very varying quality. Neither can their popularity, which has continued through a century of use, be attributed solely to their simple imagery and their truth to Nature, for in these the best of them could be matched in the works of other almost neglected poets, both Scotch and English. The explanation will rather be found in the fact that they are so intensely human as to convince us that the heart of the great genius who conceived them throbbed in sympathy with his fellow creatures. In a minor degree the songs are prized because they are so numerous as in themselves practically to answer all the lyrical requirements of a musical people, and, further, because of their happy and characteristic musical setting.

Although his piping was usually of Nature, of Love, and of lassies, yet in the songs of Burns every human emotion finds expression, and that, too, in language

at once so graphic and simple, that the cultured equally with the unlettered find delight in the truthfulness of the pictures drawn by the poet as he sings of gracious love—



Of love's tribulation—

O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
Nor quit for me the trembling spray;
A hapless lover courts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Of flouted love—

O, Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye would na been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But, trowth, I care na by.

Of love at first sight—

I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een—
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.

'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
  Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily white—
  It was her een sae bonie blue,

there is only one conclusion possible here—the wound is mortal. "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve."

Of love that triumphs over death—

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
  That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
  My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

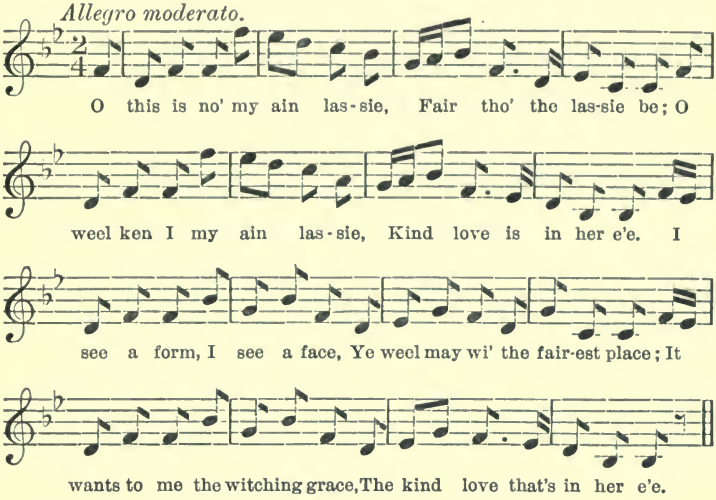
And so on, with equal felicity and simplicity, of every emotion which affects our common human nature. There is burning admiration for the hero, and withering scorn for the useless titled loon, whose head may be empty, though his pockets be full:—

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that.
    For a' that, and a' that,
      His riband, star, and a' that,
    The man of independent mind,
      He looks and laughs at a' that.

And all these varying moods find such unstrained natural expression, that the effect left upon the mind of the reader is that here he has, not the mere artificial vapourings of the elegant versifier, but the impressions produced by the checkered experiences of every-day life upon a real palpitating human heart.

Burns spoke strongly on all subjects; were it praise or blame it was always red hot, and it is perhaps this characteristic which most affects us in his songs—he is always in earnest.

How convincing is the following delicious inspiration :—



Though we know that most of his heroines were simple country lasses, with ordinary features and lumpy forms, yet we feel no doubt as we read his idealised descriptions of them, that they were, notwithstanding their full-sized feet and hands, and their most probably freckled faces, more than goddesses in complexion, and in grace of movement and perfection of outline incomparable. We are prepared to believe that morning sunshine cannot compare with the golden marvel of their locks, that the fair one's breath is not merely sweet, but is so subtly reminiscent of delightful odours, that not all the perfumes of Arabia could match it for aroma, and that her eyes are not merely beautifully bright, but that they are as twin stars on a frosty night, whose special mission it is to snuff out the moon. Call it extravagance, what you will, the fact remains that this is the material from which all true love songs have been made from the beginning of time, and of which they will be made to the end thereof; and it is as

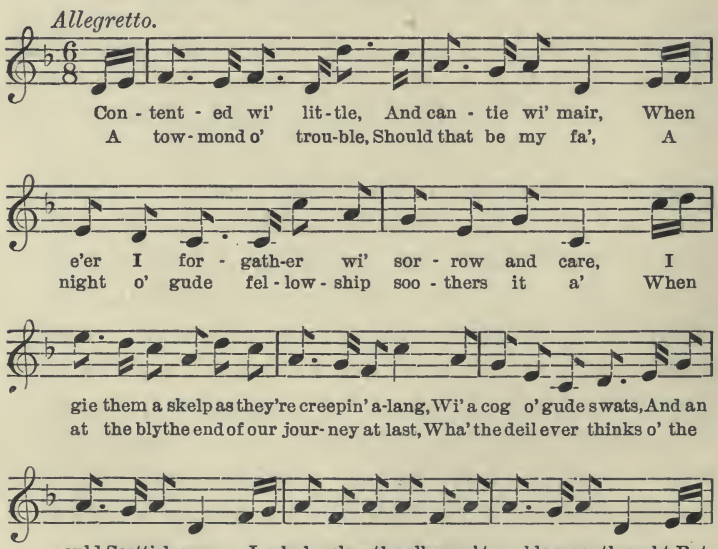
certain to-day even, as in the golden days, that every love smitten maid, hearing from her swain's lips her own charms compared to those of the poet's ideal, shall accept that as a speaking likeness of herself, though—

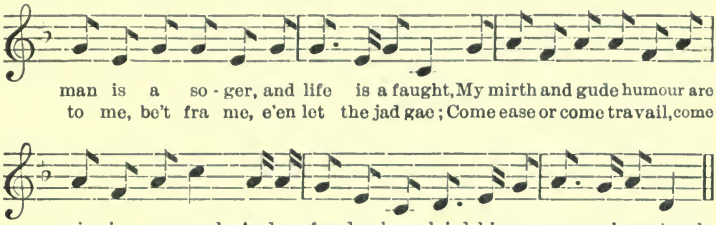
> In form and feature, face and limb,

she no more approximate thereto than Sycorax to Psyche. Surely it was Burns's mission to write songs "not for an age but for all time," and thus lay musical mankind under an everlasting debt of gratitude. Here, at least, whatever may be said of his claim to rank in other departments of literature, he occupies a place apart on the solid rock of Fame.

And under what sorry conditions did he labour like a galley slave! Here is what may be taken as a picture of the poet's own mind. With him it was ever— .

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE, AND CANTIE WI' MAIR.





"Contented wi' little!" That seems almost to have been the key-note of his philosophy, and one feels that had this characteristic not been so fully developed in his nature, his happy muse must have become overwhelmed in a seething discontent. A feeling that the good things of life somehow drifted into the wrong hands occasionally took possession of him, as when he wrote—

It's hardly in a body's pow'r
To keep, at times, fra being sour,
  To see how things are shar'd;
How best o' chiels are whyles in want,
While coofs on countless thousands rant,
  And ken na how to wair't;
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fash your head,
  Tho' we hae little gear,
We're fit to win our daily bread,
  As lang's we're hale and fier:
    Mair spier na, nor fear na,
      Auld age ne'er mind a feg;
    The last o't, the warst o't,
      Is only but to beg.

Daily bread! And even that not always too well assured.

When one considers the meagreness of Burns's position, in a pecuniary sense, one can scarcely understand his attitude in regard to remuneration for literary work. Many editors of his time tried to allure him, but he put them all aside, and to Thomson he wrote: "In the honest enthusiasm with which I embark in your undertaking, to talk of money, wages, fee, hire, etc., would be downright

prostitution of soul! A proof of each of the songs that I compose or amend I shall receive as a favour. In the rustic phrase of the season, Gude speed the wark!" And, although mention is made of one or two money transactions, it may fairly be said that the whole of the work which Burns did in connection with Johnson's "The Scots Musical Museum," and Thomson's "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, to which are added Symphonies and Accompaniments by Pleyel and Kozeluck, with Characteristic Verses by the most esteemed Scottish Poets," was done *con amore.* Literature as a profession, and the "pot boiler" as a means of subsistence, were not, perhaps, to be depended upon at the end of the eighteenth century. In any case, Burns certainly wrote not for guineas but for fame, and from a pure enthusiastic love of his art; and may we not assume that to this unusual combination, so to speak, of the highest professional gifts and power with the genuine amateur's love of the work itself, we owe, in no small degree, the perfection and freshness of these glorious songs.

Critics have discussed what they choose to describe as the limited character of Burns's output. The surprise is rather, all things considered, that the output was so varied and so plentiful; for, in reading the really pathetic story of his life, the conclusion is forced upon us that, when all proper deductions have been made for his own shortcomings—and they were many and deplorable—circumstances were always against him even from the very first; that he never had even a modicum of comfortable leisure to devote to the Muse; and that what we have is the result of strivings from within, in despite of the opposition of worldly troubles and cares, which would effectually have suppressed any less volatile spirit than his. Look at the last ten years or so of his life, for instance,

which, instead of being the end of life, ought to have been years not only of fruition—which they were—but also of preparation, for a glorious harvest of verse, which could not have failed to ripen during middle age and onward, had he been spared, to the utmost limits of a long life. He gave us what his destiny allowed—mere occasional flashes of his genius. He never seems to have laboured at any of his pieces. How could he carry on a sustained effort? Whatever he essayed must be done on the instant.

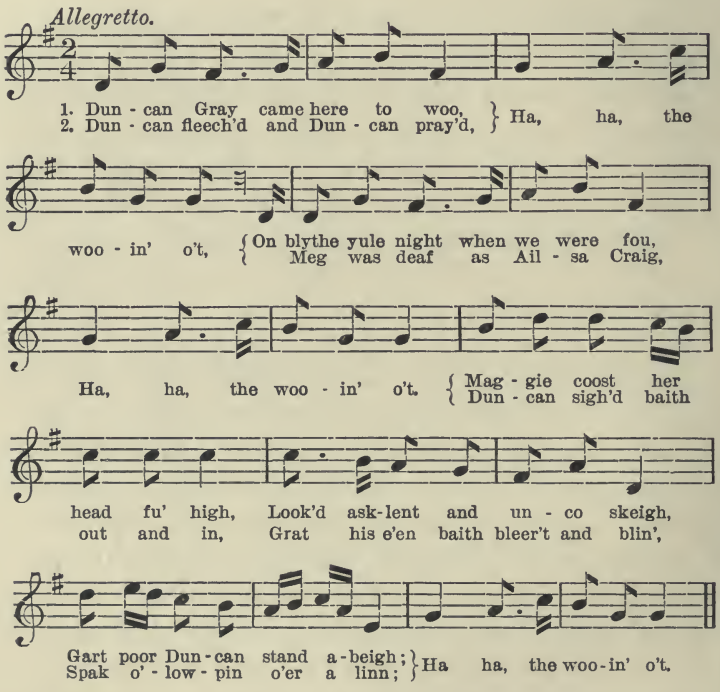
To the period between 1789 and 1796 belongs the commencement of his labours in connection with Johnson's "The Scot's Musical Museum," a self-imposed task, which directed his thoughts almost exclusively to lyrical composition. Into this undertaking he threw himself with singular ardour and self-sacrifice, and contributed, during the nine years the first five volumes were passing through the press, no fewer, it is said, than 184 original, altered, and collected songs!

During this time we read of songs composed at the plough-tail; on horseback; in the pitiless rain; of songs composed in swiftly passing seasons of joy, when the ways of life seemed to promise continuing sunshine: of songs composed when not only nature seemed hopelessly unkind, but when misfortunes were closing in upon him from every side. We read, indeed, of songs composed under every possible, or shall we say impossible, circumstance, except those of mental and material comfort and ease, which it has become almost a canon of literature to regard as indispensable to the proper evolution of a poem or a song.

For the expression of his muse he needed no finer vehicle than the rich Doric of the ordinary speech of his rustic neighbours; indeed, he could never

entirely satisfy himself in any other. He writes:—"Whether in the simplicity of the ballad, or the pathos of the song, I can only hope to please myself in being allowed at least a sprinkling of our native tongue," and "These English songs gravel me to death. I have not that command of the language that I have of my native tongue. I have been at 'Duncan Gray' to dress it in English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid."

If it was stupid in English, in Scotch it was superb—



Equally homely was he also in regard to his themes.

Nae gentle dames, though e'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty show—
Gie me my Highland lassie, O!

For themes he asked neither Arcadian scenes, titled dames, gods, nor goddesses, except such as his glowing imagination wrought out of the

Honest lads and bonnie lassies

with whom he had laboured in the fields on his father's and, later, on his own farm; and, it should be noted, that after he has idealised these heroes and heroines they remain country lads and lassies, for the graces he gives them are such as Nature bestows and art could not better. He required no gilded saloons, nor marble palaces either for himself or for the glorified creatures of his brain, for, being in the main country bred and unused to luxury, both he and they would have been entirely out of their element. Therefore, with a just appreciation of the fitness of things, he gives his creations suitable surroundings.

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me, believe me.
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me.

. . . . . .

But what wad ye think, in a fortnight or less,
The deil tak' his taste to gae near her!
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, could bear her,
Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her.

In dealing with such circumstances as these, Burns was ever at his best, for in addition to his marvellous poetic gift he had a rich vein of humour which gave point to the fancy portraits and sketches he drew of his humble neighbours and of their doings.

And now let us inquire in what way, and to what extent, did music influence and assist the genius of Burns? As to musical knowledge, he says: "My pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of Nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this

reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of you connoisseurs, affect my simple lug no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." So he was certainly no musician, notwithstanding that he once, as we find from his common-place book, actually succeeded in composing a tune: "I am not musical scholar enough to prick down my tune properly, so it can never see the light, and perhaps 'tis no great matter." At what age he made this novel excursion it is not easy to say, but he had evidently by that time made some advance since his early school days, if not as a musical exponent, at least in desire to become one; for Mr. Murdock, a young schoolmaster, who, when the future poet was between six and seven years old, had the brothers Robert and Gilbert Burns under his charge, says that he "attempted to teach them a little church music. Here they were left behind by all the rest of the school. Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull, and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get them to distinguish one tune from another." And yet nothing is more evident than that, by the time Burns had attained his full stature as a poet, few influences wrought upon him more powerfully—nay, even inspired him in the composition of his best songs—than music. His own word is conclusive: "These old Scottish airs are so nobly sentimental that when one would compose to them, to 'south the tune,' as our Scotch phrase is, over and over is the readiest way to catch the inspiration, and raise the bard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our old Scotch poetry." By this time, in fact, Burns had become almost as devoted a lover of the music of his

country as he was of its poetry; and moreover, in not a few instances, the first idea for a song came to him from some old Scottish tune—

> On braes when we please, then,
> We'll sit and sowth a tune;
> Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
> And sing't when we hae done.

Burns held strong opinions upon many subjects, and the expression of them in both prose and verse often brought him into trouble; but upon none of these did he feel more strongly than upon the absolutely imperative duty, which lay upon all patriotic Scotchmen, of keeping the music of their country free from all foreign admixture. And here, I hold, he did his country and music lovers the world over a very real service, which, however, has not prevented much smuggling of melodies from both sides of the border; even so popular a tune as that to which Burns's song, "John Anderson my jo, John," is sung, being, as Hullah affirms, "Scotch only by right of conquest."

Here is Burns's note of warning to Thomson:—"One hint let me give you. Whatever Mr. Pleyel does, let him not alter one iota of the original Scottish airs—I mean in the song department—but let our national music preserve its native features. They are, I own, frequently wild and irreducible to the more modern rules; but on that very eccentricity, perhaps, depends a great part of their effect;" and, again, to the same correspondent:—"I have several manuscript Scots airs by me which I have picked up, mostly from the singing of country lasses. They please me vastly; but your learned lugs would, perhaps, be displeased with the very feature for which I like them."

Of the tune "Fee him, Father," he writes:—"Were it possible in singing to give it half the pathos which Fraser

gives it in playing, it would make an admirably pathetic song. I do not give these verses for any merit they have I composed them at the time in which 'Patie Allan's mither died—that was about the back of midnight,' and by the leeside of a bowl of punch which had overset every mortal in company except the hautbois and the Muse." Of the accompanying verses it may be said that, simple though they be, they witness to the inspiration of the music :—

Andante.

1. Thou hast left me ev - er, Jamie, Thou hast left me ev - er,
2. Thou hast me for - sa - ken, Jamie, Thou hast me for - sa - ken,

Thou hast left me ev - er, Ja - mie, Thou hast left me ev - er.
Thou hast me for - sa - ken, Ja - mie, Thou hast me for - sa - ken.

Af - ten hast thou vow'd that death On - ly should us sev - er;
Thou canst love a - no - ther Jo, While my heart is break-ing,

Now thou'st left thy lass for aye, I maun see thee never, Jamie, I'll see thee never.
Soon my weary e'en I'll close, Nev-er mair to waken, Jamie, Never mair to waken.

Scattered throughout Burns's letters there are scraps of musical criticism which, could they be quoted, would show how deep was his interest in Scottish music, and would also serve to demonstrate how potent was its influence, even in its most simple forms, upon his passionate nature, now plunging him into the deepest sadness; exalting him to the seventh heaven of delirious joy; firing his soul with patriotic ardour, or inflaming him with fierce anger against oppression and tyranny: and nothing is more certain than that, when Burns the man was

moved by any strong emotion, Burns the poet could not escape the infection; moreover, the Muse was his ever-willing spirit.

Here is a passage condensed from the Commonplace Book: "There is a great irregularity in the old Scotch songs, a redundancy of syllables . . . but which glide in most melodiously with the respective tunes to which they are set," and yield a "wild warbling cadence, a heart-moving melody."

As showing Burns's unerring musical judgment, note the peculiarly felicitous way in which he fitted words to the tune, "The Lass of Livingstone."

Larghetto.

1. O wert thou in the cauld blast, On yon-der lea, on
2. Or were I in the wildest waste, Sae bleak and bare, Sae

yon - der lea, My plaid - ie to the an - gry airt, I'd
bleak and bare, The des - ert were a par - a - dise, If

shel - ter thee, I'd shel - ter thee. Or did mis - for - tune's
thou wert there, if thou wert there, Or, were I mon - arch

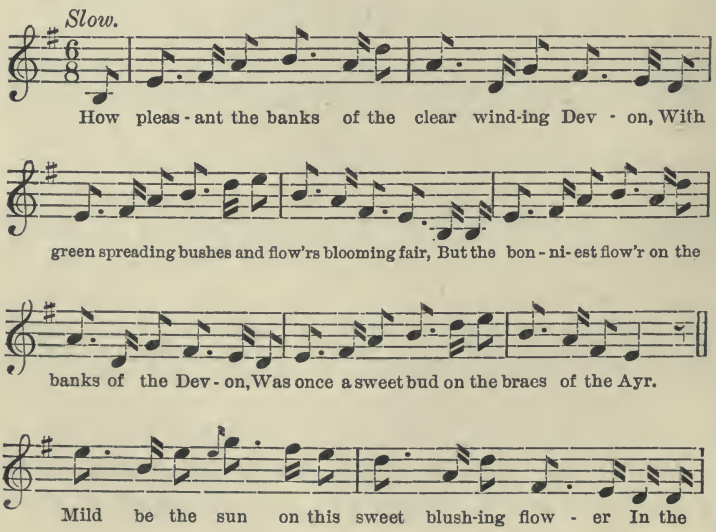
bit - ter storms A - round thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy
o' the globe, Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign, The

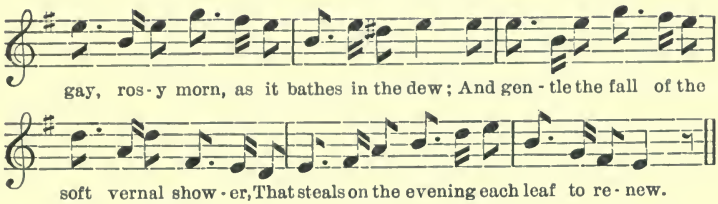
bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.
bright - est jew - el in my crown, Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

During his last few years his letters bristle with references to tunes, ballads, and songs, so much so that

he is constrained to write—"I daresay, my dear sir, that you will begin to think my correspondence is persecution. No matter, I can't help it; a ballad is my hobby-horse, which though otherwise a simple sort of harmless idiotical beast enough, has yet this blessed headstrong property, that when once it has fairly made off with a hapless wight, it gets so enamoured with the tinkle-gingle, tinkle-gingle of its own bells, that it is sure to run poor pilgarlick, the bedlam jockey, quite beyond any useful point or post in the common race of man." This letter encloses the song "Behold the Hour," which he says he has written to the Highland air "Oran Gavil."

We hear of his fixed purpose—a purely Platonic one this time—to pay Charlotte Hamilton a poetic compliment if only a glorious old Scotch air can be found; and later, that the air—"Bhannerach dhon na chri"—has been found, that it is true old Highland and admirable; and further, that the song, "The Banks of Devon," having been written, the compliment is completed.





He sends the song "Duncan Gray" to Thomson with the opinion that the tune "is that kind of horse-gallop of an air which precludes sentiment. The ludicrous is its ruling feature."

We are told that the tune "Robin Adair" fairly nonplussed him; and, after his first failure to wed satisfactory words to it, he writes in disgust, "it is such a cursed, cramp, out-of-the-way measure, that I despair of doing anything better to it. So much for namby-pamby." And again, in the same month, August, 1793—"That crinkum crankum tune, 'Robin Adair,' has run so in my head, and I succeeded so ill in my last attempt, that I have ventured, in this morning's walk, one essay more."

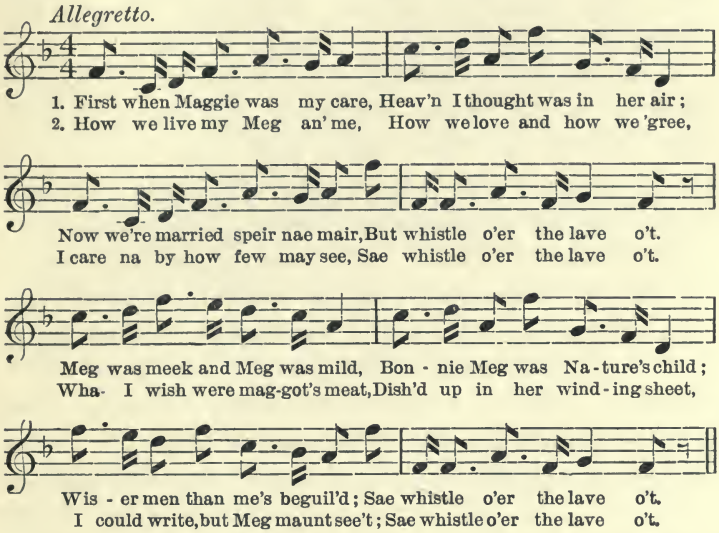
He opines that his taste in music may be inelegant and vulgar, as he observes that persons of unquestioned taste find no merit in his favourite tunes. He tells his publisher, Thomson, that the air, "Rothmurche's Rant," puts him in raptures, and that unless a tune pleases him he never can make verses to it.

With great circumstantiality he tells how the tune, "The Caledonian Hunt's Delight," to which "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" is usually sung, was evolved by a friend, who acted upon the musician Clarke's advice to keep strictly to the black keys of the harpsichord in his efforts to compose in the Scotch manner. Dr. Charles Mackay says, however, that this particular melody has been traced to a collection of French airs, published early in the seventeenth century.

In the following we get not only substantial evidence in proof of our point as to music's influence upon Burns, but also a singularly interesting peep behind the scenes, where we may observe the poet actually at work. He writes to Thomson, September, 1793: "'Laddie, lie near me' must lie by me for some time. I do not know the air, and until I am complete master of a tune in my own singing (such as it is), I can never compose for it;" and here he lets us into the secret of his method: "My way is: I consider the poetic sentiment correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then choose my theme; begin one stanza; when that is completed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in Nature round me, that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and workings of my bosom, humming every now and then the air, with the verses I have framed. When I feel my Muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study, and there commit my effusions to paper, swinging at intervals on the hind legs of my elbow chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures as my pen goes on. Seriously, this at home is almost invariably my way."

Reference has been made to the easy fashion in which most of Burns's work was done, and to the obedient way in which his Muse usually came at call, and laboured for him with all the rapidity of a genie of the ring. The sight of a bonnie lass, the glint of a bright eye, a sprightly gait, a lissom figure; the recollection of a noble deed, a pitiful tale, or a humorous incident—it was enough. In a glow of admiration for the loveliest of her sex; burning with patriotic pride as he reflects on the heroic days of old; in a frenzy of anger at the contemplation of his country's wrongs; melting to tears at the sorrows, or bubbling over

with merriment at the humours, he saw around him—he had but, as he says, "to take two or three turns across my room, with two or three pinches of Irish blackguard," or a "three-quarters of an hour's meditation in my elbow chair," and the verses were evolved. Here let me insert a song, the words and music of which are alike humorous:—



That to Burns all these varying moods were very real was due to his highly-strung, impressionable temperament, a characteristic without which a man may be a poet, but will, most assuredly, never write songs; for of all qualifications necessary to the song writer, this of passionate and magnetic enthusiasm is the most indispensable; indeed, a song which fails in conveying a sense of the reality of its sentiment—its genuine, generous, burning, hot reality—though it may be perfect in structure, irreproachable in diction, melodious as the rippling raptures of the lark when, with the dews of morning glistening on his wings, he pours out at heaven's gate his liquid melody, it will ever be, as a true song, impossible.

The exact circumstances under which "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," one—shall we say the first—of the very small number of really great patriotic songs, was composed is matter for dispute; but what interests us chiefly is that music played a not unimportant part in the event. One authority says that "Burns composed this noble song under the influence of a storm of rain and lightning among the wilds of Glenken, in Galloway,"

Burns himself, in sending it to Thomson for possible insertion in the "Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs," says of the tune, "Hey, tutti taiti," to which it was composed, "Well, I know that, with Fraser's hautboy, it has often filled my eyes with tears. There is a tradition, which I have met with in many places in Scotland, that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Royal Scot's address to his followers on that eventful morning." Thus at length the noble theme found fitting expression.

In regard to "Bannockburn" Burns wrote to his editor: "Who shall decide when doctors disagree? My ode pleases me so much that I cannot alter it. Your proposed alterations would, in my opinion, make it tame. I am exceedingly obliged to you for putting me on reconsidering it, as I think I have much improved it. . . . I have scrutinised it over and over; and to the world, some way or other, it shall go as it is."

That Burns's better judgment both in regard to words and music was eventually overruled is certain; for in the end Thomson informed him that he had fixed upon the tune "Lewie Gordon" for the ode, enforcing his conclusion

by the remark: "I happened to dine yesterday with a party of your friends, to whom I read it. They were all charmed with it, entreated me to find out a suitable air for it, and reprobated the idea of giving it a tune so totally devoid of interest or grandeur as 'Hey tutti taiti.' Assuredly your partiality for this tune must arise from the ideas associated in your mind by the tradition concerning it; for I never heard any person—and I have conversed again and again with the greatest enthusiasts for Scottish airs—I say, I have never heard any one speak of it as worthy of notice."

This extraordinary decision involved the partial ruin of the poem by the addition of two syllables to the last line of each verse. Thus—

Or to victorie !

becomes

Or to glorious victorie !

the simple scorn of the line,

Let him turn and flee !

emerges from the ordeal gloriously reminiscent of transpontine footlights and passion torn to tatters, thus—

Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

The Poet, however, had his revenge, but, alas! it came too late; for, in a later edition of the work, the editor says—"The poet originally intended this noble strain for the air just mentioned ('Hey tutti taiti'); but, on a suggestion from the editor of this work, who then thought 'Lewie Gordon' a fitter tune for the words, they were united together and published in the preceding volume, page 74. The editor, however, having since examined the air 'Hey tutti taiti' with more particular attention, frankly owns that he has changed his opinion, and that he thinks it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry than the air 'Lewie Gordon.'" Here are the two airs; let the reader judge as to their respective merits:—

Tune, "LEWIE GORDON."

Slow.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led;

Wel-come to your go - ry bed, Or to glo-rious vic-to - rie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front o' bat - tle lower;

See approach proud Ed - ward's power—Ed ward! Chains and slaverie!

Tune, "HEY TUTTI TAITI."

Andante moderato.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wal - lace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led;

Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - rie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lower;

See approach proud Ed-ward's power—Chains and sla - ver - ie!

This episode affords striking testimony to the correctness of the poet's musical judgment.

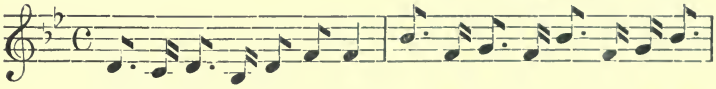
That the twin comforters, Poetry and Music, were, notwithstanding the occasional pursuit of wilder pleasures, Burns's chief solace, and hung lovingly about their devotee to the last, is certain, for about May 17, 1796, some two months only before his death, he composed to the tune, "Here's a health to them that's awa, hiney," one of the

sweetest of his lyrics—a real inspiration—"Here's a health to ane I loe dear," in honour of Jessie Lewars, a young girl who acted as nurse during his last illness; and even on July 12, only ten days before his death, he composed his last song, "Full well thou knowest I love thee, dear," to the tune, "Rothmurche's Rant."

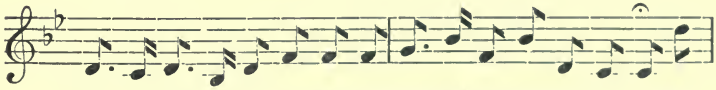
As we have already shown, Burns did not hesitate to make use of the folk-songs current amongst the peasantry of his time, the productions, as he says, of "bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love with such fine strokes of nature . . . their very names (oh, how mortifying to a bard's vanity!) are now buried among the wreck of things that were." Yet, when due credit has been given to his bardic predecessors, it must be admitted that to Burns belongs the honour of having, by his unstinted, self-sacrificing efforts, brought into line the literature and music of Scottish song, thus giving to Scotland a body of lyrics of which her people may well be proud.

BURNS'S LAST SONG.

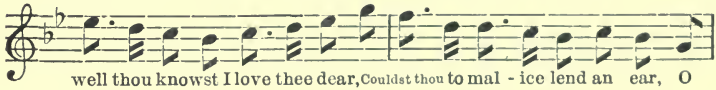
Air, "ROTHMURCHE'S RANT."



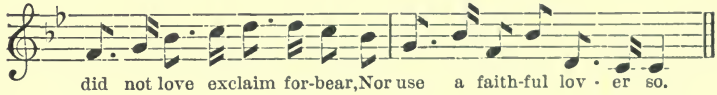
Fair-est maid on Dev-on banks, Cry-stal Dev-on, winding Dev-on



Wilt thou lay that frown a-side, And smile as thou wert wont to do. Full



well thou knowst I love thee dear, Couldst thou to mal-ice lend an ear, O



did not love exclaim for-bear, Nor use a faith-ful lov-er so.

VOICES FROM SEA AND SHORE.

BY W. NOEL JOHNSON.

A GENUINE love for the Sea and a true appreciation of its manifold beauties are, like those for the mountains, faculties of modern growth, and may be said to be almost entirely developments of the present century. But although this is so, I believe few persons can be found to-day so unreceptive that they fail, at all times and at all ages, to be impressed by its wilful beauty and playful wantonness, or who turn a deaf ear to its many weird and trembling voices.

Children delight to stand on some isolated rock, around which the snow-capped waves are playing, until at last they are compelled to seize an opportunity to rush to safer ground. Bare-legged, they love to hunt in pools or under weed-clad rocks for any living thing their hands can find. Who has not seen and envied the wonder and delight in the liquid depths of their eyes when, perchance, they have found for the first time some curious or richly-tinted denizen of the deep?

The youth about to begin life's battle looks out upon its bounding line, and dreams of lands unknown, or of adven-

tures for which his ardent spirit yearns. Those of ripened years, whose steps are taking a slower pace and who have seen and tried much or most of what *their* world can give, may find consolation and hope in its boundless and never-ceasing activity. As from some high point their eyes gaze upon its vast expanse, and pass from thence to the illimitable sky, so may their minds travel to that infinite heaven, enclosing all in unfailing majesty, and therein find a sense of repose which the worries of the world can never affect. To all of us, young and old, rich and poor, the healthy and the sick, the sea has become a source of endless interest and attraction.

Let us go down to the beach on a warm, sunny morning, when "the gentleness of heaven broods o'er the deep," to a spot where we may lie in peace and listen to whatever sounds Nature's thousand-stringed lyre may give us. The waves are making for the pebbled shore, with a gentle murmur—so gentle that only the listening and attentive ear can catch their true and sweetest music. They are lapping the broken strand in slow and regular intervals, excepting where some rock standing higher than the general shore first impedes their progress. When an advancing wave receives this check, we hear a double sound—one somewhat like a sigh, the other the tinkling sound of falling drops. The former is caused by the gentle swirl of the wave on each side; the other by the water, which having run part way up or over the projecting rock, anon falls back into the sea. Then follows a pause, only a second, perhaps, and we hear the wave break along the beach, with a quick rush of gently varying sounds, rising and falling, rising and falling, on and on, until, its force being spent, its voice ceases; it silently retires from the solid earth, and sinks into rest and nothingness. A longer pause, and then we hear an echo, away down the shore on

either hand, of what we have just heard at our feet. This is repeated in softer and ever-falling voice, until at last it is lost in the sound of another wave close by, which repeats ever the same story and the same song. We may sit for hours with ears on the alert to catch the music of Nature's gentle mood, and the same is repeated again and again, changing only with the ebbing and the flowing of the tide, but the same, and ever the same. It is a drowsy melody of gentle murmuring notes, broken now and then with little runs of tinkling tones. It is the song of the sea as it laves the shore with almost the tenderness of a caress, but with a persistence that no hand can stay. It is the heaving of the breast of an infant in sleep, but with a sense of hidden power, as of a giant we all fear to awake.

The scene changes. Athenæ comes from the west on rapid wings, and Neptune answers to her call. She bids the ripples join to form the waves—the waves, the billows. We hear them splashing, rolling, roaring against the hard, defiant rocks, repelling their advance; and the sea and shore in conflict meet. As they break against the iron coast, the flying spray rushes high in the air, to be carried far on the wind; and if by chance our faces meet it, the drops make the skin tingle with their speed. Far out on the horizon we may see a mass of living water rise from the deep. With dazzling summit it advances, laughing, as it were, defiantly, as though no power could stay its course. But on and on it comes to join the general warfare round the coast, and soon is dashed into a thousand parts, and lost among its fellows. As it nears the cliffs we hear its voice of derision and triumph changed into a cry of despair. With a dull hollow roar it bows its head, once proudly raised on high, to make its first and last powerful plunge at its opponent, but only to be driven back by the fast-bound rocks, shattered and undone. But

it is grand in its death. Its dazzling crest becomes its winding-sheet; lashed into a cloud of infinite particles, and iridescent with colour, it is scattered hither and thither by the wind, and sinks exhausted to vanish for ever.

The deeper parts of the waves plunge into every seam and cranny in the rocks, leaving, as they retire, numberless white eddies which rush down to rejoin the foaming, boiling mass below. The billows seem as though they were intent on pulling the solid rocks to pieces. This they have done and are doing, even grinding them to powder. But how slowly it is done, and how little we can perceive of their influence, excepting in what we know must have taken thousands of years to accomplish! As we gaze on the conflict we hear the hollow boom of the wave as it turns over, the hard blow of its impact, the sharp sounds of the falling spray, and the splashing and toiling of the waves among themselves. It is a grand symphony; and when the rocks are steep and go deep into the water, the sound attains a thunderous roar.

But on a pebbly open beach we hear music of a less solemn kind. It is shriller and not so deep or full. As the waves advance we may catch the sharp and crackling sound of the stones as they are rolled over and against each other, or, lifted by the water, fall again with a short, angry note.

The one is the deep and solemn diapason of the sea, the thunder of some mighty deep-toned orchestra; the other, less majestic, less awful, the sound of weaker instruments. In one, the waters meet the opposing cliffs in mightiest conflict, giving forth their energy in dreadful power and awe; the other is the lashing of the angry waves on enemies well-nigh subdued, and over whom they reign triumphant.

But amid the vast tempestuous voices of the sea, there is one than which there is no grander, no more awe-inspiring, sound in Nature. It is the pitiless roar, the baffled cry, of a mighty wave as it rushes, with fearful force, into some cavern, where it becomes locked, and can only escape by retreating. Then the very earth appears to shake with agony; the water, caught as in a death-trap, gives out one solemn, all-powerful, sullen sound, too fearful to be borne. This is followed by a period of silence until the wave retires with fretful mutterings over its repulse. Again and again it returns to the attack, again and again to be driven back.

On the sea, in its angry as in its peaceful moods, the sun pours down its brightest beams. The gentle waves, sparkling with a thousand facets, reflect its light; the raging foam, under its influence, becomes a dazzling white, and the spray shines forth clad in the blending tints of the rainbow. Nature then gives us her most beautiful aspects of the changing, restless world of water. But there is another which appeals far more to our sense of sadness and dreariness, which is very grand, but also very awful.

The sky is overcast with heavy clouds; the wind is rushing along, charged with pelting rain. We wander along the high cliffs, which fall perpendicularly down to the boiling surf below; we hear the thunder tones of the sea in chorus with the sounds of tumultuous wind and rain.

Suddenly a glare lights up the gloom, followed almost instantly by peal on peal of thunder; the very elements seem to have met in awful combat—sky answering to sea, and sea to sky. Our feet sink into the oozy, slippery turf; we run some risk of a sudden gust catching us unawares and hurling us to the ground, or possibly carrying us below. We look down, and see a pitiless war raging around the coast; we look up, and see only the grey scud flying above

STORM—AT HELL'S MOUTH, ANGLESEA.

From a Water Colour Drawing by W. Noel Johnson.

us, and feel the cold rain beating on our faces. We cannot see far, for the rain has cast a gauzy mantle around us. We hear only the booming and echoing sounds of Nature at war, the occasional shrill cry of some distressed sea bird, or the bleating of a solitary mountain sheep. Our sense of desolation is complete. We would fain hurry away, but the scene has a weird fascination for us; we feel the wild warring of the lifeless elements to be strangely exhilarating. We pursue our course, for it is not every day that we may come in touch with Nature so transfigured. The impressions we receive at such times sink deeper and last longer than others less awful. We would not willingly miss an experience which we may often recall in after years, perhaps not without a shudder, but at the same time with a grateful consciousness that we saw then a little further into Nature's wonderful way of working than we had done before. We become conscious of the completing of a cycle, a course constantly being followed along innumerable paths, in the working out of Nature's laws. We see the child Rain, returning from its long, mysterious journey, again to rejoin the parent Sea, each performing its own task pitilessly and unrelentingly, but surely; heeding no more the drowning mariner than the hard overhanging cliff on which we stand. And yet both owe their present awful aspect to the silent but powerful influence of that luminary now hidden from our sight!

There are conditions, I suppose, under which each sympathetic soul feels compelled to form a philosophy of its own; it may be, perhaps, too deep for words. But that we may be content to leave for the hidden chambers of the heart, if only we can grasp one truth as we listen to the message of the sea.

The rain ceases; the wind, having spent its energy, now fans our faces with a touch of refreshing gentleness. The

clouds break up as evening approaches; the turmoil and fury of the sea give place to broken mutterings, as of a weary child.

On the horizon the sun suddenly shines forth in all the brilliancy of sunset, as though he wished to look on the wreckage of the day's storm. A long band of splendour, "which burns like gold and bathes like blood,"* lies beneath him on the sea; the rocks shine out like masses of molten metal; and sea and sky and land join in one resplendent evensong of colour. The eye of Day then slowly closes; the pall of Night gathers round; mystery clothes all things in uncertain forms; the dying light dims our sense of sight; and now only our memories may recall the glorious things we have seen.

But we still hear the waves breaking with gentle murmurs on the beach, "like the hand of a harpist laid on the shore as a lyre," as Swinburne says.

Again and again the same sighing, the same tinkling sounds float to us from the bay, only a few yards from our door. At last, unwillingly, we turn away and bid goodnight to those varied and impressive voices of the sea and the shore.

*Ruskin, "Modern Painters."

MORE SILLY STORIES ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

IT were a nice question to determine whether good husbandry were best shown by attention to crops or weeds—in ploughing land or cleansing it. Weeds thrive so fast and grow so luxuriantly that it needs all the industry of the farmer to secure fair play and freedom for his best produce. Thus is it in the fields of literature. Further progress may be hard to compass, but the rooting out of error is much harder. To keep down tangled undergrowth and mischievous parasitic vegetation of every kind tasks the resources and watchfulness of the most vigilant. For instance, the falsehood and fiction which seems ever accumulating about the name and memory of Shakespeare is out of all ratio and proportion to the increase of actual fact. We are thus in the condition of possessing a noble estate and heritage, the bequest of prior ages, which now is overrun, "a rank unweeded garden," with bramble, briars, and bracken. Its wood is dwarfed by the underwood. Its trees cannot be discerned for the noxious growths which rankly thrive and prey and feed on their wholesome life.

To drop all metaphor and illustration, which, as Horace has pointed out,* is often a process of clearing by clouding, the story of the national poet's life, as handed down by nominally reputable and careful biographers, so meagre in its facts, has come at last to be like Jack Falstaff's meal, a poor halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack. It has the quality of fluidity without any solid to sustain it. It assumes the aspect of pleasant narrative, fanciful embellishment, ingenious conjecture—everything, indeed, but history. It is fast becoming mere fossilised fiction, falsehood, and folly. The various ingenious forgeries of modern commentators, especially of Mr. J. Payne Collier, the carelessness and indifference of successive editors—or, shall we say, their idleness and ignorance? have, indeed, made it all but impossible to distinguish in the poet's real life what is, and what is not.

And the notable suggestion that the poet Shakespeare wrote nothing, but that some other man calling himself Shakespeare produced everything, seems the easiest outlet from an embarrassing situation.

The classes of error and fiction clustering about his life and works are so various, so complex, so rank in growth, that it seems difficult to arrange or classify them with exactitude. On a prior occasion I dwelt on some of the apocryphal incidents which had become attached like burrs to the poet's life. The story of his being the son of a butcher, as told by old Aubrey, the maggotty headed, and of his killing his calves in true theatrical style,† with Homeric dignity and perhaps to the accompaniment of slow music, I showed was due to that rambling old gentleman's invention, and that Malone's deduction as to Henry VI. in the illustration used by the poet—

* "Nil agit exemplum, litem quod lite resolvet."—Sat. III., 103.

† "When he killed a calf he would do it in a high style and make a speech."

And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays—

which he thought confirmed Aubrey, was but another instance of the natural accretion of error; as indeed was that which suggested that the passage in Hamlet, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may," first indicated by Capell, was due to the practice the poet had in shaping his father's skewers. These asserted facts were pointed out as being impossible and preposterous in origin, and even more preposterous in aspect and acceptance to a race with any sense of humour in its composition. The comparatively modern and wholly discredited story, discredited by its alleged or imputed narrator, of his holding horses, and of his keeping a livery stables, and many others, English and foreign, together with the native or Celtic-American falsehoods—viz., that he forged fictitious pedigrees, was a usurer, a drunkard, and a cruel husband, I also attempted to expose. I now propose to deal with some others—viz., that he died from the effects of a drinking bout; that he was a poacher and stole Sir Thomas Lucy's deer; that he was the father *de facto* but not *de jure* of Sir William Davenant; that he wrote many plays not inserted in the folio of 1623, and which he certainly had no hand in, and that he did not write many others which he with justice might have claimed; that he came to London in Lord Leicester's company as a strolling player, and received his first lessons and tuition in playwriting from Robert Wilson,* who must have left his grave to instruct him; and many other pleasing and fantastic incidents asserted by modern reckless biographers as solemn truths and authentic facts. The ground to be covered is of large area, and at some of these episodes, especially with those depending on forged

* F. G. Fleay, "The Life and Works of Shakespeare," 1886, pp. 12 and 75.

documents and fabulous MSS., foisted on the public to support "new facts," and "further particulars," and alleged discoveries, I can in the space at my disposal only glance incidentally.

Whence do we derive some of our most respected and all but undisputed though erroneous beliefs? How and why? And what is their value in part or at all, assessed by rational men? This we certainly ought to try to ascertain, inquiring in no sceptical or carping spirit, but applying the reasonable laws of evidence, and testing by inherent probability the so-called traditional testimony offered us, which often, after all, is little more than the fanciful conjecture of ignorant and credulous people when dealing with the unknown, or with wholly problematic history.

The earliest recorded tradition, and one of the most solidly founded, adverse to the poet's credit and reputation as a citizen, was noted down practically fifty years after his death. The testimony of his contemporaries, after the first malicious mists of envy and rivalry had cleared away, was uniformly generous, kindly, and eminently favourable. That offered by his co-partners and fellows in business, by his rival Ben Jonson—a man not overgiven to praise of others and by no means charitable in his judgments—are all of the same complexion. They in effect declare that his life was without stain. That he was gentle Shakespeare; "his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes;" his conduct marked "by uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." He was described as the "silver tongued Melicert," with the "honied muse;" and it is written that his partners, from love, "only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare," published his

plays. ". . . who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it;" other epithets addressed to him being "soul of the age, the applause, delight, the wonder of our stage;" "Shakespeare of the honey flowing vein," "sweet swan of Avon," etc.

In or about 1662 the newly-inducted Vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, a stranger to the town, and promoted to his benefice in that year, set down in a notebook, still preserved, as much of ill-natured gossip as he could discover about a dead play-actor, who was anathema to the *unco' guid*, and who had gone to his last rest some forty-six years before, and was buried in Stratford Church. This player had been guilty of making a fortune, had dared to live in one of the best houses in the town, had married his daughter to a prosperous local doctor, and had had the unconscionable audacity to live reputably, to die respectably and respected, and leave a good name behind him. This is what the Rev. John Ward, M.A., wrote:—"Shakespeare had but two daughters, one whereof Mr. Hall, the physician, married. . . . In his elder days he lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year; and for that had an allowance so large that he spent at the rate of a thousand a year, as I have heard. . . . Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard; for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." This was written between February, 1661 and April 25, 1663. The "it seems" of Mr. Ward, which is thus declared to be mere inference, is, as we know, false, and it is certainly malicious. "A fever consequent on a drinking bout" (which never took place, or Jonson would have recorded it) is not a creditable death for a country gentleman of a thousand a year. Beside which, the poet had been ailing, not impossibly from typhoid, early in the year.

There is a second clerical reference in the testimony of the Rev. Richard Davies, as glossary on some remarks made by the Rev. William Fulman, contained in a MS. still preserved at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. The Rev. William had written, "William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, about 1563-4." The Rev. Richard Davies added to this entry, "Much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir (Thomas) Lucy, who had him oft whipped, and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native county, to his great advancement. But his revenge was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great name, and that in allusion to his name bore three louses rampant [it was twelve white luces, we know] for his arms. He died a Papist."

Now we know that Shakespeare had no Justice Clodpate, and that Sir Thomas Lucy, if satirised at all, was lampooned as Shallow, and that there were no three louses rampant. But we gather from this of what materials tradition, so called, is formed. There is usually a nucleus of truth; but the additions of ill-natured gossip and malevolence by mean-minded men make it difficult to discover the kernel concealed in the shell. It is certain Shakespeare was never "often whipped," and as positively never "imprisoned," as both these unpleasant incidents, if remotely based on fact, would have been well used as means of detraction by his envious rivals. A Mr. Dowdall, who visited Stratford in 1693, has left a MS. narrative of the visit, and carefully noted the tomb, the inscription, and the curse therein comprised on those "that move my bones." He adds that the clerk* that showed him the church is above eighty years old. He says "that this Shakespeare was formerly in this town bound appren-

* Mr. William Castle, parish clerk and sexton.

tice to a butcher, but that he ran from his master to London, and there was received into the playhouse as a servitor. . . . He was the best of his family. . . . Not one, for fear of the curse abovesaid, dare touch his grave stone, though his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." Mrs. Shakespeare died in August, 1623; Mrs. Hall on the 11th of July, 1649.

Here we see the origin of the fable that Shakespeare was a butcher, which Aubrey, on his visit—not improbably on visiting Stratford Church a few years before—probably acquired from the same person.

Aubrey, in his MS. of "Lives of Eminent Men," wrote: "Mr. William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick. His father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours that when he was a boy he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. . . . This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London—I guess, about eighteen—and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act *exceeding well*. . . . He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant, smooth wit."

This is the material part of his narrative, which wanders off to the gossip about the scurrilous lines written on John à Combe, and the original of Dogberry; and adds: "He was wont to go to his native county once a year," which is opposed to the modern suggestion that he was estranged, and did not visit Stratford until the death of his son. Here there is a variation from the clerk or sexton's suggestion that Shakespeare was apprenticed to a butcher, and ran away from his indentures, by the declaration that it was his father who was a butcher, which may

have originated in the circumstance that the house in Henley Street was, during the seventeenth century, occupied as a butcher's shop.

It will be noticed that in these, the nearest contemporary notices of the poet now extant, there is a possibility that the clerk of the parish church and the custodian of the grave was the one source from which Aubrey and the Vicar alike obtained their knowledge that Shakespeare's father was a butcher. Rowe, his first biographer, in 1709, an accurate and veracious if not an industrious man, asserts :—"This (his) family, as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all (eight really), that, though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment." Here is specific information that the poet was the eldest of ten children, which is nearly accurate (there were eight), and that his father was a dealer in wool.

These are, apart from the intrinsic testimony of his works, the only posthumous materials for the poet's life that are, or ever were, in our possession before Rowe published his biography as mentioned. Rowe, of himself, knew nothing. He declares in this life:—"I must own a particular obligation to Mr. Betterton, the actor, for the most considerable part of the passages relating to Shakespeare's life which I have here transmitted to the public, his (Mr. Betterton's) veneration for the memory of the poet having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickshire on purpose to gather up what remains he could of a name for which he had so great a value." What Rowe professed to narrate was, therefore, what Betterton told him after this asserted visit to Stratford, nearly one hundred years

after the poet's death. Betterton, whatever his aptitude for such investigation, had no especial sources of information. If he went at all—which is very doubtful indeed, as we shall see—he could only pick up such relics of local gossip, such scant offal of malice or rustic prejudice as could then have been raked up from the gutters. He had no capacity for archæological research or legal or antiquarian discovery. And Bowman, the actor, who lived with him, having married Betterton's adopted daughter, Miss Watson, denied that the actor had ever visited Stratford; or, in the precise words of the antiquarian, Oldys, a truthful man, he (Bowman) was "unwilling to allow that his lifelong associate and friend (Betterton) had ever undertaken such a journey."

Thus unluckily reputed truths are often dissipated when exposed to the simplest analysis. It is disputed on the best authority available at the time that Betterton ever went to Warwickshire. Thus the source—the *fons et origo*, as he (Rowe) declares of all his information—is tainted at its inception; and, as far as any precise details are concerned, we therefore may set it aside altogether.

Now what are the principal facts, so-called, in reference to the poet, for which we are indebted to Rowe; and what is their probable value, no matter how he obtained or derived them?

That Shakespeare was bred for some time at a free school, where it is probable he acquired what Latin he was master of. Upon his "leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him, and thought fit to marry while he was yet very young." He was received into the theatrical company then in being in a very mean rank, and Malone, whether guessing or from tradition so called, says, "his first office was that of call boy or prompter's attendant."

But Rowe is also responsible for the deer-stealing story, whether derived from Davies or otherwise, as the cause of Shakespeare's migration to London, and as a variant to the Rev. Richard Davies's narration. He writes thus: "He [Shakespeare] had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows fallen into ill company, and amongst them some that made a frequent practice of deer stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely, and in order to revenge that ill-usage he made a ballad upon him," which ballad is lost.

Oldys the antiquarian, an exact and diligent recorder of facts, has supplied the words of this ballad, as handed down by tradition, and as obtained, according to Capell, from an old inhabitant of Tarbrick (a village in Warwickshire) who was born during Shakespeare's life. It is poor doggrel enough, and runs thus;—

> A Parliament member,* a justice of peace,
> At home a poor scarecrow, at London an ass.
> If lousy is Lucy, as some folk miscall it,
> Then Lucy is lousy whatever befall it. &c.

The joke of this as a satire is contained in the kindred and similar pronunciation of lousy and Lucy, but that it needed the genius of the poet to write such ribald, feeble, and doggrel lines—which make peace rhyme with ass—might be very well as a belief with some rustic Jones, who

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* De Quincey says that the phrase "parliament member," and indeed the whole of this, is much later than Shakespeare's day, and is of the time of Charles II. Rowe could not trace or unearth a single line. Since his day, however, nearly twenty verses have strangely come to light. The first stanza was discovered by Oldys, who acquired it from a very aged gentleman fifty years later, and it was not published till seventy years after by Langbaine, in 1778. By and bye more verses appeared, and at last the whole long song of many quatrains, secreted curiously in a chest of drawers that once belonged to a Mrs. Dorothy Tayler, of Shottery, who died, aged 80, in 1778. This is Malone's account, and he thought the whole a forgery, and so may we.

would fancy it more beautiful than Virgil, but is hardly useful in convincing us.* Here, however, we have what is of much more importance, an obvious nucleus of fact, feeding some so-called tradition, which cannot be altogether despised or set aside.

Oldys is responsible for the scandalous story that the poet was the father of Sir William Davenant. "The poet in his journeys between London and Stratford often baited at the Crown Inn in Oxford, the landlady of which—Mrs. John Davenant—was of great beauty and sprightly wit. Young Will—afterwards Sir William—being met running home to see his godfather, Mr. Shakespeare," as he told an old townsman, "was warned to be a good boy, but to have a care that he didn't take God's name in vain." For this story Oldys vouched Pope as his authority, who cited Betterton as his informant, not a very satisfactory origin it must be confessed, especially at third hand.

But this story, indirectly suggested, is to be found in Wood's "Athenæ Oxonienses,"† and as Wood was born in Oxford in 1632, this is a corroboration and something more, especially as Hearne also records it, and Wood points out that Robert Davenant, the eldest son of John, was a venerable doctor of divinity and very unlike Sir William, and the poet and dramatist of Charles II. himself always favoured the allegation, like Falconbridge, of his being a mischance, we must confess some belief in the story. Sir William, born in 1606, was of Falconbridge's

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* It has been often pointed out that illustrations of vulgar venom are never wanting in popular remembrance of eminent people, but the truth was never more happily expressed than by De Quincey, when he wrote: "It is painful, indeed, and dishonourable to human nature, that whenever men of vulgar habits and of poor education wish to impress us with a feeling of respect for a man's talents, they are sure to cite by way of evidence, some gross instance of his malignity."

† Vol. III., p. 802, Bliss's Edition.

temper, and might have addressed his elder brother Robert in the same words:—

> My father gave me honour, yours gave land.
> Now blessèd be the hour, by night or day.
> When I was got, Sir Richard was away.*

These are the chief traditions to which we are entitled to give any weight in reference to our national dramatist's biography. As I have already indicated, that of his having died in consequence of a drinking bout, rests, like the other silly story of the drinking match at Bidford, on one person's testimony, and that person not likely to take a favourable view of a play actor's life, and being no otherwise confirmed. But being in fact discredited by the certainty that the narrator was not in Stratford in 1616, it is really valueless, especially when we find that the will of Shakespeare was drawn up in January, though not signed until March 25th, 1616, indicating both in its preparation as well as in a very marked manner in its signatures that the poet had been ill and had contemplated fatal consequences some time before he died. The date, altered from the 25th of January to the same date in March, the death not ensuing till April 23rd, showing that the testator must have been bed-ridden and most infirm, from the mortal illness of which he died, more than a month, which is necessarily inconsistent with the Rev. John Ward's entry in his diary.†

Now, it may seem absurd to treat as serious these floating items of gossip, which in the lapse of time, and in default of more exact information, have attached to the memory of the poet. But as being the nearest approach

* Life of Sir Walter Scott, p. 605.

† The valuelessness of Mr. Ward's diary may be estimated by the entry that the treason with which Sir Walter Raleigh, Cobham, and Grey was charged was some talk they had in the Privy Council (of which Raleigh was not a member) about the Lady Arabella's succession, while we know it was nothing of the kind, but for receiving bribes of Arenberg.

to contemporary history, however unsatisfactory their origin, we are bound to give them some weight. On the other hand, some of the most modern and diligent of the poet's biographers, notably Mr. Halliwell Phillips, are inclined to place a very high and, as I think, undue estimate on what they are pleased to call "tradition," and treat these pseudo traditional anecdotes, irrespective of source or confirmation, or inherent probability, as facts. Tradition—general reputation—is undeniably a sound source of information on occasion and within well-defined limits. But traditions—that is, reputed traditions—are various as the stars in the firmament, and are far more scintillating and nebulous.

The tradition that a battle was fought, a man murdered, or a malefactor hanged at a particular spot is often accurate enough. The kernel of a truth is there until it becomes embellished and enlarged in narration, when error promptly steps in. Moreover, in such cases the simple nucleus of truth is confirmed subsequently by further facts. The discovery of weapons and bones, the traces of earthworks, give colour and strength to the local belief. But when we seek to discover between whom the battle was fought—Picts and Scots, Danes and Saxons, English and Welsh—and who were the victors, the tradition often breaks down. Who were the victors, who the vanquished, depends much on locality. I found in Wales, near Machynlleth, a place where 300 Welsh defeated and put to flight more than 10,000 English under Edward I. This may have been the fact, but I am inclined to think that if the scene had been laid near Shrewsbury the facts would have appeared the other way. It is surprising how many battles have been won by the Irish—in Ireland; and by the English everywhere, if we confine ourselves to our own annals. Thus, a principal fact may be true, and the

details surprisingly inaccurate. It may even be doubtful, when we try to fill in some particular of information, whether it was the man who murdered, or who was murdered, was hanged. At Joppa, fifty years after the tradition had been established that a whale swallowed Jonah, the difficulty which swallowed which, might I think, easily be overlooked. Thus, to bring this digression to an end, there may be, there was possibly, some feature of truth in the story of Sir William Davenant's* paternity, as well as in the deer poaching or stealing rumour, as it is inaccurately called, for killing or carrying away deer† was never stealing, which would have been felony, as they were *feræ naturæ*, while I reject the drinking bout story, the whippings and imprisonment, as being unsupported and added details disproved by inherent evidence, and the butcher's son, and even the shaping of the skewers, and the killing of the calf in a high style and with a speech, and the verses on Sir Thomas Lucy, as discordantly and ridiculously improbable, and as being the precise kind of addition, indeed, which vulgar credulity would annex or invent, as well as being without confirmation and derived from wholly tainted sources.

George Eliot has, in "Silas Marner," depicted with admirable minuteness and accuracy the growth of error in so-called tradition, among a rustic population, in the very county where Shakespeare was born. In the story, as the privileged reader knows, the poor solitary weaver is robbed of his hard-earned savings by Dunstan Cass, the ne'er-do-weel son of the village squire. On the very night of the robbery, or the following morning a flint and steel and tinder box were

* Mrs. Davenport's husband, however, never ceased to admire and honour her, and in his will expressly desired he should be "buried in the parish of St. Martin's, in Oxford, as near my wife as the place will give leave, where she lieth."

† See Sir W. Scott's Life and Diary, p. 682.

found by the deputy-chief constable, half sunk in mud in a ditch, at some distance from Marner's house. The tinder-box was not known in the village, was not Marner's, and was not claimed. It was therefore, presumably, a foreigner's, or stranger's. Now, a pedlar had called the night before at the public-house, who had carried a tinder-box to light his pipe. At once the association of this tinder-box with the robbery was complete. The pedlar was carrying a box of cutlery and jewellery, and at once popular imagination, or what is in another form dignified as tradition, supplied all the details. The robber, it was at once discovered, for the popular imagination supplied the needed fiction, was a dark man, with curly black hair, a foreign complexion, and wearing large earrings in his ears. Unluckily, here, there was no kernel of truth, save that Marner had been robbed, yet all the incidents of a picturesque, ornate, and pleasingly coherent story, saving this particular, had been supplied by local gossip, and had been accepted as veritable history.

Why worry one's-self about stories such as these, say indifferent and cynical critics, when they are little relied on, and, even if discredited, cannot now be wholly or satisfactorily disproved. Merely for this, that these falsehoods and inventions appear and reappear, in hundreds of various forms, in America and England, and are asserted and re-asserted as truths, and as items of authentic history. I have had occasion, during the present season, to refer to a book, recently published, professing to throw light on the hidden lives of Shakespeare and Bacon, by some person claiming respectability. In this work, carefully printed and most expensively published, various deductions of an infamous kind, based on the old deer-poaching story, are boldly made. It is said that the fear of punishment for felony was the probable reason that the

poet did not revisit his native town for ten years;* that deer-stealing was felony, and that the poet was liable to prosecution any time between 1587 and 1614, before the Star Chamber, with much similar nonsense, and that there were reasons for his engaging in other illegal and infamous pursuits to make money. This book is, of course, too silly and contemptible to be further noticed, but it indicates a method of biography, of modern times, which seems rather to aim at the dissemination of error than of truth, and yet is often honoured as honest, being in print.

The Rev. Fredk. Gard Fleay offers even a more striking and flagrant instance, in his so-called "Chronicle History of the Life and Works of William Shakespeare, Player, Poet, and Play-maker," of this abuse of nominal history. He is sometimes taken seriously, and has even received commendation for his apt conjectures from Professor A. W. Ward, in his "Old English Plays;" and has been cited by that gentleman for several apocryphal suggestions, and a long and imaginative dissertation on the date and authorship of Doctor Faustus, which is only an amusing compilation of fiction and fact, just as if it were authentic. Mr. F. G. Fleay is a perfect past master of the tinder-box, flint and steel, construction of biography. He knows by intuition facts other men labour to discover and have never been able to ascertain. He knows that Shakespeare did not come to London as a servitor, or call boy, but that he came as a poor strolling player in Lord Leicester's Company. He knows that Shakespeare's original tutor in dramatic composition was neither Marlowe, Peele, nor Greene, but Robert Wilson, one of Lord Leicester's players, named in the Licence of May 10, 1574. The fact that this Robert Wilson died in January, 1577, and that his will

* Dr. Drake suggests, as Aubrey did, that he visited Stratford often, and probably once a year. Mr. Fleay says that "from 1587 to 1597 we have no evidence that Shakespeare was in Stratford or even saw his wife," and we may add, or until he died in 1616 either.

was proved on the 1st of February of the same year, is no difficulty with Mr. Fleay. A tutor who came from the dead in 1589 would undoubtedly have been the best of all teachers.* In like manner, and with equal certainty, Mr. Fleay knows that Marlowe was not connected in any way with Lord Strange's Company, although the manuscripts of nearly all his plays—if not all—were in their hands, and were held as their sole property, and were played by them for many years after. In fact, Marlowe wrote for them until he died, and his copies, or his copyrights as we should call them, were vested wholly in the aforesaid Lord Strange's Company, in its various changes as Essex's, Hunsdon's, the Lord Chamberlain's, and the King's—in all their various changes of patronage being the company with which Shakespeare was associated, so far as we know, from the time he arrived in London.

It is, in fact, from reckless declarations of this kind that further and further accretions of error, like the earrings, the black curly hair, and the foreign tongue, as well as the sorrows of Silas Marner, are begotten from the tinder-box. Mr. Fleay guesses from Meres that "Love's Labour's Won" must have been written about the same time as "Love's Labour's Lost," and that Shakespeare, after being estranged from his family for ten years, renewed his relations with them in 1597. This, again, is not knowledge, but inspiration. No one else knows now, save this acute commentator, which play was originally called "Love's Labour's Won" out of the thirty-six plays assigned to the poet. Hunter thinks it

* We can, perhaps, trace the origin of Mr. Fleay's bold inaccuracy in Knight's Biography. Mr. Knight has written: "Robert Wilson, the fifth on the list, viz., the forged and fictitious list of Collier, of the shareholders in the Blackfriars Play House, 1589, was a person of great celebrity. He was among the first of the Queen's sworn servants in 1583. His reputation was long enduring as an actor in a very peculiar vein. Howes describes him as of a quick, delicate, refined, extemporal wit." Here is the source of Mr. Fleay's inspiration. He was witty; he was an experienced actor; therefore he was Shakespeare's tutor. A good guess. Unluckily, the man was dead and buried, and was only resuscitated by Collier in 1831, when he forged his name as the fifth shareholder.

was "The Tempest." Dr. Farmer considered it was "All's Well that Ends Well;" and other guesses have been made that it was "Much Ado about Nothing;" but this imaginative biographer alone settles it. It may have been some play, now lost, like those which were destroyed by Warburton's cook. And still Mr. Fleay is the only inspired biographer who can nominate the play, and when it was composed, with infallibility.

I do not, while repudiating these foundationless and reckless assertions of modern times, deny the scintilla of truth in the deer-poaching incident, or the Davenant scandal, or even that the father of the poet, John Shakespeare, may (although a dealer in wool and a glover, as would appear by certain bills of his and accounts unearthed in the Stratford Court of Record), have also, as a trader in a county town, purchased beasts. It may be admitted that there is as little warranty of strict proof for Aubrey's and Malone's respective statements that the poet had been a schoolmaster, and in an attorney's office; but these latter propositions, especially the last, are inherently more probable. If this is not morally and definitely established by the fact of the poet's legal knowledge, his minute and varied use of technical legal phrases, which he invariably employs with accuracy, coupled with the emphatic declaration of Mr. Rushton and Lord Chief Justice Campbell, might be allowed to confirm it. The deer-poaching incident similarly is sanctioned if not sustained by the poet himself, indirectly it is true, but not less obviously. Thus, in the 1602 quarto edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Shallow says, "You have hurt my keeper, killed my dogs, stolen my deer." In the 1623 folio edition, presumedly from the author's own acting copy (though probably loosely transcribed, and never corrected or edited with a view to publication), the poet

takes the trouble to amend and rectify these phrases; and the charge stands thus—"You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broken open my lodge." This emendation justifies the trespass and denies the felony. It is possible that the poet, by his not too flattering portrait of Sir Thomas as Justice Shallow, admitted the last form of the offence, and acquiesced in it, as deer were not the objects of larceny. He undoubtedly refers to and describes Justice Robert Shallow, Esquire, and *coram, Custos Rotulorum, Custolorum,* who writes himself *Armiger,* with bitterness, as "A man made after supper of a cheeseparing," the very genius of famine and lecherous as a monkey, and now he has land and beefs, with a dozen white luces on his coat," Evans declaring that the dozen white louses do become an old coat well in the "Merry Wives," thus determining that the local pronunciation of the fresh-water luce was "loose," and that the familiar insect had the same name as well as the original of the poet's satire, and that they (the squire, the bug, and the fish) were all *looses* in the plural.

About this story a number of details clustered early in the eighteenth century, viz., that the poet who had penned "at home a poor scarecrow, in London an ass," had also written many verses which he had affixed "to several of Sir Thomas's park gates," and the Rev. Joshua Barnes, the professor of Greek at the University of Cambridge, unearthed two more verses of the precious Shakespearean ballad:—

> Sir Thomas was too covetous
> To covet so much deer,
> When horns enough upon his head
> Most plainly did appear.

Which, with another verse not less execrable and outrageous, together with the suggestion that a lawyer at Warwick was instructed to proceed against the bard, may

be all summarily dismissed to the limbo of forgotten things, as among the thousand and one silly stories about Shakespeare.

At this point it may be briefly noted that night or day poaching by unlawfully entering a park and killing deer either by day or night was a misdemeanour punishable by imprisonment under the 5 Eliz., c. 21, s. 3, with a forfeit of treble damages, and power to compel recognisances for future good behaviour. But this only applied to an enclosed deer park which was such a park in 1564, and a subsequent statute was passed in the time of James to deal with grounds so enclosed, after the passing of the prior Act. As Charlecote was not a deer park in 1564, nor an enclosed ground royally licensed, it may be seen that the additions of irresponsible gossip, as to the libel and the gates, as to its being Charlecote or Fulbrooke, as was suggested by Ireland, present difficulties which discredit all incidents save the bare facts I have admitted.

Let me deal briefly with the suggestion that he had been in a lawyer's office, and was not a butcher's apprentice, and that Marlowe was his art master and instructor, and not Robert Wilson, by reference to Robert Green's pamphlets, "Perimedes," 1588; "Menaphon," 1589; "The Farewell to Folly," second edition, 1590 or 1591;* and "The Groatsworth of Wit," 1592.

As early as the first of these dates—viz., 1588—Greene, who had been playwright for the company in which Shakespeare was then enlisted, made an attack on both Marlowe and his pupil, William Shakespeare. He assailed the Art master as the "Atheist Tamburlan," Marlowe being a free thinker, and the young dramatist as his dis-

* The "Farewell to Folly" was first entered on the Stationers' Register, 11th of June, 1587 (St. R, Vol. II., 471), but inasmuch as it refers to the "Mourning Garment," issued in November, 1590, it must have been deferred, or there must have been a second issue after that date.

ciple and as of Marlowe's or Merlin's race, Marlowe being often called Merlin. He reviles him as one "who sets the end of scholarism in an English blank verse" and as afflicted with "the humour of a novice." The following year this attack was pursued with greater vigour and more venom in "The Farewell to Folly." In "Menaphon" (1589) he lampoons Marlowe, whom he had assailed before, as "the cobbler's eldest son (his father was a shoemaker and parish clerk at Canterbury), and Shakespeare is impeached as his "mechanical mate," who imitated his idiot Art master, viz., Marlowe (Shakespeare had no degree, and this is a sneer at that fact) "in the swelling bombast of a bragging blank verse," or "the spacious volubility of a drumming decasyllibon." That this was Shakespeare and no other, and that Nash, who penned it for Greene, did not know or believe him a butcher's son* is proved by this attack, which was virulent as malice could suggest. It charges the poet "that he left the trade of *noverint* (or lawyer), whereto he was born, that he had enriched himself with phrases from the translation of Seneca, his ten plays,† and that he could afford you whole Hamlets of tragical speeches—proof that he was identified with Hamlet, which as "The Revenge of Hamlet," named after the poet's only son, then alive, was already in existence. In 1592 this was followed up more vindictively, and in greater detail. "Trust them not [*i.e.*, the players], for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tyger's heart, wrapt in a player's hide [a burlesque of the line in "Henry VI."],

* Unless the phrase "kilcow conceit" is maliciously aimed at him

† Shakespeare's "Hamlet" gives evidence of the author's familiarity with the "Agamemnon" of Seneca not to be found in any of the later plays. The phrase "Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast," Act II., is from the "Hippolytus," the reference to "o'ertopping old Pelion," Act V., and "making Ossa like a wart," is much akin to "the mountainous Ossa stood on top of Pelion," from the "Agamemnon." Other terms, such as "peasant slave," "Pyrrhus' bloody sword," "the rugged Pyrrhus," "incestuous pleasures," are almost identical in language with lines in the "Agamemnon." This was Seneca, "let blood drop by drop, line by line, and page by page," as suggested by Nash.

supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you, and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is in his own conceit the only Shakescene in a country." Here is a volume of history, authentic history, in little, which at once and completely disposes of the butcher and many other silly stories as not being known to his contemporaries and enemies, who had all the gossip of a playhouse at command.

Will you permit me here, to couple together some other random and ridiculous fables equally deserving honest oblivion, some ancient, some modern, like the authorised hymns?—viz., that Shakespeare after leaving Stratford in or about 1585 and the birth of his twin children, did not return, and was estranged from his wife and in disgrace with his family* until the death of his son, Hamnet or Hamlet, in his twelfth year, viz., August 5th, 1596. That Shakespeare borrowed "Macbeth" from Middleton's "Witch," and that "Julius Cæsar" was copied from the Earl of Sterling's play, published long after. That Kyd wrote the "Taming of a Shrew," in 1589, and Lodge rewrote it in 1596. That Shakespeare was not "the pleasant Willy" of Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," but that these were either John Lily or Richard Tarleton. That John a Combe means "John has come," and is a provincialism, and that Shakespeare did not write "Romeo and Juliet," because it has no patois and there is an entire absence of purely Warwickshire words and idioms,† and the poet could only have written in the Warwickshire patois, whatever that might be. That Robert Wilson was Shakespeare's tutor and coadjutor in comedy and Peele in

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* Fleay, pp. 29, 30, 89, 128. Suggested apocryphally by De Quincey, "Encylopædia Britannica," eighth edition, 1837. Thus, "after four years conjugal discord he resolved on the plan of solitary emigration to the Metropolis." Pure fiction.

† Mr. Burr, of Washington, in "Shakspereana."

tragedy,* and that Kyd was Shakespeare's model in tragedy, and that "Hamlet" was written by Kyd and the "Taming of a Shrew" by Lodge.† That Shakespeare and Bacon were close allies and friends. That Shakespeare committed felony by stealing deer, and might be punished in the Star Chamber. That he was lame and club-footed,‡ and that the words "first heir of his invention" meant that he had never written anything poetic or dramatic before, and that therefore he composed the love story of "Romeo and Juliet" when he was 33, and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" when he was more than 30. That his plays, as Charles Lamb§ thought, were never intended to be acted, and other vagaries of the imagination of this kind.

But these more or less baseless errors concerning the poet and his life, many of them founded on ready lies of practised liars, are by no means the most serious of the accumulated misapprehensions and blunders, or, in other words, silly stories, which have overgrown and in part concealed the poet's memory.

During the past one hundred and twenty years there have arisen two or three species of mischievous parasites, more noxious than the lying literary louse or locust, in the form of egg-laying caterpillars or book worms, who have deposited their spurious offspring of baleful origin and inimical life broadcast in all Shakesperian literature. The first and most egregious offender in this noxious industry was the notorious forger, William Henry Ireland (a person of doubtful honesty and reputation, the son of one Samuel Henry Ireland, an engraver), who commenced his literary falsifications, so far as we know, in 1794, when

* Fleay, pp. 12, 13, and 26.

† *Id.*, p. 119.

‡ The Rev. William Harness, M.A., "Life of Shakespeare."

§ Lamb said "they were less calculated than any other dramatic plays for dramatic representation."

he was under twenty. This was by a spurious deed purporting to be made between Shakespeare and his partner, Heming, based on and copied from an authentic original of 1612, which had been printed in *facsimile* by Steevens. Before the February of the following year this juvenile miscreant had contrived to discover a so-called Confession of Faith made by John Shakespeare, which Boswell fell on his knees before and kissed devoutly, as well as various other documents of interest concerning the poet, which were at once exhibited to the public in Norfolk Street, Strand.

It was further announced that this Confession of Faith of John Shakespeare, which was in the nature of a will, had been found in 1770 by a master bricklayer named Moseley concealed between the rafters and the tiling of a house in which Shakespeare was by tradition alleged to have been born. This precious document covered six pages of manuscript, and contained a number of clauses, numbered to 14, and, shortly, was to the effect that John Shakespeare was a Papist, and died in the Roman Catholic faith. Malone at once accepted this pitiful fabrication as genuine, and printed it in 1790 in his edition of Shakespeare's plays; and Parr, Dr. Joseph Warton, Boaden, Paley, Valpy, Croft, Pye, and Heard were among the believers. But in 1796 Malone made a recantation, and confessed he had been misled. But long before Malone's recantation, a fine crop of other forgeries had appeared, bearing on Shakespeare's life and history—letters from Lord Southampton to the poet, and from the poet to his Lordship; receipts and payments by Heming and Condell; letters from Queen Elizabeth to Shakespeare; from Shakespeare to Ann Hathaway; verses addressed to the same lady as Anna Hatherway; agreements between Shakespeare and Lowin, the actor, and between W. S. and Henry Condell; with other miscellaneous lots, some nineteen or twenty in number.

These invaluable memorials of a hitherto mysterious life were subsequently given to the world December 24th, 1795; and in the following year (1796) Malone, one of the most zealous, indefatigable, and honest of Shakesperian students, published a volume called "An Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Miscellaneous Papers," in which he exposed these various clumsy forgeries—exposed them fully and fatally. But notwithstanding this absolute proof of what we now know were Ireland's forgeries (on his own confession), in the following year (1797) there appeared a defence, assailing Malone in no measured terms, which was called "An Apology for the Believers in these Preposterous MSS.," but which savoured more of animosity and assassination than apology. This was followed, two years after (1799), by another volume, called "A Supplemental Apology," by George Chalmers, F.S., which also was an equal misnomer, and displayed a very considerable amount of misdirected and malicious industry and erudition, and formed a renewed and aggravated assault; and this in spite of the fact that William Henry Ireland had published his recantation before the end of 1796.

Among these miscellaneous forged documents, were included letters, receipts, and papers (beyond the Confession of Faith mentioned), and also what purported to be the tragedy of "King Lear" in the poet's own handwriting, a fragment of "Hamlet," and an unpublished and unknown play, "Vortigern"—all intended to be received as genuine remains, in elucidation of the great author's life, to irradiate what was obscure, illumine what was dark, and dispel what was mysterious. We now know that these clumsy deceptions were framed by William Henry Ireland, assisted, perhaps, or possibly, by his reputed father, Samuel Henry Ireland, the engraver and fabricator of some original Hogarth drawings.

Of course, forgeries of other authors, ancient and modern, to the discredit of humanity be it said, have often been disseminated and detected. Muretas deceived Scaliger by a dramatic poem, said to be by one Trabeas. Nodot, a Frenchman, in 1693, pretended to discover a tragedy of Petronius. At Venice, in 1738, a fictitious manuscript imputed to Catullus, was foisted on the critical public by one Corrdim. Ossian was in like manner palmed off by James Macpherson; the poems of the fabulous monk Rowley by young Chatterton; Lauder, a Scotchman, similarly put forward fraudulent poems as by Milton. William Rufus Chetwood, an Irish bookseller, of great industry, who had been a prompter on the stage, published in the British Theatre, Dublin, a large number of Shakesperian quarto plays, as having been seen by him, but only in his mind's eye, it is to be regretted. Among these were "The Tempest," of an edition of 1595; a "Romeo and Juliet," of 1593; "Henry VIII.," of 1597; a "Hamlet," of 1599; a "Timon of Athens," of 1604; all, as we know, impossible dates, the first authentic "Romeo and Juliet" being 1597, and no quarto of the "Tempest" being known.

But if these various fabrications have led to abundant error and misconception, having been received for a time in good faith and reproduced in different forms, much worse remains behind.

Mr. John Payne Collier, a very eminent Shakesperian scholar, energetic and gifted, and in private life most reputable and respected, entered on a career of forgeries in connection with Shakespeare extending from 1831 almost to his death in 1883. He was born in 1789, and was consequently more than 40 when he entered on this new life of despicable literary deceit. He was the son of a reporter in the House of Commons, and himself, at first a reporter in the Gallery, then entered at the Bar, but did

not practise; and in 1819 published a volume of criticisms on some of its members under the pseudo title of "Amicus Curiæ," which were republished from the *Examiner* of 1818, he having bade good-bye to the Bar in 1815, for to his ethereal soul "the endless labyrinth of tangled law" was "an insult and outrage."

In 1820 he published the Poetical Decameron, and in 1831 "A History of Dramatic Poetry," in 3 volumes, of considerable merit, containing much useful information never before garnered. But, unluckily, the temptation to excel and of achieving notoriety and fame at a bound were too great; and in Vol. I., at p. 297 of the work, there occurs the first of his known efforts to transcend other inquirers in the same field, in the form of an alleged petition of the owners and players of the Blackfriars Theatre, including the name of Shakespeare as the fifth petitioner on the list, which was a complete fabrication and silly story, but which passed muster and took in the world for nearly thirty years, not being until 1858 or 1859 even suspected. There was also a petition from the inhabitants of the Blackfriars, of even date, equally spurious and fraudulent, and not less misleading and mischievous.

This, unluckily, was but the commencement of Mr. Collier's misdemeanours. This, "and his otherwise busy, useful, meritorious life, indicating wonderful diligence, knowledge, and acumen" (in Mr. Furnival's words), being discredited from time to time in all sorts of directions—by papers in the "Archæologia," containing revelations about Sir Walter Raleigh; by the means of fictitious MSS. inserted among the valuable papers in Bridgewater House, in the State Paper Office, or interpolated amoug the Dulwich Papers, and announced to the world in an edition of Shakespeare in several volumes; in small books setting forth "New Facts" (1835), "New Particulars" (1836), "Further Par-

ticulars" (1839), and "Notes and Emendations" (1853)—contrived to distribute these illusory facts up and down.

These devices, unluckily, poisoned the fountains of knowledge at their source, Lord Campbell, Mr. Knight, Gervinus, Ulrici, Karl Else, Dyce, Hunter, De Quincey, Staunton, and many other editors and commentators being hopelessly misled. Thus Mr. Knight, in his Biography, places reliance on Shakespeare's residence in Blackfriars in 1609, and his assessment there for the poor, based on one of Collier's forgeries.* So also he relies on the circumstance, set forth in another forgery, that Shakespeare as early as 1589 was a shareholder in this very Queen's Company of players, with other adventurers, his name standing twelfth, with Kemp and Armyn below him in the list.† Again, he relies on an assertion made in a spurious letter, of the date of 1608, from Lord Southampton to the Earl of Ellesmere, that Shakespeare and Burbage were of the same county,‡ this letter having been foisted into the Bridgewater MSS., to which Mr. Collier was allowed access. Lord Campbell also acquiesced in the view that "Othello" was played at Harefield in 1602 (the seat of Sir Thomas Egerton, afterwards the Earl of Ellesmere), based on another forgery interpolated in the same archives, and published as genuine in the Egerton Papers by the Shakespeare Society. This was adopted by Lord Campbell in his "Lives of the Chancellors" as an accepted fact, to the corruption of a book in which accuracy "was to be the chief merit."

Thus error based upon error, Ossa upon Pelion, has been piled up. The most honest editors and critics have

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* Knight (p. 281) citing Memoirs of Alleyn by Collier, pp. 90 *et seq.*

† Knight's Biography (pp. 281—298, *et seq.*) Published in 1835. "New Facts Regarding the Life of Shakespeare."

‡ *Ib.*, p. 284.

been misled, and biographies, intended to be exact, honest in intention, and scrupulous in purpose, are in fact as fanciful as the visionary vapours of the air referred to by Antony and Hamlet, or Macbeth's air-drawn dagger.

Unfortunately, moreover, evil example is contagious; and the sight of means to do ill deeds oft makes ill deeds done. The modern forgeries in Shakesperian literature are not limited to those of John Payne Collier. The extracts from the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," published by the Shakespeare Society in 1842, and edited by Peter Cunninghame, suggest manifold tamperings with documents in the public archives, and several forgeries. Unhappily, in the meanwhile biographies of the poet are issued, and theories of his life are presented to the public as possible truths, which have no better foundation, alas! than a forged document interpolated in a bundle of genuine manuscripts, some false reading or sentence inserted in an authentic and ancient deed, or a series of fabrications purposely framed to deceive and mislead, and confound all honest knowledge.

These are not the only sources of error in these modern days. A class of commentators, knowing well the national preference of the English for a sensational falsehood rather than a dull or prosaic truth, has arisen to provide the precise pabulum for the national mind. The counterparts of the Haggards, Correllis, Wildes, and Stevensons of fictional literature present themselves in the literature of fact. Critics arise who will tell you to a year, or a day, and if necessary to an hour, when a particular play was written, by what is termed a stopped ending. They are so accomplished that they know by the jingle of a line on what day of the week, and whether in the morning or afternoon, it was composed. This is not all—knowing and relying on the same preference of the public taste,

which will have nothing that is not adulterated—wine stronger than can be made of grape, beer than can be brewed of malt—they are prepared to supply the precise article. Among these, Mr. Fleay, as already indicated, is perhaps the chief offender. I have already referred to some of his ridiculous and reckless surmises. He is the champion guesser, or founder of facts on visionary bases. He knows who guided Shakespeare's hand while he wrote certain of his plays—who dotted his i's and crossed his t's. He will tell you, as a fact—*i.e.*, a foundationless fact—where Pembroke's Company was playing on a given day, when he is assisted by the plots of plays published by the industrious Malone in 1790, and in Reed's edition of 1803. Some of his combinations of facts and figures are ingenious, the majority of them indicate a minute and not wholly ill-directed industry; but the conclusions he purports to derive from them, the suggestions and combinations of inferences and surmises to which they give rise, and which are alleged positively as facts, are wholly false and misleading, and hardly less mischievous in character than Mr. Collier's forgeries. Thus he tells you that Kyd wrote "The Taming of a Shrew" in 1589, and that Lodge rewrote it in 1596. This he asserts as positively as if he were present when it was so conceived and amended. In fact, neither Kyd nor Lodge had even the smallest hand in it. The story is pure fiction from beginning to end. Mr. Fleay knew that Dr. Farmer suggested that Kyd wrote it, merely as a guess, but he adopts the conjecture and amends and enlarges it as truth. Marlowe (Kit Marlowe) wrote "The Taming of a Shrew," and after he died, and not before, when his copies fell into the hands of the Chamberlain's Company, Shakespeare rewrote it, and added the induction. What he contributed to the original play we know by the editions published by the

Shakespeare Society in 1844, and by Steevens in 1779 in his six plays when collated with the present text. Mr. Fleay has published four or five volumes full of the same unfounded surmises, which are eagerly accepted as facts in America, and republished with further commentaries and additions, so that Typhœus' monstrous brood—as indicated in Hesiod, Orthus, Cerberus, Chimæra, and the Lernæan hydra—will for ever be perpetuated.

In conclusion, I cannot avoid reference to the various plays, which have by the German critics and English editors, experts both, been wrongly assigned to Shakspeare. At various times, either in the "Stationers' Register," or elsewhere, more than twenty spurious plays have been thus falsely assigned to the poet. Some of these, curiously showing no trace or semblance of the great dramatist's genius, have been eagerly received by the great German critics, and exalted to a position among the noblest of his works. Thus Schlegel classed "Sir John Oldcastle" among Shakspere's best and maturest works; though we know with certainty that he had no hand in it; that it was written by Drayton, Hathway, Murray, and Wilson; that they were paid for writing it by Henslowe, and that intrinsically it bears marks of a compound and composite creation. In like manner, "Arden of Faversham," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and indeed some twenty-four plays in all have been wrongly assigned. As we know, seven of these were added first to the 1664 edition.* Mr. C. Knight, in his pictorial edition, printed about sixteen as doubtful plays. Some of these were impudently printed in the poet's lifetime, with his name on the titlepage, by scamping booksellers. Others

* "Pericles, the London Prodigal," "The History of Lord Cromwell," "Sir John Oldcastle," "Lord Cobham," "The Puritan Widow," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," and "The Tragedy of Locrine."

were entered, like "Sir John Oldcastle," on the "Stationers' Register." Others, such as "Locrine," "Pericles," "Edward the Third," undoubtedly received his supervision, and were in part rewritten or amended by him.

Let me say that I have hardly tabulated the egregious errors of belief, dependent on ignorance, faith, and a too easy credulity which surround the name of the poet. I have sought to pluck up a bare handful of weeds, conscious that while the enemy of mankind sows tares while we sleep, we can only from time to time keep pace with the growth, and much must be left to after generations to maintain the poet's immortal memory fair and unsullied, and his place of sepulchre as far as possible clean and sweet.

POLITIS: A STUDY OF TELEGRAPH POLES.

BY EDGAR ATTKINS.

"HE ought to recognise his grandmother—a little" was an observation the writer lately overheard. Its great merit lies in the strict limitation of the duty. Between grandmothers and telegraph poles there is an occult connection. Supported on the wires attached to the latter may frequently be seen boys' kites, some of which have been obtained from the "sandbone" man in exchange for the bonnets of their ancestors; who, probably, were themselves spared the anxiety incidental to the bargaining. In a mercantile country inherited commercial instinct shows itself in early youth. But though kites, like emetics and consols, should move upwards they are doubtful investments.

Acting in combination with the wires, telegraph poles acquire much unearned increment. Men occupying exalted positions frequently do the like. In the last earthquake a peer managed to secure far more than his fair share of shock.

They discharge their duties with rigid regularity, fatal to obtaining reputation for ability: often the result of incapacity combined with eccentricity. Of every drunken fool there are always some sober ones who assert that he is the "cleverest man in England" in his particular calling.

Telegraph poles are periodically ornamented with tar. Here is an element of danger: tar and theology have caused many blazes. They will never quite die out so long as the devil, continuing in the publishing business, supplies those "religious" newspapers in which no respectable receiver of stolen goods is ever known to advertise. Some assert the tarring is to prevent decay; others to stop adventurous youth climbing to the top to sit on the pole's whiskers. They are never known voluntarily to wash. If to that they entertain an objection they are not alone. A lady, whose name had just been inserted amongst the "departures" in the Visitors' List of the county gaol, said: "Every time yer go in they wesh yer; if yer was weshed last time they wesh yer again if yer go back whether yer want it or not. Damn their weshin—there's no place like home." She may have been the visitor who, when getting into the prison van, remarked to the attendant constable, "Rather a high step for a lady." To an agriculturist she would seem to be of great value; a combined wife and market garden. Lest that should be somewhat wanting in gallantry, rather let it be said she would form a combined wife and garden party—a host in herself. She seems to have been delicate, for sometimes it appears she had to be kept "under cover."

The telegraph pole will "suffer fools gladly," it frequently bears their initials. Some take a "chop" from it; if done to annoy the gastric system the trick is likely to prove successful, but, generally, the stomach is better without a "Christmas tree." If it be desired to set it a task, prehistoric lamb is very tough mutton.

Those who, in spite of the expense, which may amount to ten pounds, climb to the pole's summit get extended views, but often only to learn that a haughty demeanour ill consorts with chasing a hat. A mushroom top is safer:

but "safety" has its disadvantages; mushrooms, like martyrs, are often crushed.

The writer's friend, Mr. Ferdinand Fancandle, who takes an interest in telegraph poles, was lately out visiting: "I endeavoured," he says, "to interest the lady whom I took down in the subject. My hostess overhearing the conversation remarked that women had wider minds than men: they had more resources. I said, "Yes, Mrs. Wheeler: their husband's pockets." Then the housemaid let the vegetable marrow fall to the floor: why I cannot imagine. I resumed the conversation; told my companion you meant to write on the subject and all you would say—of course I know that and a lot more. About half an hour later she said I got on slowly with my dinner; she had finished her own twenty minutes since. I said "Yes, Miss Paucicoin, and I should have done so too if my 'entrance for goods' were the same size as your own." She remarked she wondered I had not gone out with Dr. Nansen. "Indeed," I said, "do you think I am naturally fitted for an explorer?" "I confess, Mr. Fancandle, I had not thought of that, but rather that possibly he might have left you in charge of the North Pole." She is a sensible woman; she knew that confidence could be placed in my integrity. There was a divine at the dinner who told a story tall enough for any pole. As I looked in his direction, at the close of the tale, my hostess said, "I hope you are not going to say anything, Mr. Fancandle." With great tact I immediately relieved her anxiety, for I replied, "No, I shall not mention Ananias." The divine said two years ago he could have had ten thousand pounds from a lady, but he did not take it. "Why not?" I said. "Because I did not love her, Mr. Fancandle." I said, "Fudge! I should have taken her money and married the other girl—you are wanting in commercial education."

There is no sign of the spread of education save slate pencil rubbings on our gate stumps.

Endowed with delicacy, telegraph poles never attempt to discover the contents of messages they help to transmit. That qualification is a distinct recommendation for companionship. It is better to dwell with a refined devil than a vulgar angel.

Their fixed habits prevent telegraph poles becoming a social success. Unless left by the police, "mute appeals" do not command much attention. Appeals to the "higher nature" often fail. Sluggards, who, in spite of all such, continue to oversleep themselves, might, perhaps, be aroused if warned they are wearing out their beds. Decreasing assets tend to wakefulness.

Telegraph poles are incapable of thought; that is occasionally unfortunate. To give an elderly uncle a chair short of even only one leg may be fatal to the smallest legacy. To request the loan of your aunt's shoes for goloshes is most imprudent. Women are sensitive as to their feet. One who required nearly all the space in the room for hers was greatly offended by a man with a sad innocent face paying her a compliment, "If you have the temper of an elephant you have the feet of an angel." Compliments and cucumbers are often forced.

The "sad innocent face" is most misleading. The saddest looking man ever seen was interviewing some magistrates about a peculiar lapse of memory, owing to which he had for several months when railway travelling forgotten to obtain a ticket. But who can always think of a little thing like that?

In one respect the head of the telegraph pole strongly resembles that of many of those of humanity; although itself incapable of thought it has a constant current passing over it. If taciturnity indicates wisdom, it is en-

titled to a great reputation. But if nothing flows from the mouth the reservoir above may be empty.

Legislation has taken special care of its morals, it cannot be compelled to transmit the exudations of the ashpit mind. Upright it is and fixed remains: a permanent reproof to fish and arithmetic; eels and figures slip away unobserved. On account of its stiffness cattle despise it; no self-respecting cow will admit itself unable to dance the Highland schottische.

Although it may help to bear every trouble it never obtrudes its own. But its sympathy is not subjected to very sore strain. It is never asked to lend its largest preserving pan because a neighbour has a cold and wants to put his feet in a mustard bath.

The telegraph pole is as unyielding as the "new woman." The mere mention of her name suffices to tell there has been a fresh row in the wash house, and that, until another lady is regnant there, the writer must pay for the "washing out" of the whole of his garments, including even his socks, all which have for some time ceased to afford any covering below the ankles. Besides arnica and surgical bandages are in every receptacle. "Home, sweet home" is not made by spreading treacle on the kitchen floor; the laundress is the determining factor.

Women are given to "saying things." Contemplating earning his living as a professional beauty the writer mentioned the idea to a near relation. "Yes, every one will know when you smile; children will scream so.

Telegraph poles have no "designs" of their own, but there are many for them. After it was made known to an expectant universe that the writer condescended to favour it with the present exegesis he was provided by a versatile friend with a design surmounted with a cat rampant and a fat bird on either side. On being submitted to the

creatures concerned the cats voted unanimously in its favour. With the exception of a dissolute eagle or two, who returned with a few lumps of fur in their talons, the birds declined to go to the poll.

Enquiry has been made of the writer whether or no books on arboriculture would be of any service to him, to which he has replied, "That if there be no prohibition of sale, and they be well bound, they will be most acceptable." The volumes have not yet arrived.

As all know, by personal experience, benefits genuinely intended, like visits from detectives, are seldom pre-announced.

Telegraph poles never volunteer rude remarks. Once when the writer was wearing a shirt, to offer which to a rag bag would have been an affront, a passing dealer in cast-off apparel quite needlessly shouted in his ear, "Old clothes!" If that man did not refer to his outer garments he must have had very keen sight.

Having regard to their "high position" it is a marvel telegraph poles are not made patrons of any society. Though its object should be supplying macintoshes to fish it would secure some members if they could get their names in the papers. Consider the number who pay to announce the utterly unimportant fact that the family cradle is again tenanted.

The telegraph pole having no wandering habits no question arises as to its "true place." The restlessness of some cheese makes it uncertain whether it should be in the zoological gardens or the larder. Even erudition is sometimes misplaced. The servant girl who cuts her mouth is little consoled by her mistress telling her she may find it advantageous in the use of trisyllabics.

A man who is not very easily attracted by the fair sex is often misplaced; he is generally asked to "take down" the most unwholesome antiquity in the company.

Although the greatest of human agony frequently passes over the telegraph pole, it betrays no emotion.

Outward signs are not always to be disregarded. The lover of a widow may take hope if she have put a very heavy stone on her former husband. A nobleman's child, going for the Sunday beer, can be told by the coronet on the jug.

The telegraph pole is not believed to be subject to the tender passion. It escapes a grief to which the writer's attention was called in very early infancy; in fact, before he was "shortened," for whilst he was in the cradle musing over the small amount of saccharine matter allowed in his bottle, and protesting (possibly somewhat loudly) against the deprivation, his nurse sang—

> Charley Chuck married a duck;
> Duck died and Charley cried.

Time softens asperities, but the writer cannot disguise that the nurse was rather wanting in her idea of the "fitness of things." That was the impression made at the time, and not forgotten by him, although he has since lived to be fined because his neighbour's dog got loose, and to see his newest silk hat appointed to the office of coal box.

Although time may soften asperities it by no means smoothes all things. After the nutmeg grater had been used to remove the dirt from the writer's boots, it was missing when wanted for culinary purposes. "Mother," said his eldest son (who will soon be seven), "wouldn't father lend you his forehead?"

If the lines quoted, which doubtless owe their preservation to their alliteration, instead of being anonymous, were the work of a famous author, they would have formed the subject of a commentary. "These are the words of a deep thinker—a seer. They exhibit a profound insight into the

cardinal fact that in life the formation of every new tie serves only to provide the grief of future separation. To the casual observer—to the man in the street—they suggest nothing but the contest, which must frequently have arisen, between the wife's desire to go boating and that of the husband to dissipate a dustheap. To such the devotion and self-sacrifice which, in actual life, a true wife constantly shows to her husband will not present itself. They will not see the duck risking her delicate organism on the support of fifty per cent of her feet, whilst with the balance she covers her eyes to hide from her husband her grief that she must lose his companionship during the nocturnal morphean period because nature has denied her the power to perch. To such the union will seem incompatible—unlikely to result in happiness; to them it will never occur that floating on water is much alimental matter, suitable to the gallinaceous stomach, which is lost for want of aquatic equipment, and through risk of roup to wet poultry, but in the particular case, often, would have been convoyed to the bank by the loving efforts of the feminine partner in the marital contract. No doubt sometimes she might herself consume choice morsels behind a bush, but an occasional lesion of that kind does not materially detract from general nobility of character. We are all more or less human."

"The orchestral harmony of nature is perfect, and we can well imagine the exquisite beauty of the ducks' '*stuck* cato' in combination with the more prolonged resonance of the notes of the male bird."

"All these things, and many more, veiled from our feeble sight, were strongly present to the poet at the exalted moment of his high inspiration which, alas, may have been contemporaneous with the odour of sage and onions."

To literary men telegraph poles are standing reproofs—

they never descend to the putrescent vulgarity of reciprocal admiration. Extravagant praise is not asked for this thesis; the writer will be content if it be described as "that monument of learning which will for ever glorify the literature of the closing years of the century, and in interest surpass anything to be found in 'King's Interest Tables.'"

Combining blatant modesty with uproarious delicacy the writer has, in the absence of a more extensive orchestra, blown his own trumpet. Musicians acquainted with the instrument have informed him its sound is hideous; to play it they have asked exorbitant wages and annuities for their prospective widows and orphan children.

In walking round a telegraph pole there is no danger of being lost; it is said to be very invigorating if the pedestrian have sufficient faith. The power of faith to move mountains is well known. But it has its limits; tried upon a tax gatherer it is a total failure—whilst a healthy argumentative bulldog——.

Telegraph poles have undoubtedly a sense of humour. A humming noise is often emitted by them. They are laughing at caterpillars climbing them in search of leaves.

Telegraph poles are never sarcastic in action. How different from the cat, which, when kicked away from the drawing-room fire, will sit in the snow on the window sill, and from that coign of vantage stare at its persecutor.

Alas! the telegraph pole is a cause of sin. The workhouse cook covets it as a rolling pin for the parish tart!

ART AND LOVE.

BY ROWLAND THIRLMERE.

SOMETIMES our loneliness and cares oppress:
If loveless then we weep and often say—
"Why comes not shining love our shadowy way?
Love the sweet cure for all man's weariness
Once in our hearts there is no loneliness;
No morn too bleak, no eventide too grey:
With Love to warm us it is ever May,
With flowers and sunshine in the wilderness."

Yet may the prisoner cheer his hermitage
With living passion of his brightest dreams;
He has unfailing art—its golden gleams
Making the prison-house a sunlit cage;
Greater than love is this our heritage,
Sweeter than love to souls forlorn it seems.

Reproduced from a photograph of one of the Wall Paintings by Mr. F. J. Shields, in the Chapel of the Ascension, Bayswater Road, London.

THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION.

BY J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

IN the Bayswater Road, a short distance beyond the busy Edgware Road corner, is a little chapel, standing back, and almost hidden by the lofty dwelling-houses coming confidently forward, as if with a high contempt for the shrinking little building which is as much out of accord as they are in accord with the busy self-assertiveness of the age. This chapel is unique amongst the ecclesiastical buildings of the country. Its purpose is set forth by two legends, the one on the left side and the other on the right side of the central doorway. They are as follows:—

> Passengers through the busy streets of London,
> Enter this sanctuary for rest, and silence, and prayer;
> Let the pictured walls within speak of the past
> Yet ever-continuing ways of God with man.
>
> Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?
> Come and rest awhile.
> Commune with your own hearts, and be still.
> Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Here then is a chapel devoted to silence. Song, and spoken prayer, and exhortation are to have no part in the devotions of those who frequent it. Only, on the walls is a series of pictures intended to guide the thoughts and quicken the emotions of the worshippers by unfolding "the past but ever-continuing ways of God with man."

The story of the chapel is told by Mr. Frederick Shields in a recently-published pamphlet,* which also explains the general scheme of the pictures upon its walls. Here we learn that we owe not only the lines already quoted but also the chapel itself to a desire of the late Mrs. Russell Gurney "to plant in some great highway of London a place of rest for wayfarers, and for prayer and meditation, wherein body, mind, and spirit, oppressed within the hurrying roar of the city's life, might find repose and a refreshing feast ever liberally spread upon its walls, for whosoever willed to enter." "Long ago," we are told, "the hope of building such a place had been aroused by a small chapel she had seen in Florence, where no services were held, but which was simply set apart for meditation and prayer, and always open. Her visualisation of this idea was distinct. It embraced two courts—'an outer one, with seats for wayfarers' rest, having a fountain in its centre ever-flowing, and its walls haply painted with deeds of brotherly kindness, and in the inner courts those very acts of the new creation from whence these spring through the one perfect Head.'"

By good hap Mrs. Gurney was introduced by Lady Mount Temple to Mr. Shields, perhaps the one man in England who could help her to realise her ideal. Manchester art lovers need no introduction to him. Years of residence here have made him widely known amongst us; his work remains with us in the Art Gallery, in St. Ann's Church, and elsewhere. It was arranged at one time that he should share with Ford Madox Brown the work of filling the Town Hall panels with frescoes, and it is interesting to note that, when it seemed well nigh impossible that Mrs. Gurney's plans could be carried out in London, it was to

* "The Chapel of the Ascension." A Descriptive Handbook, by Frederick Shields. London: Elliot Stock. 1897.

Manchester her thoughts were turned by him. In earlier years a painter of delightful *genre* pictures, and particularly pictures of children, he also showed a desire to make art the servant of the highest human thoughts and emotions, to paint the mysterious borderland where meet the human and the divine. In later years he has devoted himself wholly to sacred art, and at the time Mrs. Gurney became acquainted with him, and mentioned to him her desire, he was engaged upon the decoration of the Eaton Hall Chapel for the Duke of Westminster. This task completed, he was free to enter into Mrs. Gurney's plans, and after much anxious consideration, and the surmounting of many difficulties, the chapel was built from designs by Mr. H. P. Horne. It is a simple building, of a kind well known to travellers in Italy. From a wide porch, we enter the chapel itself, a plain, oblong structure, with open timber roof, and lighted by clere-storey windows only leaving below large wall-spaces to be covered with paintings. The work is not yet complete, and in the meantime its success cannot be fully gauged. Hasty visits, pictures seen amid scaffold-poles, workmen engaged in painting the ceiling—these are not the conditions which help us to judge whether or not the idea of the founder and the artist will be realised to the full, and passers-by be drawn to the chapel, there to commune with their own hearts and be still. Nor would it be fair to speak critically of Mr. Shields' work until he can place the whole before us. Every one will wish for it full measure of the kind of success hoped for it by those to whom it is due. It is rarely in these days, and in this country, that an artist has a building specially designed to receive his work. We have enough and to spare of easel-pictures. We have too few examples of painting set in a carefully chosen architectural framework. Mr. Shields is to be congratu-

lated on having such an exceptional opportunity. He may well write of Mrs. Gurney almost as if she were the instrument of a higher Power commissioning him to the very task for which all his previous intellectual and art development had been preparing him. All his friends are watching with great interest the progress of the work, and anticipating the pleasure of seeing it completed.

As already said, it is too early yet to pass any adequate verdict on the work. But in considering it, either now or later, it is essential to approach it from the artist's point of view. In this instance, if in any, must we avoid the critic's failing of blaming a work of art because it is not something the artist never intended it to be, of seizing upon those weaknesses which are probably only the inevitable conditions of its strength. We must bear in mind that, for Mr. Shields, art is the handmaid of religion; he quotes Blake to urge that "art is sensuous. Only as the impressions it conveys are elevating or degrading is it spiritual or sensual." He quotes Lord Lindsay, who says that "It is not symmetry of form or beauty of colouring, apart or conjoined, that is required of us and that constitutes our prerogative, but the conception by the artist, and expression to the spectators, of the highest and holiest spiritual truths and emotions." Unless we accept such views of the purpose of art as legitimate, if not exclusively legitimate, we need not trouble ourselves with detailed study of Mr. Shields' work; the Chapel of the Ascension is not for us; let us condemn it swiftly, *a priori*, and go our way. Also we must be willing to give sympathetic consideration to the form in which the painter's religious thought and emotion clothe themselves. Mr. Shields is not like Mr. Watts, who tells us that he strives, in his paintings, to lead us to the church, and then permits each of us to worship in our own way. Mr. Shields' teaching is

dogmatic. So that, again, if we have no place for dogmatic teaching—unless Mr. Shields convert us—we had better go our way: the Chapel of the Ascension is not for us. To escape from a merely decorative religious art, making void the Word of God by its traditions; to win to the sweet air and clear light of the Holy Word; to open thereby, even to some who have tasted of the Lord that He is gracious, new and more vivid aspects of the many-coloured wisdom of God manifested in His Word to His creatures, and haply to minister comfort to some saddened and weary hearts, or warning and guidance to the tempted; for the attainment of such ends to walk in his art by the broad law of our Lord Jesus, that the Spirit alone giveth life, the flesh profiteth nothing—in such wise does the artist tell us of the spirit in which he is carrying out his work.

We must be prepared further to find that the decoration is not wholly pleasing in its merely sensuous effect. It is true the painter tells us he has spared no pains that neither the general effect nor the execution of any part shall give offence to the eye of taste. But the sensuous effect being with him a minor consideration, it may well be imperfect, and only by its imperfection allow us to get beyond it. Surely, it is evident already that the rest we are to seek in this chapel is not a passive condition in which we are to be played upon by harmonies of colour and form, bringing with them faint suggestions of the doctrines of the Christian faith. Leaving the busy life of the world's greatest city, we are to busy ourselves now with the things of the City of God. Mrs. Gurney's idea, we have seen, included "a porch, with walls haply painted with deeds of brotherly kindness, and in the inner courts those very acts of the new creation from whence these spring through one perfect Head." Deeds of brotherly kindness should

be our work in the city; to the chapel we are to come to have strengthened within us the conviction of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man in Christ, upon which alone we can ground our hope that our good deeds shall continue, and ultimately have their full fruition when the last enemy of the Lord of Life and Love has been trampled beneath His feet. Is such our life? is such—in spirit, in essential truth, if not in literal form—our faith? If not, and unless we be converted, let us go our way: the Chapel of the Ascension is not for us.

But if we are willing that art should be on occasion the handmaid of religion, even though she sacrifice thereby somewhat of her own individuality; if we can accept and draw help from dogmatic teaching which knows nothing of the higher criticism; if we are wont to derive the strength for our daily life from the great cloud of witnesses, and above all, from Him who, called by whatever name, is the beginner and perfecter of our faith, then we may enter the chapel, and gain there the rest which is the highest re-creation. And not only when we are in the chapel can it help us thus, but it can become to us one of those sacred places to which we turn in thought even when far away. How often do we turn thus to the little Arena Chapel at Padua, with Giotto's frescoes there, a prototype of Mr. Shields' work, to the cells of San Marco at Florence, with their frescoes by Fra Angelico, Mr. Shields' chief master among the Early Italian painters; and to the Catholic Apostolic Church at Edinburgh, with its paintings by Mrs. Traquhair, who to-day is working in the same spirit as Mr. Shields and as those masters of earlier days. And a few glimpses of the unfinished chapel in the Bayswater Road already link it in mind with those other sanctuaries, and many others still, where architecture and painting unite to do us highest service.

The book now issued tells us what is the complete pictorial scheme. It would be too long to give any detailed account of it here. An abbreviation of the painter's own outline will best serve our immediate purpose. "Upon entering the chapel the visitor is in presence of the yet unfinished scheme of decoration, which will be found to open with the Creation of Man. This is followed by the circular design portraying the union of man and woman in their Creator's praise, which is followed by groups expressive of the purpose of holy matrimony. Next in order there is depicted a series of fourteen prophets, which are followed by a corresponding series of the Twelve Apostles, preceded by the Baptist, and concluding with the Protomartyr, St. Stephen. It is proposed that these shall alternate with successive subjects taken from the Gospels and the figures of the Prophets, with incidents from the Acts of the Apostles, in accordance with the appeal of St. Peter, 'Yea, all the prophets, as many as have spoken, have likewise foretold these days.' And it is further projected that the whole shall culminate upon the north wall, setting forth the Passion of the Son of God, 'made of a woman, made under the law,' and His glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and His return to judge the world with that last and unerring verdict, against which the conscience of every man shall consent there can be no appeal."

Will they be few or many who find their way to this chapel for other reasons than mere curiosity, or to do more than merely choose here and there a picture or a medallion, and say that it appeals to them? How many will forgive that minor defect with which the scheme seems threatened: somewhat of overcrowding, and hence a conflict both in thought and emotion, and also of the bright chromatic colour of each picture with that of the

adjoining ones? How many will work their way through the crowded symbolism of the pictures until their meaning lying clear to the mind through the sight, perplexity is at an end, and has given place to a swift visual apprehension of "the eternal purpose of God's redeeming love, developing through successive dispensations—Patriarchal, Mosaic, and Christian?" Time alone will show. Doubts of this nature were not always absent from Mrs. Gurney's mind. "Is it wiser," she questioned at one time, "to give up the precious vision as unsuited to our English people, and to our Londoners especially?" Miss Octavia Hill wrote that she thought "only the associations of a church would keep visitors at all in order, and that there were few who would look at solemn pictures without a living exponent voice." But be they few or many, there will be some in each coming generation who will be grateful to Mrs. Gurney and to her "servant," as Mr. Shields humbly styles himself, for help in realising "the past yet ever continuing ways of God with man;" and already there are some to whom the modest little chapel is one of the spiritual oases in the great wilderness of London, and who, in gratefully congratulating Mr. Shields on the near completion of the crowning work of his life, do not forget the lady whose noble ideal gave the artist his opportunity, and who, though she passed away more than a year ago, still, happily, lived to see that ideal so far realised that she could say, after a visit to the chapel, it had been to her "an atmospheric harmony, audible, visible, sensitive, like a nature scene that exists of itself in a perfection of unity and detail. It has been a sort of communion with the soul of things." May this happy enjoyment of the fruit of her own generous thought for others be the lot of many for whom she and her fellow worker shall have been the means of rendering such enjoyment possible.

AN IDYLL OF LAKELAND.

BY JOHN WALKER.

"LAKELAND is now Elysium," said a friend, whilst we discussed our holiday plans; and we found out how true were his words when the train passed into the delectable land beyond Threlkeld Station, where the thin young moon hung above the clear-cut western hills, a semi-cirque of silver set in a sky of bronze. The breeze that fanned our heated faces seemed to be the very breath of the mountains, full of the subtle scents of the dewy grass of early June. The broom "blowing bonnie" on the slopes, and the rowan exhaling her fragrance, filled our hearts with the deep joy that always comes to us in the "North Countree."

A little later we found that the incomparable view from Friar's Crag had lost none of its abiding charm. There, among the gnarled roots of the pines, we sat on and on into the summer night—that is really only half a night—our hearts rejoicing in the soft beauty of the misty landscape. At this place one always takes a deep breath of unutterable satisfaction, knowing that England can afford no lovelier view than that which there spreads out before us. Thus sitting we tried to distinguish the voices of the birds,

calling to each other in the grey shadows that stretched away to Borrowdale. First of all the familiar sounds that floated to us through the still air was the harsh voice of a mallard, disturbed, maybe, by some roving otter or polecat. We could imagine the drake raising his glossy green head, and opening his yellow bill to sound an alarm across the water. Then we heard the weird, deep hoot of the barn-owl from the woods on Castle Head; and this was answered by a blood-curdling "tu-whit" from the pines but fifty yards away. We arose and approached the bird's perching place, catching a glimse of a pair of large fiery eyes gazing at us for a moment, and then disappearing, as a white, phantom-like body dived into the gloom. From the little bay near at hand came the chiding voice of a love-sick sedge-warbler, almost imitating the many cries of his feathered friends heard during the day. Leaving his ferny, furze-canopied chamber, a nightjar now plunged into the vapours in pursuit of insects, doubling about like a great moth. We heard his watchman's rattle in the island opposite, where he had disturbed the slumbers of the rookery. A noise of subdued cawing came from the trees, where the crows were discussing the churn-owl—as the nightjar is sometimes called—and his intrusion into their quiet haunt. The scent of hay floated towards us from a field where a few early swathes were lying. It is said that benzoic acid is responsible for this delicious fragrance, but a scientific word jars upon us when we think of "the sweep of scythe in morning dew."

In the morning we were awakened by the birds. The black swifts, or "screechers," uttering their shrill, piercing, metallic screams, clove the air with long scythe-shaped wings, in never-ending quest of food. The embodiment of restless energy as he is, the swift was our exemplar

for the day. We mounted our bicycles and made our way to a lovely meadow in Keswick Vale, whence may be seen one of the fairest prospects that God's earth holds for man. How well-bestowed is that felicitous name! The Field of the Cloth of Gold! Imagine a long, broad pasture at the base of Skiddaw—gently sloping towards the grand old church of Crosthwaite—filled to overflowing with a blaze of crowfoot, or buttercups—as the little children would say; the more distant portion one solid sheet of glowing gold, and forming a most effective foreground to the knolls on which stand the Vicarage and Skiddaw Lodge, with the faint blue hills beyond. Only to the cattle does this display of lovely yellow make no appeal. The acrid juices of the crowfoot are hateful to cows, and even when dried in hay the plant retains much of its bitterness. One of our friends has been known to say that this regal meadow is the Plain of Heaven, and truly the noble field suggests a quality more than earthly, seen through the luminous air of a perfect June morning.

Yes, the morning was indeed perfect, being full of a deep compensation for the dry, cold days of the east wind. The breeze was just strong enough to break up the globed gossamer of the dandelion, and to snatch the incense of the foaming whitethorns. Gazing at the Field of the Cloth of Gold one's thoughts instinctively reverted to the Field of the Cloth of Silver, which lies in our beloved Vale Royal. There, in a break of the Forest of Delamere, is a long slope so powdered with daisies that, under certain conditions of weather, the earth seems to be covered with an argent sheet, not less lovely than the golden brilliance of this our favourite meadow in the north.

"Come in and see my new finds," said a friend, and we entered his house to enjoy the exquisite simplicity of two

Greek cameos. One, a head of Augustus, imperial to the last degree; the other a curly sconce of some long-dead wrestler, no single Pancratiast detail forgotten by the patient carver, neither the bruised ears nor the thickened muscles of the neck. With these sardonyx in our hands we seemed to have a tangible grasp of the life and movement of past centuries; holding, as it were, blithe Hellas and ambitious Rome in our very palms.

Italy, indeed, was the subject of our conversation; Italy and her irresistible fascination. Once fall in love with that country and you must surely yearn for her year by year. "But the beauty of a day like this," said our host, "steals on the spirit with a new surprise, and makes one forget even the lustrous atmosphere of Como and Maggiore, and the superb loveliness of Capri and Amalfi."

To be in perfect accord with him one had to look no further than a certain bank of germander speedwell, whose flowers were all open in the blaze of the sun. The hue of hyacinthine dells cannot outvie the "darling blue" of the children's birdseye. It was the predominant note of the countryside. Everywhere we saw luxuriant clumps of this beautiful, fragile plant, with blossoms brighter than the skies above us.

A curious cry in a hedge prompted the question, "Do lizards utter any sound?" Being answered in the negative we set ourselves the task of finding the insect that we imagined was the author of the noise. But for the sustained note, this chirrup was more like that of the cicada than anything else we could think of. The fascinating, elusive sound seemed to proceed from several places. By dint of prudent and patient search, however, we made the discovery of a grasshopper warbler on a bramble spray, his mottled body of greenish brown all aquiver with a happy outpouring of love. As he sat there, swaying on

the briar, he appeared to be in an ecstacy of admiration for the beauty of the day. And surely the birds must possess some such feelings as ours, which grow more acute, perhaps more poignant, with each returning spring? What a blessed provision of nature is the keener spiritual appreciation of the beautiful that comes with the decay of the physical powers! Every year shows us some new unimagined loveliness; some rare bird, insect or flower; some wonder of colour on land or sea, or shell or stone, that fills the mind with a deeper sense of the majestic secrets of Nature, with a greater reverence for the infinite. Yet every year has its too-brief spring, and each blossomy renascence of earth bears a Pandora's box full of a sharper pathos, a more intense, though, perhaps, indefinable regret. Max Nordau might style such an observation hysterical, but *pace* the German pessimist philosopher we maintain that it is true. And our hold on spring is more brief than the life of the yellow mountain poppy that thrives so well in these valleys of the north, taking rank as one of the most graceful flowers that blow. We wake up one morning to find the lilacs, and the apple trees in their glory. We flatter ourselves that we will inhale their fragrance, exult in the sight of the blossoms, capture and enjoy the spring. Another morning dawns and the "primal burst of bloom is o'er," and in the intervals between the showers a thrush sings "Too brief, too brief!" Burns, crystallising a great truth in a felicitous simile, made the poppy for ever illustrious. We gathered some of the dancing poppies and held them up so that the sunlight might strike through their golden chalices. This plant must draw her delicate colour from the sun; for surely never from the alembic of the dark mould comes that auroral hue, but from the magnificent pageants of the morning.

Pageants! As we walked down the familiar road, at the

foot of Skiddaw, the landscape seemed filled with pageants never-ending. The very cattle, as if conscious of the beauty around them, had so disposed themselves in the head waters of Bassenthwaite as to supply the finishing touch of life to the perfect picture. There they were, standing in the still blue wave, admiring their own reflections. The effects of light and shade in a pine wood, with an undergrowth of glowing rhododendron, showed us again how diversified is the supreme pomp of spring. The sun pierced the sombre plumes of the Scotch firs, and blazed in the breaks between the trees, smiting the masses of rose and purple flowers to a vivid splendour. Words can give no adequate idea of the contrasts of colour. It was a wood of dreams, of fairyland. From its depths issued the prolonged bubbling cry of the female cuckoo. In fancy we saw her at the customary task of carrying in her dusky beak a spotted egg, laid, perhaps, among the hyacinths, chuckling exultantly whilst placing her treasure in the nest of the meadow-pipit. The male bird was jubilant in a beech overhanging the road, his mellow double note bringing to our minds that line of Sidney's—"He cometh to you with a tale to hold children from their play and old men from the chimney corner." To be prosaic, he was doubtless feasting upon the large hairy caterpillars, his chief food, which he assimilates in the manner of birds of prey, disgorging the indigestible skins.

A feature of the Lake District is the size of its tulips. Do these flowers ever grow so large, even at Haarlem? Yellow and white, purple and red—great dew-cups swinging on long pliant stalks! One that we gathered set us wondering whether its lovely sanguine colour was caused by the red rays of the sun, which result from so many million millions of vibrations per second.

Then the peonies—how magnificent they are! Huge globes of crimson flame, with spring blood in every petal; glorious illustrations of the transmutation of earth, moisture, light and heat to perfect beauty!

Mounted on our machines, wheeling away through such a pleasant flowery land, we felt that we, too, had the ichor of spring in our veins. The fields were all pictures, lovely enough to stir anyone's blood, not the least beautiful being one in which there was a great expanse of dandelion clocks, with little girls sitting in the shade of an elder tree, busily repeating the olden formula—"This day, next day, sometime, never." With us it was distinctly "this day," so full of rich reward and tangible delight.

The delicate lacework of the fools' parsley in a meadow bordering upon a spinney was disturbed here and there by a crowd of frightened rabbits. Judging by their terror, and the way in which they were making for a corner of the field, some doe weasel and her young must be beating the mowing grass. Another meadow was full of pink clover, and it was an interesting sight to see the humble bees doing their ordered work among the blossoms.

Before reaching Bassenthwaite Bridge we paused on a bank overlooking the lake. The view of the Keswick and Borrowdale hills, now but faint shadows in the heat of the day, was uninterrupted save by three chlorophyll-coloured caterpillars, suspended in the air by long filaments, essaying the almost impossible task of climbing back to their home in the oak above. A curious sound proceeded from this tree; a faint crisp crackle, almost as if a tiny fire was burning. This was the noise made by a myriad grubs hard at work destroying the foliage. No wonder galls were forming on the tortured oak! Has the balance of Nature been disturbed by the chivying out of existence of

some feathered scavengers, or are these caterpillars too bitter for insectivorous birds?

To the left a bluff of sycamores stretched out into the lake; beyond that, the dark Skiddaw Forest formed a fine background. Against the shimmering haze that overhung the water the yellow irises, growing beneath the willows, sent our thoughts wandering back to the days when, as athletic boys, we used to chew the astringent flag-root, mistakenly supposed to possess the stimulating properties of the coca leaf. We looked on the sallows hereabouts for another pale green caterpillar, lined and striped with yellow, but we found it not. It was the larva of the Purple Emperor butterfly (*apatura iris*) of which we were in search; but this insect is but rarely found so far north.

An old favourite, the plantain or way-bread—the children's "scent bottle"—was at its best. The perfume of this flower—the Highland Slan-lus, or plant of healing—is very sweet and delicate. Its leaves, and the leaves of the dock, are used by boys to allay the pain caused by nettle stings. "Nettle coom oot, dockin ga in" is the incantation of the Cumbrian infant, when he stumbles in the thicket, and has to apply the plantain leaf to his hands.

It was delightful to stroll about the Pheasant Inn, and to visit the unforgotten places where we were wont to look for flowers. A lovely brook, with bed of golden sand, flows through a meadow full of the cold steely-blue spires of the bugle. In this little stream the minnows, like living gleams of light, flashed through the shallows, and sported about the white cresses and myosotis.

We lay down on the margent of the blue lake, where the goldilocks strayed out of the thicket almost up to the sand. Another ranunculus was growing on the shore. adding more touches of gold to the scene. Lying there in

a day-dream, nothing reminded us of the soot and squalor of Lancashire save the *moscæ visualis* floating before our eyes, the inevitable results of continued sedentary labour. The cry of a whaup (as Stevenson loved to call the complaining plover) fell on our ears, and this, together with the low voices of children bird's-nesting, lulled us into an actual dream, in which far-away Vailima figured. We were awakened by the pleasant odour of the corn-mint, crushed beneath our tired bodies. Gerarde says that "the smell of mint doth stir up the minde and the taste to a greedy desire of meate," but we were not so affected by the bruised herb. As we rose, a couple of herons flapped lazily away from a neighbouring inlet, their slaty grey plumage blending well with the colouring of the water. A seamew flew off towards Mirehouse, a streak of silver against the blue of Bassenthwaite. Wonderfully impressive is the heron when soaring in the distance! Whilst fishing knee-deep in the water he presents but a sorry appearance. Then he is a lean and somewhat ungraceful figure. No sooner does he open his wings, however, than he becomes ennobled; and when he rises to a height he is majestic. In the heronry on the lake, no doubt the first brood was well advanced. We could see the colony afar off in the high trees.

Near Braithwaite we were amused by the sight of a magpie, perched on the lowest branch of a sycamore, gravely watching a kitten at its gambols. The bird eyed us with a wise look, as much as to say, "the spring is eternal, and so is the foolishness of kittens running after their own tails." When the sun smote its ripples, the beck coming down from Newlands seemed paved with agate; and the kingfisher, flashing over its surface like a blue flame, became a suggestion of all the unseen but real splendours of the universe. The landrail rasped her harsh song

in the still afternoon, giving a noisy thanks to Nature, having safely laid her ten spotted eggs in the tall meadow grass. Climbing always from left to right a honeysuckle had twined herself to blossoming height in a garden by the highway. This woodbine had seized upon the slender stem of a shrub, and embraced it so tightly as to make deep spiral indentations on the bark. How the shrub regarded its too fond associate cannot be recorded, but an exquisite perfume suggested that the honeysuckle was on very good terms with the world. A white butterfly with scarlet-tipped pinions danced an airy dance before us, touching first a pink campion by the wayside, then a spotted orchis in the meadow. The insect finally settled on a wild pansy, and we had an opportunity of examining its beautiful feathers. There were other butterflies sporting in the fields, some of which were so marked on the underside of the wing that a Manchester designer might very well have taken ideas from them.

This was a day full of all kinds of stimulating suggestions, and we ended it by visiting our favourite dale, where the water-aven grows, and the purple cranesbill riots in the moist meadows. Here, at the foot of the great hills, does not the broom seem to wear a lovelier hue? And surely nowhere else in the wide world does the linnet sing so sweetly?

In such a retired valley it is refreshing to lie down and rest among the tall grasses, to note their downy seed-vessels shivering in the breeze, whilst the dust of their pollen rises from the miniature forest. Under the light mist of these red and yellow, and grey and silver grass-flowers the hop trefoil creeps round and round the juicy stems, its heads of faint golden blossom blending well with the clusters of the white Dutch clover, whose scent is sweet as the honey of Hymettus. This flower attracts insects by

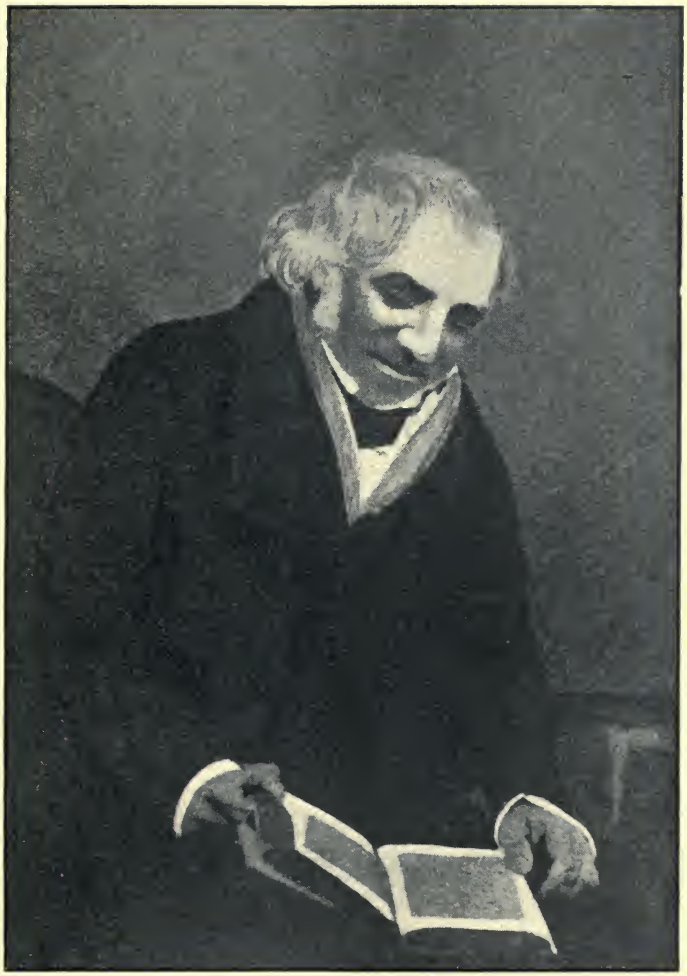
its breath, not by its beauty, like many other equally insignificant blossoms. Lying thus peacefully, amidst the swarming life of the gold-green beetles, and the busy ants, we almost "wondered where the city was." The sun shone warm upon us, his light and energy giving a new impetus to the building of the tabernacles of summer. The laburnum had already spun the golden chains that bind May to June. Into the tree that shone so goldenly above our heads there comes at night an owl, chased always by a bevy of blackbirds. It was still too early to see the fun of this pursuit, but the pure jewelled air of evening was full of an abundance of insect life, and the swifts, swallows, and martins were holding a review which was fascinating to behold.

They told us in this our valley that the missel thrushes were increasing in numbers; that the hawfinch, with his disproportionate bill, had been frequently seen of late; and that the little blue tit, which so often hangs inverted from the branches of the Scotch firs, has become more common. But we also heard a story of ruthless extermination. The raven, the buzzard, and all the rarer hawks—such as the kite, the peregrine falcon, the marsh-harrier, and the goshawk—have no chance of life in this region. On the whole there are fewer birds in the fields and hedges than there were a decade ago, and there is less singing in the woods to-day than has ever been known.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BY JOHN WILCOCK.

CONFIDENCE in the verdict of posterity has been a sort of harbour of refuge to most of our famous authors. Where contemporary appreciation has in any degree diminished, it is in the "discrimination hereafter" that solace has been found. Notwithstanding the jeers of the author of "Past and Present," who speaks of "fame" as being "for fools and unreflective persons, very noisy," this hope in the future has fanned the flame of many a writer's genius. "I sometimes reflect with pleasure that my writings will survive me," said Gibbon to Lord Sheffield, who, in his Essays, observes that "we are all fond of fame." Throughout the letters of Southey we find references to his future reputation. "I have a full and well-grounded faith in the hope you express," he writes, "that my reputation will, indeed, stand higher hereafter. Already I have enough, but it will be better discriminated hereafter." Again, "Die when I may, my monument is made." Further, "I was planting acorns while my contemporaries were setting Turkish beans." Twenty years later, "My day and popularity will come when I shall have said good-



HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

Born September 19, 1796. Died January 6, 1849.

night to the world." Then in the proem to the "Lay of the Laureate"—

> Thus in the ages which are past I live,
> And those which are to come my sure reward will give.

These sentiments in similar terms might be quoted from many an eminent writer of the past, and one may venture the statement that they are entertained by several of the present.

Posterity, however, is very whimsical, and may not be taken as infallible in its judgments. It has its fancies and its illusions, and, I fear, has a doubtful memory. Russell Lowell somewhere questions whether the lapse of a generation is sufficient to take a perfectly impartial view of the value of a man as a poet; whether the wrong judgments of critics, the enthusiasm of worshippers, and the false reports of personal habits and amenities have had time to die their natural death? But in this process there is no provision made to check the growth of excrescences. It seems to me dangerous to submit one's work to an unknown tribunal. The jury may be packed with men of prejudice. It is not fair to arraign a forensic teetotaler before a bench of licensed victuallers for obstructing the thoroughfare. And as poets may, like Shelley, have their own views of things, they are apt to fare as badly with posterity as with contemporary judgment.

Posterity has not been in a great hurry to turn its attention to the work of Hartley Coleridge. In his case contemporary judgment is by far the purest and most appreciative. Personally he was not concerned about either, if we may judge from the amount he published. We are indebted to his relatives and friends for the issue of his works, which we find are not meagre in quantity, and are of rich intrinsic value. It is nearly half a century since they were published, and nothing of his, as far as I

can trace, has since been issued beyond a small selection in the "Canterbury Poets." Indeed, so far has he fallen into oblivion, that nine out of ten second-hand booksellers will hand you copies of his father's works when you ask for Hartley's. Posterity hitherto has been content to mark out his one great personal failing, and to allow that to hide the beauty and strength of his work.

Fortunate for the memory of Hartley Coleridge, and fortunate for us, too, that he had so qualified and truthful a biographer in his brother Derwent. Since that memoir disclosed to the world the true character of the man, nothing has been added to our knowledge of his personality. It is now the only reliable source of information about him. It was expected that Mr. Aubrey de Vere, who was a contemporary and personal friend of Sara Coleridge, and who wrote the best estimate of Hartley's work, would have thrown a new light on our subject in his recently-published "Recollections." But he has only one anecdote to tell, and a brief description of his own first impressions of him. Those who came within Hartley's immediate circle, and were able to gauge his ability, have passed away with the Wordsworths, the Wilsons, and the Arnolds. A few simple dalesfolk, who knew him personally, remain, and have many amusing and touching anecdotes to tell of him. But they are too doubtful in facts to repeat. One feature is remarkable in them all, learned and simple—there is a halo of deep and sincere regard, amounting to affection, surrounding the memory of Hartley Coleridge, which, whatever his failings were, bespeak in him a noble and lovable character.

To the present generation of readers he is only a name, shining in the radiance of his father's renown. Most people have a hazy notion that he lived some sort of useless life, inherited all the weaknesses of his father, and

came to some untimely end. Quite recently I sat behind the driver of one of the Lake coaches, who had lived all his life within gunshot distance of Nab Scar, and who, as we passed Nab Cottage, observed that Hartley Coleridge died there by shooting himself, or something of that sort; that it was said he wrote poetry, like his father, but nobody had ever seen it in print. Doubtless, this driver had often told the same tale to tourists, who would carry the error into other parts.

"It were well," wrote Hartley Coleridge himself, "for great authors, poets, philosophers, scholars, may be also for divines, if their memory lived only in their works—if their books were like the Pyramids, which are admired the more because we know not by whom, or for what, they were erected. Happiest, as the first and greatest of poets, is Homer, of whose corporeal existence not a record survives. So utterly are the footsteps of his mortal pilgrimage obliterated, that certain irrefragable doubters deny that he ever appeared in the body, and maintain that the "Iliad" is a meteor formed of the exhalations of a national mind, a unison of many voices, blended by the distance of a remote age. And it is pleasanter to believe even this, than to think that his life was spent in petty squabbles and *qui tam* litigation; or that, according to one tradition, he drowned himself from vexation, because he could not guess a miserable riddle."

To deal rightly with the life and works of Hartley Coleridge, it were necessary to consider along with them those of his father. The two men were alike in many things, and not least in their strength of mind and poetic temperament. Not that the son was a replica or continuation of the father, for each had a marked individuality distinct from the other, showing the relative development of the thought of his day, and an originality dependent

less upon the enormous range of knowledge each possessed than upon their respective powers of observation and quiet contemplation.

It is generally recognised that the present generation owes an enormous debt to the men who did the thinking at the beginning of this century. A prominent writer recently observed that wherever we choose to dig deep in the thought of to-day, we shall be sure to find Samuel Taylor Coleridge underlying it. It is doubtful whether any period will again come in which the work of philosophers and poets will affect the future so much as that produced in what has been termed the Age of Wordsworth. The political developments which culminated in the French Revolution, during the throbbings of which Hartley Coleridge was born, removed the scales from men's eyes, and enabled them to see possibilities they had not dreamt of in their highest flights of fancy. Art and literature and political events in various parts of the globe seemed to have been steadily working up to a profound revelation, in the benefits of which every nation has since participated. In our own country it found a body of thinkers full of the strength of youth, imbued with the humanism of Rousseau, but transforming it, and bent upon bringing man back to that communion with Nature which gives him dignity and peace.

It may, of course, be said that in the common law of evolution every age prepares for a subsequent; but the blandest optimism must admit that many an age has run off the lines to make an unnecessary detour. It is not proven that the age of steam, for instance, was in the direct line of progression to the age of electricity. And we may profitably question, with Ashe, what would have been the future of literature had Wordsworth accepted the curacy of Harwich, and had not Southey and Coleridge, like him, "stumbled on the threshold of Holy Orders." We may

quibble about the orthodoxy in form of Wordsworth's poetry, and in our quibbling obscure the beauty and power of the thought in it. Only recently, however, in a little selection of poems on Liberty, Mr. Stopford Brooke has shown that Wordsworth has something to say even to this democratic age.

When Wordsworth was twenty-five, Walter Scott twenty-four, S. T. Coleridge twenty-three, Southey twenty-one, Landor and Lamb twenty, Thomas Campbell nineteen, and Byron but seventeen years of age, Hartley Coleridge was born—September 19th, 1796, at Clevedon, near Bristol. Robert Burns died in July of the same year. Hartley was but one year younger than John Keats and Thomas Carlyle, and three years younger than Shelley. Into a glorious galaxy of varying genius he was thus thrown from birth, and right from the dawn of reason he moved in the higher planes of thought. He was too much in personal contact with these and other thinkers of the period to simply reflect the mind of his father, or any one in particular of his father's friends, and few men were more sought after than Samuel Taylor Coleridge by the famous of this and other countries.

The married life of Hartley's parents is not a happy page in literary history. De Quincey, not altogether a safe guide to a right estimate of Coleridge, has described Mrs. Coleridge as lacking those qualifications of admiration and comprehension so helpful in the wife of a genius. And others have somewhat sympathised with Coleridge on the same score. It is an old story, told over and over again in the lives of great men. We have many a Madame Heine, Mrs. Shelley, and Linette such as Jean Paul describes, and apparently few appreciative Mrs. Blakes; but it does not follow that all are blameable because they varied in kind from their husbands. There is no special rubric for

genius in the Marriage Service to relieve it of subsequent marital responsibilities. And however much we may revere Coleridge for his work, we cannot on any account excuse him for neglecting his wife and family. Sara Coleridge, who offended her father in clinging most to her mother, describes that mother as "an honest, simple, lively-minded, affectionate woman." And, as a matter of fact, Coleridge himself, although in a letter to Alsop he describes her as "possessing no meretricious accomplishments," "loved his wife, and never to the day of his death did he cease to love her." Yet, as his daughter tells us, he never spent more than a few weeks at a time with his children. It was with them a lifelong separation.

This fact should be kept constantly in mind in the consideration of the life of Hartley. It accounts for much. From the early years of childhood on to his death the father's characteristics of mental strength and physical weakness were seen in him. Wordsworth wrote a poem to him at six, full of fears and doubtful forebodings of his future career. Southey, who guarded his infancy and youth, was continually amazed at his precocity, and tells amusing stories about him. The father, who was away from home when Hartley was born—gone to fetch Poole, who was coming to reside with him—wrote the sonnet which Lamb considered the best he ever wrote, beginning with—

> When they did greet me father, sudden awe
> Weigh'd down my spirit . . . .

Hartley naturally forms the subject of much more of the parent's verse, but it is always in an anxious strain. In "Frost at Midnight" he addresses him at length, and in one line, as Wordsworth pointed out, he describes the future life of his son—

> But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze.

Hartley quotes this line in a dedicatory sonnet to his father, in the only volume of poetry he published—

> The prayer was heard ; I "wander'd like a breeze"
> By mountain brooks and solitary meres,
> And gather'd there the shapes and phantasies
> Which, mixt with passions of my sadder years,
> Compose this book. If good therein there be,
> That good, my sire, I dedicate to thee.

At the time of Hartley's birth, Coleridge was deeply impressed with the metaphysics of David Hartley, an eighteenth century philosopher, and in his honour named his firstborn after him. In their letters both he and Lamb refer to the babe as David Hartley, but he was not baptised till seven years later, in 1802, at Crosthwaite Church, with Derwent and Sara, when the metaphysician's influence was not so great, and the "David" was dropped.

It was in the year 1800 Coleridge, with his wife and only child, went to live in the Lake District. The house now known as Greta Hall was then in building, and it was arranged that when completed they should occupy one half and its landlord—a Mr. Jackson—the other. But Keswick was unsuitable to the health of Coleridge, and ultimately his brother-in-law—Southey—who went to live with him in 1803, occupied the whole of Greta Hall.

Mr. Jackson and his housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, take an important place in Hartley's early life. He was his godfather, and at his death in 1809 left Hartley a small legacy.

It would be an interesting study, and might do some good in the future, to arrive at a definite conclusion on the responsibilities or irresponsibilities of genius. We might find more genius in existence than we suspect if more men could shift their burdens on to other shoulders, and be free of the care of earning bread and butter for

themselves and families, not to mention the common conventional claims of fellow-creatures with whom they come into contact. Perpetual concentration on the special bent of a man's mind may be carried to an indulgence of self just as much as the yielding to a passion, and may become as obnoxious to his family and friends. It is a problem I leave for others to solve as to what a man should do with a family when he is possessed of or by an idea poetical or scientific. It must be a severe trial, and the idea may be most forcible just when baby is crying for *pappa* or the rent is due. If baby would only go to sleep, or somebody else discharge the rent, how the world might be benefited by the development of the idea! But the economic system of this life does not provide free meals for genius. A father's responsibilities are the same whether he be a poet or a blacksmith. "There is no disparity in marriage like unsuitability in mind and purpose," but Dickens propounded this theory in a measure to defend himself. When a man marries, a woman marries also. I know we cannot guage a genius by the common economic laws of life, but his wife and children, nevertheless, are subject to them; and what our generation gains from the mind of Coleridge, released from paternal cares in Keswick, leaving him to wander fancy free, and to sojourn with more kindred spirits at Grasmere and elsewhere, we owe to the deprivation his wife and children endured in consequence.

Hartley Coleridge more than the average youth needed all the care and discipline a wise father could bestow. From childhood he showed a "strangely constituted mind," and fell into visionary habits in early boyhood. His brother was the depository of thoughts and feelings in those early years, which would have been remarkable coming from an adult. "At a very early period of his childhood he imagined himself to foresee a time when, in

a field that lay close to the house in which he lived, a small cataract would burst forth, to which he gave the name of Jug-force. The banks of the stream thus created soon became populous—a region, a realm; and as the vision spread in ever-widening circles, it soon overflowed, as it were, the narrow spot in which it was originally generated, and Jugforcia, disguised under the less familiar appellation of Ejuxria, became an island-continent, with its own attendant isles—a new Australia or newest sea-land, if it were not rather a reflection of the old Europe projected from the clouds on some wide ocean somewhere."

De Quincey lived in a similar region in his early childhood, and named it Gombroon. So did little Maggie Tulliver. The germ of St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia" originated in a similar boyish fancy of an enchanted island. Barthold Niebuhr also had a kingdom of his own in early boyhood, which he called Plattengland. Goethe and his mother, too, used to revel in the land of myths.

The sayings and doings of the people in Ejuxria were told to Hartley's brother in confidence. But the same characteristics were disclosed to others. Southey, in one of his letters to Danvers, when Hartley was nine years old, says:—

It is impossible to give you any adequate idea of his oddities; for he is the oddest of God's creatures, and becomes quainter and quainter every day. . . . . His religion makes one of the most remarkable parts of his character. "I am a boy of a religious turn," he says; for he always talks of himself, examines his own character, just as if he were speaking of another person, and as impartially. Every night he makes an extempore prayer aloud, but it is always in bed, and not till he is comfortable there, and got into the mood. When he is ready, he touches Mrs. Wilson, who sleeps with him, and says, "Mrs. Wilson," and off he sets like a preacher. If he has been behaving himself amiss, away he goes for his Bible, and looks out for something appropriate to his case in the Psalms or the Book of Job. . . . . I fear that, if he lives, he will dream away his life like his father, too much delighted with his own ideas ever to embody them or suffer them, if he could help it, to be disturbed.

These fears, happily, proved groundless; for, wasted as certainly was Hartley Coleridge's life in the main, there is a definiteness and a clearness in his opinions quite opposed to dreaminess. The "religious turn" stayed with him to the end, and made it beautiful. Thus writes his brother—

His Bible and Prayer-book—the same which he possessed when a boy, and which he took with him to church so long as he lived—bear the marks of careful and habitual use. The Book of Job, of Isaiah, and the Psalms, in particular, show the traces of constant perusal. . . . . Particular verses are underlined, with an evident reference to his own spiritual state, and such short remarks, often in the nature of prayer, as leave no doubt that these readings were, in effect, devotional exercises.

In his twelfth year his father took him to London, and showed him the theatre and the Tower. He was so impressed with what he saw that he immediately wrote a tragedy, and was indignant because his father took so little notice of it. A year later he and his brother were placed as day scholars under the care of the Rev. John Dawes in Ambleside.

From birth Hartley suffered from a physical deficiency. He was an eight months' child, and all through life was of diminutive stature; consequently, he could not participate in schoolboy sports, and never played with his fellows. "He was much alone, passing his time in reading, walking, dreaming to himself, or talking his dreams to others." "He stood apart, admired and beloved by all, but without intimacy."

This was the period when he most needed the guidance of a father. In his essay on "Andrew Marvell," written many years after, Hartley says:—"Thus was young Marvell bereft of his natural guardian in his twentieth year, and left to find his way in the troubled world, to decide between warring opinions, and choose amid conflicting parties, unassisted by that voice of authority to which he would have paid most willing deference." This strikes one

as autobiographical. His brother's memoir certainly enables us to associate many of his thoughts with the facts of his life, but had that memoir never been written, the confessions in his sonnets and the sad reflections permeating his essays would have led us to a biography unmistakably correct. He fixes Marvell's critical age at twenty, but as civilisation and culture advance, the age of personal responsibility comes earlier in life. If Marvell had to decide between warring opinions at twenty, it is safe to say that Hartley Coleridge was in the throes of a like struggle at fifteen. The world is found to be troubled very early in the lives of some, and the fact is not always taken into consideration by those who set themselves to estimate character. All the critics I have read have lamented upon what Hartley Coleridge *might have been* with his gifts, but none has duly valued what he overcame to be what he was.

With all due regard for the ability of the Ambleside schoolmaster, his training there could only be desultory at best. True, he had the advantage of constant intercourse with the Wordsworths, and had free access to the library at Allan Bank and Rydal Mount; that at this period he was under the educating influence of Professor Wilson at Elleray, and there found an acquaintance which developed into one of the longest and happiest friendships of his life, and that he communed personally with the greatest minds in the world of thought at that day. But would not these advantages rather add to the desultoriness of that period of his mental development? His mind was enjoying the privileges of maturity ere it had passed the stage of adolescence, and was totally unprepared in that scholastic discipline necessary for a University career.

During the last three years of his schooldays in Ambleside, his father, broken down in health, and in the most

unfortunate circumstances, had lived with the Morgan family, first at Hammersmith, then at Calne, in Wiltshire, and consequently was of little help in personal influence, and none pecuniarily.

At nineteen Hartley left school, and by the aid of Southey and his friends means were provided the following year to enter him as a scholar of Merton College, Oxford. Never did youth enter upon University routine and liberty so ill-equipped. By constitution, by habit of mind, by singularity of temperament, he was totally unfitted. It were but reasoning in natural sequence to foretell that which came to pass. His success or non-success there cannot be stated in terms applicable to the ordinary student. The history of that period, the stories of his peculiar pranks, of his entire disregard for the conventionalities of the life led there—these demand far more than the limits of this paper will allow. He never grew beyond five feet in height, and until later manhood was of slight build at that. As with his father, talking was his delight and great attraction. "It procured for him numerous invitations to what are called at Oxford 'wine parties.'" "Leaning his head on one shoulder, turning up his dark bright eyes, and swinging backward and forward in his chair, he would hold forth by the hour (for no one wished to interrupt him) on whatever subject might have been started—either of literature, politics, or religion—with an originality of thought, a force of illustration, and a facility and beauty of expression it was questioned if any man then living except his father could have surpassed." This display of eloquence was thought to do him harm eventually at the University. Inveighing against all establishments was a more unpardonable offence than his having been seen in his cap and gown buying a pennyworth of apples from an old woman in

Oriel Lane. But the views he propounded then have since been adopted by men bearing highly honoured names.

At this period he worked assiduously. His first vacation was spent with his father at Calne, and his other long vacations in hard study. At Greta Hall he received every encouragement, his eccentricities growing in intensity "through the real absorption of his mind upon higher matters." "From early morn till dusk he laboured in his 'den,' not even taking his meals with the family, but snatching hasty morsels alone, and only sought the free air when the fading daylight no longer permitted him to see his books." Occasionally he would stray into the room where the family were assembled, attired in his reading costume, "a sort of loose toga between a coat and a dressing gown, and his feet in slippers." He would enter with his usual abstracted look, quite unconcerned whether any beside the family were present, and conducted himself with an easy good breeding, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, towards any visitors who might be there.

He passed the examination for his degree in the Michaelmas term of 1818, and was placed in the second class *in litteris humanioribus.* Which of the examiners told is not recorded, but it was said "that considerable difference of opinion prevailed among them on the occasion, some being inclined to place him in the first class from the talent and general knowledge which he displayed, and others in the fourth on account of certain deficiencies in his scholarship, and that his actual position was the result of a compromise. The most favourable opinion was confirmed not long afterwards when he stood for a fellowship at Oriel, which he obtained with high distinction, his superiority on this occasion not admitting of a doubt."

We now arrive at the great crisis in Hartley Coleridge's life. He had overcome whatever impediments, natural or circumstantial, had stood in his path, and by sheer ability, not overshadowed by hereditary genius, had raised himself to a fellowship which a Keble, a Pusey, a Manning, a Newman, a Matthew Arnold, and many such great ones felt proud to attain to. He had achieved, and was duly honoured. Great was the joy of his family and their loving friends. He had gained "an honourable independence," and they were relieved of an anxiety about his future which had long troubled them. His income from a fellowship would not make him a Crœsus, nor does a high thinking man in that sphere require the wealth of one, but it would afford sufficient support to permit him to follow the object in life he desired. It must also have given him great satisfaction to be able to take himself off the care and support of friends.

But their joy was of short duration. "At the close of his probationary year he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel Fellowship on the ground, mainly, of intemperance." This was given as the chief cause, but it would seem rather that his peculiar habits and total disregard of conventionalities unfitted him for the duties of a fellowship. Mozley in his Reminiscences goes into the question somewhat in detail. Tyler was Dean of Oriel, and Coplestone the Provost at the time, and Mozley exonerates both from blame. There seems to have been no trace whatever of ill-feeling towards Hartley at the College, although Professor Nevinson blames "the unsympathetic respectability of the Provost and other clerical authorities," and states that Hartley had been driven to intemperance by their suspicious espionage acting with aggravation on a delicately sensitive mind.

But Mozley says Tyler was rather pleased at his

election. He knew of his constitutional weakness and eccentricities, and was prepared to bear something. Hartley knew that he was on trial, and that he had to prove himself companionable and sufficiently regular in his habits and ways for at least six months of his residence. But the strain was too great for him. He would not dress for dinner; he smelled sadly of tobacco, and, indeed, was known to be smoking all day. It was evident he cared little for the society of his fellows, and it was known that he was on freer terms than etiquette allows with the people at his lodgings. He preferred natural life to artificial. There was a certain drollery about him which prevented these peculiarities from being regarded as mere weaknesses. Being told one day in the common room that he could not have shaved for a whole week, he presented himself unmistakably shaven and shorn the next day. He was then absent from the common room for a week, in spite of repeated summons. He then reappeared with such a growth on his face as clearly proved the former charge of a week's neglect to have been a gross exaggeration. The worst was that a glass too much—nothing with a strong man, or with a man of less mercurial temperament—upset him altogether. Sad stories reached Tyler, but he resolutely closed his ears. If Coleridge could only hold out decently, he would have handed him over to his friends, and allowed him to choose his own associates, remaining a Fellow of Oriel. But Tyler ultimately found the case hopeless. Mozley himself is not very clear when he speaks of Tyler having a dream, or inventing one, to cover his retreat. The result, however, remains; and he concludes by saying: "When Easter came, the College and the probationer had arrived at the only possible conclusion—they were not likely to get on well together—and they parted good friends. It is a melancholy story," he

adds; "and it is impossible not to ask whether the poor youth might not have been saved by some friendly and wise intervention."

The question is only too *àpropos;* but poor Hartley's whole life had wanted in that wise intervention. The separation could scarcely have been as amicable as Mozley states, seeing that Hartley himself wrote letters to many of the Fellows, and great efforts were made to reverse the decision. His father went to Oxford to expostulate with Coplestone, the Provost, and got into a long argument with him. To the charge of disgraceful intoxication, he replied that drunkenness was not necessarily intoxication. There were four kinds of intoxication, and it was possible for a man to be drunk neither disgracefully nor injuriously. But he argued in vain.

Derwent Coleridge was with his father when the sad news reached him, and he states that never had he seen any human being so deeply affected—not, as Coleridge said, by the temporal consequences of his son's misfortune, heavy as these were, but for the moral offence which it involved.

It should be noted here that in this terrible disgrace, and throughout the after-life of Hartley Coleridge, no charge is laid against him beyond that of intemperance and unconventionality. All who knew him testify to the singularly innocent life he led. Intemperance never debauched him. In every respect he was free from vice. He never seemed capable of taking drink in that quantity which, as it is termed, would *season* him. What ordinary men now take as "appetisers" would have rendered him helpless and he simply could not consume the proportions which highly-respected functionaries of the "cloth" often carry from a single sitting without swerving a step. Therefore, whatever he might be in body, he was always

sober in mind when not under the actual influence of his potations. Drink did not undermine his physical strength, for he lived on to fifty-four years, and was pronounced at the time of his death to be a man of strong constitution—a development not uncommon from weakly youth. To the last his writings prove that his mind retained its brilliancy and power. There are irregularities in them, it is true, but only such as are common to all men, and which, may we not say, show their humanity.

Although the authorities at Oriel minimised the terrible shock by awarding him a sum of £300, this awful crisis crushed him. His prospects were blighted. He could never recover himself. His letters at this period are painful reading, and draw our sympathies without a qualification. To have a nature otherwise chaste and imbued with the purest sentiments, continually stumbling by reason of one overwhelming weakness—a weakness which in the average man would not be felt—must indeed be a thorn in the flesh.

For two years he struggled in London to gain a position, and contributed to the *London Magazine.* He had no difficulty in getting his work accepted; and his position was quite assured, had not the cause of his previous failures pursued him. Though a young man of twenty-five, he was practically ruined. He lacked the power of recuperation; he had not strength to battle with the conflicting circumstances common to all men. In the truest sense of the term, he possessed a master mind; but he wanted that moral stamina which enables a man to realise a forlorn undertaking, to doff the rags of failure, and to strike out with new energy and new hope.

From London he returned to the quiet of Ambleside, and tried teaching in the sphere left vacant by his old master, Mr. Davies. For four or five years he there taught,

and even began to think of taking holy orders. This intention, however, he presently considered presumptuous, and some time later wrote of it to his brother:—

> Every man who enters the ministry without a call becomes a worse man than he would have been had he remained a layman.

Nor did teaching suit him. He who never had known what discipline was could not impose it upon others. As he wrote to his mother—

> For all the duties of a preceptor, except the simple communication of knowledge, I am as physically unfitted as dear papa was for those of a horse soldier. . . . Every hour that I spent with my pupils was passed in a state more nearly related to fear than to anything else. How, then, could I endure to be among unruly boys from seven in the morning till eight or nine at night, to be responsible for actions which I could no more control than I could move a pyramid?

From Ambleside he moved to Grasmere, and began to rely on his pen. His brother observes—

> Go where he would he won all hearts—living in so simple a manner, and, indeed, practising so strict an economy that though the proceeds of his pen, to which he now again looked entirely for support, were insufficient for his maintenance, his expenditure was so small as to occasion his mother, who cheerfully made up the deficiency, no serious inconvenience. He was, indeed, as far as his necessities admitted, honourably and delicately scrupulous in regard to money matters, incurring pecuniary obligation with reluctance, and acknowledging it with affectionate gratitude.

From 1826 to 1831 he contributed occasionally to *Blackwood's Magazine,* introduced by his friend, Christopher North. I have not space to say anything of that warm friendship, which did so much to cheer Hartley's lonely life. For lonely, indeed, it was, notwithstanding the magnanimous kindness of friends—the motherly care which Mrs. Wordsworth bestowed upon him; the simple, yet noble affection of Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, with whom he lodged; yea, and the very tender respect the children of the village were taught to pay him, and the love they bore him because of his love of them—notwith-

standing these, his lot was a lonely one. Without any blame, I mention the fact that his brother never saw him during the lapse of twenty years at a spell, and his only communication with his family was by letter. He expresses his sense of this loneliness in the following sonnet:

A lonely wanderer upon earth am I,
The waif of nature—like uprooted weed,
Borne by the stream, or like a shaken reed,
A frail dependent of the fickle sky.
Far, far away are all my natural kin;
The mother that erewhile hath hushed my cry
Almost hath grown a mere fond memory.
Where is my sister's smile? my brother's boisterous din?
Ah! nowhere now. A matron grave and sage,
A holy mother, is that sister sweet;
And that bold brother is a pastor meet
To guide, instruct, reprove a sinful age;
Almost I fear, and yet I fain would greet,
So far astray hath been my pilgrimage.

No doubt the Wordsworths, the Arnolds, and the Wilsons, with others, recognised the facts as depicted in this sonnet, and did their utmost to cheer him, Professor Wilson especially, with whom he spent many profitable hours in debate, and who often was the means of whipping him into harness. Wilson's daughter, Mrs. Gordon, describes the two pacing the rooms at Elleray—the huge frame, sweeping in rapid strides, causing the boyish Hartley to trot, "doglike almost, in faithful love at his side, dressed in extremely boyish fashion—a dark-blue cloth round-jacket, and white trousers, with a black silk handkerchief tied loosely round his throat, sometimes wearing a straw hat, sometimes like the Professor, hatless; the one flaxen-haired, with flowing locks, blue-eyed, with voice like a bell, and with face of merriment; the other with eyes very large, dark, and expressive, voice musical and soft, and face almost sad in expression." The essays contributed to *Blackwood* are

now collected in two valuable volumes, and place Hartley Coleridge in the first rank of nineteenth century essayists.

With the exception of a brief sojourn in Leeds in 1832-3, where he wrote and published his "Worthies of Yorkshire and Lancashire" and a small volume of poetry, these two being the only books published in his lifetime, he spent the remainder of his days in lonely but cheerful solitude in the Lakes, residing at Nab Cottage for the last twelve years.*

In the autumn of 1834, when Hartley was in his fortieth year, his father died, and it is questionable whether in the whole realm of English literature there is anything to surpass the letter which Hartley wrote to his brother for beauty of diction and intense contrition. He loved his father sincerely. He revered him for his greatness. Although he had seen so little of him he uses no reproach, and every reference to either parent is with affectionate regard. His own failures stood ever before his gaze in greatest magnitude. Of sinners he felt himself the chief. Right through his poetry there is the dominant note of a contrite heart. Not that maudlin sentimentality which some poets express when they take upon them the sins of mankind and pretend to be grieved, but an honest recognition and confession of having fallen low in his own sight—

> When I review the course that I have run,
> And count the loss of all my wasted days,
> I find no argument for joy or praise
> In whatsoe'er my soul hath thought or done.

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* The portrait accompanying this paper was painted a few years before his death, which occurred January 6th, 1849, and which was brought on by a severe cold. At the time, his medical attendant pronounced him a man of strong constitution. It seems incredible for one not then fifty years of age to have such an aged appearance. But it was only the exterior of him. In his later years his mind became more active and his temperament more cheerful. He was prematurely white, and acquired the habit of the old man's stoop early in life. His last days were marked by a deep peace and perfect sanity.

Walmesley Bros., Photos.] [*Ambleside.*

NAB COTTAGE, RYDAL WATER.

And yet the heritage he left to posterity is no mean one, either in kind or quantity. His collected works fill seven octavo volumes of some three hundred and fifty pages each. It would be useless to study them with a view of placing him in any particular school of thought, or as teaching any definite philosophy. He worked too spasmodically for that. He is rather one of those whose writings are an illimitable mine of thoughts, germs of ideas, many developed in a broad and masterly fashion, many left for others to think out. Suggestiveness is a Coleridgean characteristic. It was great in the father and the son, and also in the daughter Sara. Hartley was naturally imbued with the spirit of the Lake poetry from association with the locality and the men. But he was too much a scholar to be a copyist, and had too much genius to lose his own identity. His sonnet on "The Use of a Poet" characterises much of his work:—

> A thousand thoughts were stirring in my mind
> That strove in vain to fashion utterance meet,
> And each the other cross'd—swift as a fleet
> Of April clouds, perplex'd by gusts of wind
> That veer and veer, around, before, behind.

He is essentially a poet of Nature, and much resembles Wordsworth, whom he revered, and by whom he was loved with fatherly affection. It is usual to rank poets, but the process always seems to me just a little pedantic. Until we have a really recognised standard of qualification for the different classes, I do not see how we can complain of every critic brandishing his own measuring rod. It does not matter whether Wordsworth and Tennyson are in the first; Coleridge, Byron, and Scott in the second; and Hartley Coleridge in the decimal fifteenth, there are beauties and achievements in each which will give them perpetuity independent of classifications.

Hartley Coleridge is now known chiefly for his sonnets. They are recognised as having touched the high water mark of form, and no anthology could claim to have the best that had not a goodly selection of his in it. The critics may be right when they say he is greatest in the sonnet, but they are wrong when they state that the sonnet is a measure of his powers. It was a style of composition best suited to his erratic mode of life. The impulsiveness of his nature could not dwell upon one theme for a length of time, yet most of his life was spent in thinking. "He read and wrote incessantly, and made copious collections of notes for future use." What he wrote, he wrote quickly. Hence his work is by no means laboured or halting. He seldom spent more than half an hour on a sonnet, and often wrote one within ten minutes. But they are clear witness of the fact that he thought long. Take the sonnet to Shakespeare:—

The soul of man is larger than the sky,
Deeper than ocean—or the abysmal dark
Of the unfathom'd centre. Like that Ark,
Which in its sacred hold uplifted high,
O'er the drown'd hills, the human family,
And stock reserved of every living kind,
So, in the compass of the single mind,
The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie,
That make all worlds. Great Poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er, love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

Or this:—

'Twere surely hard to toil without an aim.
Then shall the toil of an immortal mind
Spending its strength for good of human kind
Have no reward on earth but empty fame?
Oh, say not so. 'Tis not the echoed name,
Dear though it be—dear to the wafting wind,
That is not all the poet leaves behind,
That once has kindled an undying flame.

And what is that? It is a happy feeling
Begot by bird, or flower, or vernal bee.
'Tis aught that acts, unconsciously revealing
To mortal man his immortality.
Then think, O Poet, think how bland, how healing,
The beauty thou hast taught thy fellow-men to see.

His sonnets have all the gracefulness of thought and music which gives the charm to true poetry. But it is not fair to one whose life was so disorganised, and which from childhood had run such an irregular course, to judge him as incapable of executing larger work than is shown in the sonnet.

Hartley Coleridge's essays disclose powers quite ample for larger work. Those forming the Lives of the Worthies prove that he could be most diligent and painstaking in details. They contain a vast amount of historical research, and what is more important, a constant alertness that no private or party tendencies shall mar the page with prejudice or limit the truth. The delicacy with which he veers round knotty points in the narrative, and emphasises the cardinal ones, and the thorough grasp he has of life in its many vicissitudes—all show that he was capable of dealing with poetry of larger scope.

But do not his sonnets, with all their condensation and the depth of thought he got into them and conveyed through them, rather speak an argument answering much that has been said about his failings? If he could use the limitations of the sonnet to such purpose, it at least proves that, though he could not altogether control a physical craving, he had his thoughts and sentiments in perfect discipline. His two longest poems, "Prometheus" and "Leonard and Susan," bear indications that it was simply application he needed to satisfy the critics on this score. He had the mind and the ability. His essays also show that none knew better than he the proper vocation

of the poet. He equals his father in that critical acumen which adds lustre to the name of Coleridge, in his brief observations on the poets, and touches the fundamental when he states:—

> Human nature, and entire human nature, is the poet's proper study. With external nature he has nothing to do any further than as it influences the passions, the affections, or the imaginations of his fellow men. Besides, nature, as presented to the senses, is mere chaos. It is the mind that gives form and grace, and beauty, and sublimity; and from that same mind the institutions and the prejudices of social life derive their being. Poetry, in short, has become too romantic, and the world is too little so.

On the same lines he maintains that in history "biography is required, like the old man, to give history a human meaning and purpose." "The man—with his works, his words, his affections, his fortunes—is the end and aim of all."

Hartley Coleridge will certainly become famous for his poetry; but I am inclined to the idea that his greater powers lie in his prose. Given the tendency to write poetry, a man may clothe much useless thought in rhyme and metre that will live into other generations. The sense that is charmed by music will often permit sound to supersede reason, and grant that bad rhyme is less pardonable than bad logic. Prose seems to me to call forth more of a man's actual mental strength than does poetry. You may amuse yourself in writing poetry, but not in writing prose. In the latter there is less scope for art, and more for brains. We might instance more than one name famous for writing beautiful prose whose art bars the road to sense, and makes the reader at times impatient. Hartley Coleridge's seems to me to have just enough art in it to make it bright and speedy. His poetry is notable for its intensity of feeling and depth of thought, but his prose has an extra freight of scholarliness. It is remarkable for its accuracy of terms. He uses the fewest words without

any attempt at epigram. There is an entire absence of affectation. He writes without the modern sympathy for the reader's ignorance; indeed, he does not seem to have the reader much in his mind. Full of the ideas he wishes to convey, he states the case in the most brilliant and uncontrovertible terms. His style bespeaks the fascinating conversationalist. When S. T. Coleridge asked Lamb had he heard him preach, Lamb replied that he had never heard him do anything else. But we are apt to draw a wrong conclusion from this story. There is a difference between prating and preaching. It was from a full mind that Coleridge "preached." There is a continuity of thought which is unconscious, and which explains many of the conclusions great minds arrive at without apparently following the main lines of reasoning. Sir William Rowan Hamilton had such powers of abstract thought. Mr. de Vere tells us that he could solve most difficult mathematical problems quicker than he could figure them down on paper, and that at the present time there are piles of foolscap of his figures waiting the *mind* that can read them. So that when Coleridge was termed to be preaching, I can imagine his mind o'erstepping his tongue, and he would state conclusions without processes. There are also two kinds of brilliancy in style. One may be termed forensic, or display of eloquence, such as Macaulay's. The other is flooded with knowledge, and is scholarly, emanating from an enormous vitality in the mind of the writer, the outcome of experience, long study, and matured thought. Such was Hartley Coleridge's. It is profitable to read him for the value of his illustrations and the side issues he raises to prove an argument apart from the main idea itself. His style, too, is quite modern. I know not whether Mr. Augustine Birrell chose him for pattern, but he certainly resembles him more than Lamb.

Hartley Coleridge is rich in that quaint humour which ripples through Lamb's essays and makes them ever delightful, but his humour is less marked, and spreads itself out more over the pages. He is not so limited either as Charles Lamb was. He was master of several living and two of the dead languages, and was versed in the literatures of them. His classical knowledge was great, and his essay entitled "Ignoramus on the Fine Arts," disclosed a knowledge of Art which limits the title to the actual technique of the pallet and brush—

> Behold Art's triumph! Yea, but what is Art?
> Is it the Iris sent from mind to heart?
> Or a bright exhalation, raised, refined,
> And organised with various hues of mind?
> Nay, let the mind and heart, as Nature meant,
> Unite to work their Maker's great intent,
> As light and heat, diffused by the same sun,
> To sense are diverse, but in essence one.

A BIT O' COORTIN'.

BY B. A. REDFERN.

STRANGE as it may seem to all those persons who only know Manchester by hearsay, and possibly even to some who live in Manchester and ought to know better, we can still boast that we have within the boundaries of our much maligned city some unspoilt bits of country. Of these there is one on its northern border which, although, or perhaps because, it lies alongside a largely frequented municipal park, has yet many charms for the lover of natural beauty. Here may still be found the woodland path and glade and pool, the dell and the rivulet, "the sheltered cot, the cultivated farm," a decaying Hall of the last century, and a picturesque Grange of this one, and each of these latter with a wide belt of forest trees and shrubbery around it. Lastly, there is a pretty hamlet, or, as we should call it in Lancashire, a "fowt," of some score ivy-clad cottages.

In one of these latter, still known as "Owd Sam's," our local Dr. Johnson, Sam Bamford, lived in his middle age, and it may interest you in this conjunction to know that the respective authors of "Country Pleasures," "Manchester Walks and Wildflowers," and the "Chronicles of Waverlow," have each gained inspiration in this northern pleasaunce.

There is a narrow lane—at this moment thickly strewn with fallen leaves—running alongside the Grange woodlands from which it is separated by a rough oak paling, and topping the grassy bank on the other side there is a hedge of holly, through whose frequent gaps one can look over pleasant pastures upon all that now remains of the historic White Moss.

It was along this lane, on a day in autumn, some few years ago, that Owd Neddy Hooslum came hobbling on his way to Blackley. He was going to enquire whether two letters, respectively addressed by each of the political parties to Edward Wolstenholme, Esq., were intended for him, because, as he said, "It says 'Esk' at th' eend on it, an' th' name itsel doesna look reet someheaw, ther's ower mony letthers in it for Hooslum, but 'Esq's' a queer way o' spellin' 'Esk,' ony road."

He was audibly anathematising his rheumatism—"Sayin' his prayers," the neighbours called it—as he went along, when at a turn of the lane he came in sight of a big young fellow who had just taken off his coat, and was rolling up his shirt sleeves. This youth had short hair, so light in colour as to make him seem bald, and there was a cleanly, wholesome look about him altogether, though at this moment his generally bright and pleasant face was, as Uncle Neddy noted at once, less bright than usual.

"Hello, Ali," Neddy shouted, while still at a distance, "what the hengment's up? Has tha mistaen thisel, an supp'd sum cowd wayter or summat?"

Eli Shaw—locally known as "Ali o' Shay's"—brightened up at the old man's challenge, and entered upon an explanation which was so involved and seemingly nonsensical to "Owd Neddy" that he stumped off while it was still in progress, shouting contemptuously over his shou ld e "Eh Lord! Ali, but tha'rt a poor pluck'd un for a butty;

goo an' get it ower, tha yung foo. Hoo's in bi hersel, an' hoo's ony a little un. By Jumbo, it's come to summat when bits o' wenches turns nowt ower a hauve gallon or two. Goo an' have it eawt, mon." And then he muttered to himself, "Eh! what dal foos these lads is. Aw wish aw wur yung agen, aw'd shew 'em."

Eli stood looking after him until the old man turned out of the lane, and then with a sigh he took his "cheadle swinger" coat from the oak pale on which he had hung it.

"Ay, ay, Uncle Neddy!" he said. "It's aisy to say 'Have it eawt,' but aw'm th' badger mysel in this draw; *hoo'll* have *me* eawt," and then thrusting his arms into the "cheadle swinger" he walked on slowly and warily towards a cottage whose white gable could be seen a little further up the lane.

"Aw mun let Nancy do aw th' talkin," he said to himself, "an' then aw con float in gently when hoo's run deawn a bit. If aw say owt to begin wi, hoo'll massacree me. Well, here goos, 'Victhory or th' Harpurhey Simmetery,' Whooa's afeerd?" and just then he reached the cottage, and the last bit of his courage left his finger ends.

Suddenly taking heart, however, he knocked gently at the door, and then waited for a call to come in. But none came—the fact was that he had been seen as he passed the window—and so after spending an anxious minute or so in the latticed porch, he, with a great effort, lifted the latch, and found himself in the immediate presence of the enemy.

Nothing very formidable, seemingly; only a plump, comely, black-eyed lass of twenty, seated knitting by an open window, through which came the mingled scents of honeysuckle and sweetbriar. Eli took one swift look at Nancy Wolstenholme's compressed lips and half-closed eyelids, and the sight made him feel that he wanted a seat,

so he sat down without invitation. Then, following out his programme, he silently awaited events. But there were none, and for a few minutes the silence was only broken by the ticking of the ancient clock, the click—not wholly regular—of the knitting needles, and an occasional imbecile sniff from Eli.

Gradually, but surely, it was borne in upon him that the campaign was not likely to be carried out on the lines he had laid down. "Aw mun do as they dun wi th' owd pump, pour some wayter deawn afore we con geet it gooin," he thought. "There'll be a flood directly, aw deawt. Well, here's to begin. Hoo conno jump deawn my throat if aw do oppen mi meawth, an aw dunnot care if hoo does. "Nancy, dost yer, lass," he began aloud, "what's to do wi thee? Dunnot be afeerd o' spakin to me if awve dun owt rung."

She merely tightened her lips, turned her rocking chair from him, and went on knitting. But just then Eli saw to his great delight that a business-like bee was circling in the air just above her head.

"Sit still, wench," he shouted, "ther's a hummabee on thee," and he rose as if for her protection. Nancy gave a little cry as she got up also, but the bee darted off through the lattice, and she sat down again, looking daggers, but speaking none. Then Eli, with an air of grave anxiety—

"It's noan stung thee, has it? Seeams like ther's a swellin on thi nose theer," and he approached her as if to point it out. But Nancy snapped out such a sudden "Thee gullook!" at him that he fell back feebly into his chair near the door.

Still, on due consideration, Eli felt, as the result of this round, that he was getting on a bit, for she had been compelled to speak. And as Nancy nervously rocked herself awhile, another mode of drawing the enemy's fire

suggested itself, and he said—"Gullook, says to? Well, aw have bin lookin, an aw con see for one thing as th'are beawn to be lucky, cose tha weears thi shoes i'th middle o'th foout, an aw con see when tha rocks thi sel at tha has them nice blue stockins——"

He never finished that sentence, for Nancy rushed at him, and gave him such a smart ringing smack on the side of his head that, partly from the force of the blow, and partly from his attempt to avoid it, he fell into the corner behind the door, and there he stopped. After considering the situation calmly for a while in that undignified position, he began again in his most insinuating manner—

"Neaw, Nancy, tha knows what th' Owd Book says abeawt givin summat back for a blow, dostna?"

"Naw, aw dunnot," said she, "and if tha tries to kiss me, aw'll may thee tha'll kiss nowt else for a wick."

"Well, well, whoaa's tryin to kiss thee? Noan o' me," said Eli. "But aw tell thee what, if this war's gooin on, tha mun come an' help me eawt o' this corner. Tha connot hit me while awm deawn; its agen o'th rules. Besides awm gettin mi deeoth wi this draught undher th' dur heer."

"Well, then, sup it," she said, "like them t'other draughts tha're so fond on."

"Oh, ay, so we're theer at last, are we?" said Eli to himself; and then he said aloud—"Well, neaw, Nancy lass, just yer me for a minnit; theau con pleeos thisel whether tha listens or not, but just yer this. As sure as dips is taller, an' yolks yaller—an' tha knows aw wouldn't say that if aw wur lyin—well aw am lyin, lyin i' this corner, aw know, but wheer wur aw—oh! aw wur sayin that awd nobbur sixpence on me when aw left whoam o' Monday, and tha knows—nobry better—that's ony good for three pints. Well, well, aw reet, then, we'll say tha

doesn't know, but aw'll just leeav it to thee, whether three pints——"

"Three pints!" said Nancy contemptuously, "moor licker three gallons, an' if tha'd ony sixpence at fost, wheer did th' rest come fra'? Is that friend o' thine a londlady or a barmaid?"

Here Eli suddenly realised that his lapse from strict sobriety was not all she had against him, and he began to see his way a little better.

"Con aw geet up eawt o' this corner?" he said. "Aw'll be havin influenzy or plumony or summat if aw stop at th' back o' this dur."

"Well, if tha doesn't like bein' at back on it, try th' front," she said, "ther's room enoof i'th' lone."

"Heer, will tha just tell me straight eawt what it is at th'are so mad abeawt," said Eli. "Sure-ly it's noan abeawt yon wench tha met me wi' on th' Valentine, is it? Heaw could aw help shewin hur deawn th' lone when hoo didno know wheer hoo wur gooin?"

"Aw want to know nowt abeawt oather thee or hur. Tek whooa tha likes, wheer tha likes, when tha likes, for me, an welcome."

"Well, hoo ax't o' abeawt thee," said Eli.

"Why the brazent besom!" said Nancy. "Whooa is she; what did hoo ax abeawt me?"

"Theau said tha didno want for't know."

"Well, an' aw dunna want t' know, not a bit, a stuck up madam like that wi' a bleawse an' a dress 'at wer' turn't, as onybody cud see. Awd like t' know what hoo wur, a Molly May bush thing like that, indeed!"

"Well, onyway," said Eli, "when we met thee on th' brow, an' tha wouldna spake, hoo seed summat wur up, an' hoo ax'd whooa tha wur, and aw towd hur."

"Towd hur what? What did tha tell her?" said Nancy;

and she walked swiftly towards Eli, who jumped up from the floor, turned himself sideways in the corner, ducked his head, and placed his hands over his ears.

"Well," he went on, keeping a wary look out with his left eye on Nancy's restless hands, "aw said theau had a cottage an' a bit o' lond, an' sum brass o' thi own, an' that ther lots o' chaps on t'Moss wud ha' had thee if theau wanted 'em, but theau didno want 'em, theau wanted nobry but me."

"Well, of o' the impudent wastrels 'at ever lived," burst out Nancy, "aw think tha caps ——."

"An' hoo said," went on Eli, "as hoo thowt awd be betther suited wi' one a bit bigger—hoo's a big un hersel —an' hoo didno' like thi hat, an' hoo thowt thi shoes pinched thee, like as they made thee walk a bit stiff ——."

"Ay, an' bi th' mass, aw'll stiffen thee if th'are not eawt o' that dur in a crack."

But Eli stood up manfully at this point, and he went on— "But aw towd hur 'at aw cudno gi' thee up ——"

"Gie *me* up?" cried Nancy, with flaming eyes.

"Naw, aw cudno' gi' thee up, becose tha wur so fond on me."

Here Nancy took a few steps to the side, and put her hand round the door frame of the back kitchen.

Scenting danger, Eli rushed for the outer door, but just too late. Crack came the stale of the yard besom on his crown, and in the next moment he was standing in the open air rubbing his head, while the cottage door was closed with a bang, and he heard the shooting of the bolt behind him.

For a minute or two his temper was high, and bitterness was on his tongue, but at last he mustered up a rather weak laugh, and took a few undecided steps down the lane.

Suddenly he came to a dead stop, as if struck by lightning, for a sound came upon his ears which, though but a gentle one, stirred him more than any other sound, however potent, could have done. It was the sound of Nancy weeping. Eli stepped back swiftly on tiptoe, and, looking in, saw there, framed in by the honeysuckle, an effective and affecting tableau.

Nancy's arms were spread out on the table, and her head was laid upon them in a perfect abandonment of grief.

Eli trembled like a leaf.

"Nancy, Nancy," he shouted, "dunnot do that, for God's sake. Aw cud fair punse mi own yed in. Sithee, it's aw my foolery; it wur ony my married sisther Emma fro' Moses Gate as wur wi' me, an' hoo's yondher neaw at eawr heawse. Hoo never said nowt about thee, not a word, nobbur hoo'd like to see thee afore hoo went back Aw say, do come an' oppen this dur. Nobbut eawr Emma, aw tell thee. Con aw coom in? (This he shouted through the latch-hole.) Neaw then, dost yer? If theau doesno stop cryin, I'll smash this dur in. Neaw then—wonst, twiste, three——" and he stept back, uplifting his heavily-shod foot.

Just then he heard the sound of the bolt being withdrawn, and he rushed into the cottage, but Nancy had disappeared. He pulled back the outer door from the wall, and there she was crouching behind it, with her hands to her face, in the very corner into which she had driven him a little while ago.

He went on his knees in front of her, entirely oblivious now of the draught which had troubled him so much when he was there last, and as he pulled her hands apart, he said, "Tha hasn't got that besom theer, has tha, Nancy?"

But she simply laid her head on his shoulder, by way of reply, and then they both cried a bit, and, as Eli said,

in speaking of it afterwards, "We met ha' bin yelpin' theer till now if Uncle Neddy had no' cum whoam an' fun' us theer. He said it wur th' rummest prayer-meetin' he'd ever bin at, an' we favert owd Sir Randulph an' his missus on the tablet at th' church, an' some other things he said as Nancy didna like, so she gan him a shillin', an he went deawn to Blackley amung th' Lions agen."

I was at Eli's cottage, the one that had formerly been Nancy's, the other day; and, after having talked with him a while, his wife came out of the back kitchen to us.

"What are yo two talkin' abeawt?" she said.

"Aw're just tellin' him heaw well tha could swing a besom when tha wur yung, Nancy."

"Ay, ay," said she, "and tha con show him heaw well tha con swing yon caypher, now tha're owd; for awm fair tired eaut wi' them twins. They've bin moor throuble than aw th' rest."

"Aw think," said Eli, "they mooastly dun ther sleepin 'one deawn t'other come on,' dunnot they? But, heawever, thee get some tay ready, an aw'll watch 'em."

From this it may be gathered that certain hostages (pledges for the future peace) are now held in common by the former belligerents, and that there is a cessation of hostilities at Mossbrook.

CATULLUS.

BY ARTHUR W. FOX.

GAIUS VALERIUS CATULLUS was born about the year 83 B.C., in a stirring period of Roman history. The two despots, or Dictators as they would have called themselves, to cover under a constitutional cloak their usurped authority, had followed one another in quick succession, and spent their days in alternating tyranny and debauchery. Both had served their purpose well enough, so long as their service was needed, but neither had the honesty to lay down their exceptional power when the need for its exercise was over. Sulla was an aristocrat, and an oligarch by principle, but his preferences lay on the side of an oligarchy limited to one. Marius may perhaps be regarded as a democrat in theory, but, like most of such theoretical democrats of any force of character, he, in his turn, preferred a democracy of one. Thus both of these masterful leaders, though they started from different points of the political compass, arrived at the same point in the end. Indeed, they combined their energies, however unconsciously, to make the way easier for Julius Cæsar to complete the transformation of the older Roman Republic into the later Empire. Opposed to all such efforts of tyranny as they did not themselves put forth were the

Roman Senators, who somewhat reluctantly followed the not too-valorous leadership of the parvenu Cicero, whose oratory subdued, but did not wholly captivate, them. He was, in short, a useful tool to employ in their own private interests, and his true, though timid, patriotism won him much sympathy from a certain section of the people. Cicero played a distinguished part in the suppression of the conspiracy of Catiline, but his lack of courage prevented him from saving his party, the older constitution, and his own life; and his head finally adorned the rostrum from which he had so often thrilled his admiring hearers.

At such a time as this Catullus was born into the house of a substantial citizen of Verona, who was rich enough to give his son a good education. The father was a personal friend of Cæsar, a circumstance which did not prevent the son from satirising the great man and his greedy satellite Mamurra. It is uncertain whether Catullus was sent to Athens to complete his education, after the fashion of those of the younger Romans who could afford the expense, though it seems probable that he visited the Greek city, which was still the metropolis of learning and the university of the ancient world. His poetry shows the influence of his Greek exemplars, though not to the same degree as the works of his contemporaries. He had one brother, whose early death near Troy he has touchingly and beautifully commemorated:—

By many a race, o'er many waters speeding,
  Brother, I come to these sad obsequies,
To give thee death's last dues, and vainly pleading
  To wake thy silent ashes with my cries,
Since, hapless brother, death from me hath riven,
  Stol'n thy sweet self, who deserved it not.
Now the sad honours by our father given,
  Ordained to all who share the common lot,
Take with a brother's tender, tearful knell;—
Farewell fore'er, my brother, fare thee well.*

* ci., *cf.* also lxv.

The tender repetition of the word brother through these touching lines, and the intensity of grief which they display, give a true picture of the affectionate and passionate nature of the young poet. He nearly died of grief for th's brother. He loved with excessive tenderness, and he hated with corresponding bitterness, characteristics which show themselves in most of his poems, for never poet lived who was franker than Catullus. In the fervour of his love poems, and strength of his invective, he attained a perfection such as few poets have been able to compass, and fewer still to surpass.

Somewhere about his twenty-sixth year he became one of the Quæstors of C. Memmius, Proprætor of Bithynia, an office by which he hoped to enrich himself, as it included the duties of paymaster; but Memmius kept all the profits of his Province to himself, and Catullus was thus baulked of one then familiar means of supplying the gaping purse of his extravagance—a deprivation which he was not slow to commemorate in sarcastic verses. He returned in dudgeon to his beautiful villa at Sirmio, and he seems to have passed the rest of his life between Verona, Rome, Sirmio, and a farm which he had at the town of Tibur. That his father left him competent means is certain; but his prodigal habits, and still more prodigal society, kept him always trembling on the verge of debt. He was one of the leaders of that little circle of high fashion and literary attainments, which contained men of rare endowments, to whose works time has been unkind. There was C. Licinius Calvus, the poet and orator; L. Cornelius Gallus, a fiery spirit, and a dissipated disciple of the Muses; and C. Helvius Cinna, who spent nine years upon his poem of "Zmyrna," which has vanished with the former glory of that ancient city. Cornelius Nepos, the historian, and C. Asinius Pollio, who combined in his

single self the crafts of warrior, statesman, orator, dramatist, and historian, were both attached friends of Catullus. He was also a warm admirer of Cicero, to whom he has addressed the following complimentary lines:—

> Most eloquent of all the sons of Rome,
> Who are, or have been, or who yet shall be
> In other years, my Cicero, Catullus,
> Worst poet of the tribe, pays thee best thanks,
> And vows, as he's worst poet of the tribe,
> Thou art best patron of the tuneful tribe.*

With these, and a host of the more distinguished men of his time at Rome, he was on a footing of perfect equality and tender, and often touching, intimacy. But the warmth of his feelings is shown even more conspicuously, perhaps, in his bitter satires of those whom he hated. Some of these, who would otherwise have passed into oblivion at death, are pilloried for all time in his scathing lines. For example, he was haunted by a frigid orator, Sestius by name, who persisted in reading to him his icy orations. Catullus, on one occasion, had read, or heard, one of these colourless productions, levelled against a suitor Antius, and the effect upon the poet had been to give him so violent a cold that he was obliged to retire to his farm at Tibur to cure himself thereof.† Sestius has passed away, and his works have perished from their more than Arctic frost, but his name remains as an icy monument of rhetorical frigidity to warn other orators.

Then there was a certain Egnatius, unknown save for the characteristic which excited the wrath of Catullus, who, had not Dickens been comparatively innocent of Latin, might have been taken for the inspiration, as he is the prototype, of Mr. Carker. The gentleman in question was always smiling like the Cheshire cat of immortal fame

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* xlix. † xliv., 10–21.

but doubtful authenticity, and perhaps for the same unknown reason. The poet thus describes the idiosyncrasy of his victim :—

> Egnatius, since his teeth are glitt'ring white,
> Grins with his teeth aglow from morn till night.
> If he have come some pris'ner to support,
> His grinning teeth shine in the weeping Court,
> Turning the plaintive barrister to sport.
> And at the fun'ral of the widow's son,
> Her dutiful, her dearest, only one,
> He grins ;—whate'er the fact, where'er he goes,
> Whate'er he does, his glitt'ring teeth he shows.*

It is not known if the poet succeeded in curing the smiler, but if both moved in the same society, we may be very sure that all who saw Egnatius would recognise him from the truthful caricature, and treat him as he deserved. Catullus never spared the lash, both when it was deserved and where his prejudices prompted him to ply it; he laid on his stripes neatly and with good will, seldom hitting the same place twice, and his castigations in every case were as artistically administered in words as were those of the Lictors with their rods.

Furius, the starveling, next takes his turn at the whipping post, in a poem the forcible scurrility and terrible literalness of which must have made the luckless victim writhe in agony. After having described the miserable household of the starveling, wherein there was not a "slave, or bin, or gnat, or spider's web, or fire," the poet goes on to say—

> Your body sure is drier far than horn,
> Or anything that can more withered be
> By sun, or cold, or griping penury.
> How then can you live any way but well ?
> You don't perspire, you never spit, your nose
> Hath no rheum in it that another blows.†

The terrible force of this picture of the starveling life of

* xxxix., 1—7. † xxiii., 14—23 *et passim.*

Furius no one will deny; that man who ate so little that he could neither perspire, nor spit, nor blow his nose, must have been frugal in no common degree. But the poet has not quite done with the object of his spleen, and the climax of his invective is reached when he says that Furius eats so little that he

> Goes not to stool quite ten times in a year.

No portrait of a miserly starveling has been painted in fewer touches; every line, and there are not many of them, adds something to the picture, and the reader seems to see the empty house, so desolate that thieves cannot even find a spider's web to steal, with its fireless hearth and its starveling tenant, whose meagre frame looked as if it were made of horn, so dry and withered was he. Indeed, Furius stands as the type of the starveling miser for all literature.

The unfortunate Arrius, who had a difficulty with his *h*s, also attracted our poet's attention, and he too takes his place in the pillory for the ridicule of succeeding ages. It is not so much the superfluity of the offending consonant which Catullus derides, as the manifest pride of the speaker in his mispronunciations. It is not easy to translate the caustic elegiacs into English, but perhaps the following rendering will suffice to show the gall in the ink and the venom on the pen:—

> When Arrius advantage would be saying,
> He says *h*advantage, ambush is *h*ambush too;
> He thought his speech was fine, though it was straying,
> When he said *h*ambush, as he best could do.
> His mother thus, I deem, his uncle Liber,
> Her grandsire and her granddame would indite.
> When Syria took him, all ears near the Tiber
> Had rest, and heard the same words spoken right.
> But they began to fear such words would awe them,
> When suddenly the horrid news from far
> Comes, that Ionian waves, since Arrius saw them,
> No more Ionian but *H*ionian are.*

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* lxxxiv.

This pungent little poem, which reads like a mock heroic elegy of a consonant, which so far from being dead was only too much in evidence, does not run so easily and with so mocking a grandeur in English as in the original. But even so inadequate a version as the one just given of the affected speech of the Roman cockney, if he may so be called, who, with prophetic instinct, is named *Arrius*, shows something of the grace and verve of the original. and the climax is intimately droll and mischievously satirical.

And so the Roman poet has presented posterity with a collection of caricatures delicately drawn and obviously preserving the particular characteristic of each of the originals, set forth in verse which is by turns playful, caustic, ferocious even, but always witty and always musical. Men of evil habits for the most part are those whom Catullus loved to lampoon; and that he did so effectively his victims best knew. There is the shark, Piso,* with his ministering pikes,† Porcius and Socration; there is Otho the dandy,‡ with his tiny head; there is Marrucinus,§ who, when he was out to dinner, abstracted the napkins of the guests; there is Rufus,‖ his false friend, who stole his mistress' affections from him; and besides these, there is a motley crowd described in terse, pithy, and passionate invective, such as not even Pope was able to compass in his inimitable "Dunciad." As has been said of John Knox, so it could with equal truth be asserted of Catullus, that though he lived in times no less dangerous than those of the Scottish reformer, "he never feared the face of man." Neither Pompey nor Cæsar escaped from the lash of his stinging satire, and the pretentious crowd of would-be men of letters, who were dependents

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* xxviii. † xlvii. ‡ liv. § xii. ‖ lxxvii.

of these great men, was satirised with pitiless fury. Volusius,* the annalist, with his *cacata charta,* Mamurra,† who attempted to climb the Muses' hill but was thrust back by the Sacred Sisters with pitchforks, and many others, are handed down to posterity neither by their merits nor by their works, but by their demerits in their unenviable portraits by the master hand of Catullus. But if he were severe in his condemnation of the pretensions of those who could not write and upon the faults of his foes, our poet could praise without stint where praise was deserved, and his warm affection to his friends must always make him amiable in spite of—nay, perhaps, on account of—his prejudices.

Before leaving this portion of his life. it will be well to call attention to the poet's fondness for his home and its associations. He had spent dreary hours of toil unrequited in the train of Memmius in Bithynia, and he has touchingly expressed his joy on finding himself safe on the shore of Sirmio once more—

> Almost an isle, and of all isles the pride,
> Sirmio, which either Neptune seems to sweep
> Along o'er shining pools and desert deep,
> How blithely, gladly by me art thou spied !
> Who scarce can dream I've left Bithynia's plain,
> Or Thynia, and behold thee once again.
> Oh ! what is happier than cares flung aside,
> When the mind drops its load, and weary-worn
> With foreign toil our feet have homeward hied,
> And in our own dear bed we sink to sleep ?
> This boon alone requites toil hardly borne.
> Hail, beauteous Sirmio ! in thy lord rejoice—
> Rejoice, ye watery lakes along the steep,
> Laugh with the laughter of your homely voice.‡

The note of home once more is heard throughout this little poem, and Catullus shows that he was fully able to

* xxxvi. † xxix. 3, xli. 4, lvii., xciv. I., cv. I., and cxiv. I. ‡ xxxi.

enter into the delights of home life after his toilsome service abroad. The picture of his joy is highly attractive, and the reader can see the weary poet sinking to sleep in his dear familiar bed. The description, too, of Sirmio is in itself a perfect picture in two lines. The extreme terseness of the whole poem makes it difficult to translate, and some of the most delicate touches are irreproducible in any verse rendering.

That so passionate a nature should love with an intensity almost unparalleled was only to be expected, and it was the grave misfortune of Catullus that his love became fixed on a wholly unworthy object. It was about the year 61 B.C. that he was introduced to the disreputable Clodia, Lesbia as he called her, the sister of P. Clodius Pulcher, and wife of Q. Metellus Celer, whom with too much reason she was suspected of poisoning. She was a woman of great beauty and much political influence, which she maintained by the judicious use of her natural gifts. The reader of her lover's passionate verses seems to see her burning eyes, which attracted the attention even of so frigid a moralist as Cicero. It was this intensity of emotion which made Catullus perhaps the first of all love-poets; it was his habit to translate his burning passion into no less burning lines, sensuous, pathetic, musical, because he could not help himself, and because he had no worthier offering to present to his unworthy Lesbia. Some idea of his passion may be gained from the celebrated poem, which is the translator's despair and its author's glory. He sings—

> Let's live and love, my Lesbia, while we may,
> Nor deem the murmurs of severer age
> Worthy a single doit to check our rage.
> For suns may set and lift once more their light,
> But when for us is faded life's brief day,
> Together we must sleep in endless night.

Give me a thousand, then a hundred, kisses,
Then one more thousand, one more hundred too,
Another thousand still, a hundred more ;
So when we've ended many thousand blisses,
We'll close love's book, that we may ne'er unroll
Their number, nor that some base, envious soul
May grudge our dear delight, when he counts o'er
Th' unnumbered times our lips together drew.*

Even in this translation, which is sufficiently cool, the burning words of the original seem to brand themselves into the reader's soul, and he recognises at once the passion of a man who loved as madly and as blindly as it is given to man to love.

But the Muse of Catullus did not always soar so high a flight ; he could write occasional verse as dainty as Herrick's own, and perhaps there are no poems of antiquity, save indeed the "Distaff" of Theocritus, and few in modern times more delicately graceful, than his two odes to his mistress's sparrow, as it is usually called, though probably the bird was one of the finches :—

Sparrow, my maid's dear joy, with thee
She loves to sport, and holds thee tight
Within her breast, provokes to fight
Her finger, stretched for thee to bite.
Upon her bosom thou dost rest,
And twine with her the jocund jest ;
And tiny as indeed thou art,
Thou comfortest her painèd heart,
When passion's weary force grows still ;
With thee her spirit sports until
Her sorrows quit her soul and flee.
To my dear love thou art as sweet
As tiny golden apple thrown,
Maids vow, was to that damsel fleet,
Chaste Atalanta, am'rous grown,
Which loosed her long-tied virgin zone.†

The admirable simplicity and the delicate subtlety of the original must not be judged by this version, which has a

* v. † ii.

certain simplicity, not to say baldness, of its own, and which, in spite of this undoubted fact, has some explanatory padding which is not found in the Latin.

The second poem describes the death of the favourite sparrow with an artless pathos, which shows how dear to Catullus was everything belonging to Lesbia. Like its predecessor, it defies translation, and its beauties can but faintly shine in any accurate rendering. Many poets have tried and failed; and we can only add one more failure to the ill-success of our fellows. The poet sings—

Mourn, all ye Loves, ye Cupids, mourn,
All humankind more lovely born.
My maid's enchanting sparrow's dead,
Beloved more than her eyes, she said.
'Twas honey-sweet, and knew its own,
As girl her dearest mother knows;
Nor from her breast would e'er have flown;
But hopping hither, thither, near,
It twittered to its mistress dear,
And her alone. Ah! now it goes
Along the darkling way, whence none
Return, whose mortal race is run.
Curst be those shadows Orcus throws
On all from his insatiate maw,
Which beauteous things doth downward draw!
So beauteous was the sparrow he
Hath ravished from my maid and me.
Unhappy sparrow, ruthless deed!
Which fires her lids with sorrow's meed,
Swollen with tears that from them bleed.*

That Lesbia would be charmed with her lover's plaintive tribute to her dead favourite goes without saying, and modern Lesbias of more ingenuous modesty may feel a thrill of pleasure and sympathy inspired by the dainty lines of Catullus. Poems of this kind are not common in surviving Roman literature, and when they do occur they are apt to be crippled by a highly-strained artificiality, which utterly mars their effect. But the two just quoted

* iii.

have a tender simplicity of their own, which is as true to nature as it is perfectly suited to the occasion. There is scarcely anything more pathetic in life than the death of a pet animal, and the great poet was worthily employed in celebrating the unaffected sorrow of his mistress.

The poems which we have considered for the most part sing of a time when all was sunshine with Catullus, though a sunshine so torrid that it burned up his passionate nature and hastened his early death. His stormy soul knew no calm, and he was always either on the crest or in the trough of the wave. But a mistress of Lesbia's type, whose sole object in life was the gratification of her passions, was not likely to remain constant to one lover long; and Catullus found himself rejected for one of his own cherished friends, Rufus, who stole away her fickle affections. How deeply, how sincerely he loved her may be seen from the two pathetic poems of bitter sadness and unextinguished passion which he composed about the time of his desertion. The first runs thus—

Wretched Catullus, cease, thy frenzy cease,
  And what thou know'st is lost accept for lost.
  Once purest suns thy pathway here have crossed,
When thou wouldst follow, where thy loved one led,
  She who was loved as ne'er was other maid.
Then 'twas those darling fancies all were fed,
  Which thou and she too willingly essayed.
Then purest suns flung o'er thee radiant peace.
  Now she forsakes thee, cease then to desire
What she desires, nor live in heavy dole,
But bear thy sorrows with an iron soul.
  Farewell, my maid, Catullus 'gins to tire,
To steel his heart, nor stir thee 'gainst thy will.
  Hell's blight upon thee! How will fleet thy days?
  What lover court, who chant thy beauty's blaze?
Whom wilt thou love, to whose care be consigned?
  Whom wilt thou kiss, whose lips with honey fill?
Wretched Catullus, stoutly steel thy mind!*

* viii.

The poet's resolution, doubtless, was wise, but he was not made of the necessary fibre to steel his heart. He was one of those rare men who love once and for ever, and whose pangs when their mistress is faithless are consequently never healed. He could not drive Lesbia from his faithful heart, and, until death gave rest to his fevered spirit, he kept breaking forth into passionate abuse and still more passionate pleading.

But neither pleading nor abuse served his turn with one who was incapable of truly appreciating either, and it seems more than probable that the intensity of his feelings threw him into a consumption. During the brief period of despair which parted him from death, he wrote many pathetic verses, which show that the strength of his affections continued unabated in spite of his efforts to obey the dictates of his sounder reason. Of these, the following poem is justly celebrated, which was written some time after Lesbia's desertion, and which cannot be said to express any abiding resignation to his fate:—

If recollection of deeds kindly done
  Cheers aught the man, whose spirit knows no guile,
Whose faith's inviolate, whose oath to none
  In aught is broken by deceitful wile,
Many delights in lengthening years await,
Catullus, thy fond love's ungrateful fate.
  For all that men can say or do that's kind
To any soul, was said and done by thee;
  Yet all hath perished from her thankless mind.
Why longer dost thou still torment thy heart?
Why canst not sternly from her worship part,
  And cease 'gainst heav'n's will a slave to be?
'Tis hard to lay aside love long drawn-out,
'Tis hard to work thy will beyond a doubt.
  One only course remains, to bear thy lot,
  Thyself to conquer, if thou canst, or not.
Ye gods, if you have pity, or if e'er
  You've rescued men in the last hour of death,
  Look on my pangs, if I've drawn life's pure breath,
This fierce consuming passion from me tear,

Which like a chilling frost steals through my breast,
And all sweet pleasures from my soul doth wrest!
I do not ask her love against her will,
Or that beyond her nature she feel shame;
I long for health to quit me of my flame,
This for my duteous faith, kind gods, fulfil!*

The manifest sincerity of this poem, which is put together with the utmost simplicity, and which is marred by none of the artificialities of mythology, clearly shows that Catullus, at least, did not, like lesser souls, find poetry a cure for love. A sort of reconciliation was patched up between himself and his mistress, but it was only a half-hearted affair, in which all the love was on his side alone. Until his death in B.C. 53, the poet continually recurs to the theme of his Lesbia, once his delight, and, though he does not actually curse her in his later verses, he leaves it obvious to the reader how deeply he felt her thankless desertion.

Amongst his longer poems the "Attis" stands out for its richness in beauty and its luxuriant creative power; but its subject is less suited for quotation than some of the others. It is not, however, for the most part in these longer efforts of his Muse that Catullus shines conspicuous; the concentration of his thought and the intensity of his power show themselves in his shorter poems to supreme advantage, and he loses in force what he gains in length. He has left us two wedding-songs of much beauty composed for the marriage of his friend Torquatus with Junia Aurunculeia. The first of these would probably be sung at the banquet, or during the procession to the bridegroom's house. It consists of an invocation to Hymen, and is interesting alike from its tender beauty and the unusual number of antiquarian details which it contains. Catullus, an aristocrat in every sense of the word, was

* lxxvi.

jealous of the observance of ancient customs, and not one of the traditional ceremonies of wedlock seems to have escaped him. But he has not treated them after the manner of the antiquarian Propertius. He has bound them into a bridal-chaplet of charming song. A quotation taken here and there will serve to show the dainty grace of the whole poem, which, to tantalise true lovers of the Muses, has lost a few lines at two of the most interesting points of the action. First, the poet bids Hymen awake and perform his part with custom due. He sings—

> Bind thy brows with blossoms round
> Of the myrtle perfumed sweet,
> Take the torch, with joyous sound
> Come with yellow buskin bound
> Trimly on thy snowy feet.
>
> Waking on the gleeful day,
> With thy tender shrilling cry
> Singing many a nuptial lay,
> Flash the pine-torch to the sky,
> Dance and fling the dust on high:*

Next the procession with its flaming torches arrives at the bridegroom's house, and the recollections of her paternal home which she is leaving for ever force themselves upon the bride, who weeps partly on this account and partly in fancied fear that she will not please her lord. Here a few lines are lost just at a crisis in the narrative. and these cannot of course be supplied by any lesser poet than Catullus himself. But the lines just before the omission possess such beauty that they demand a place here :—

> Spread the portals to the air ;
> Here's the bride ; the quivering flame
> Ripples on her shining hair.

The poet here has given in fewest possible words a perfect picture of the effect of the flickering torch-light on the waving locks of the bride, and he goes on to charm away

* lxi., 5-15, and 76-78.

her anxious fears of her own inability to please. Here four precious lines are lost, which possibly describe the appearance of the bridegroom to welcome his bride within the house. The poet then resumes his consolation:—

> Noble shame makes gentle woe,
> When she hears his voice she weeps,
> Since she may not choose but go.
>
> Weep not, maid, in fearsome awe,
> Quit thee of thy soft affright,
> Fairer damsel never saw
> Rising day's refulgent light,
> Leaving ocean's caves of night.*

The ceremonies of the rest of the wedding are detailed with faultless accuracy and in almost equally faultless verse. The poet's pinion never droops from the beginning to the end of the ode, and it seems wonderful that no other surviving Latin poet of the Golden Age ever imitated a rhythm so musical and effective. There are, moreover, a natural grace and a graceful naturalness pervading the whole of the poem which charm alike the mind and the ear. The snatches of tender passion, the touches of no less tender pathos, the bursts of thrilling gladness, and the passages of unrivalled descriptive power, wherein one or two lines at most present a perfect picture, combine to fill the reader's soul with unmixed delight.

The second poem, which was almost certainly written for the same occasion, is in a more solemn and dignified metre, in which our poet moves with almost unequalled majesty. In his sonorous hexameters Catullus shows his accustomed vigour, and he gives evidence here, as elsewhere, of a genuine perception and love of the beauties of nature by no means common amongst the Latin poets. The poem is a dialogue or antiphonal chant between two bands of youths and maidens respectively, in which the

* lxi., 79-86.

former sing the praises of wedlock, while the latter, as befits the modesty of their sex, show themselves somewhat coy to embrace the suggested blessings. One passage may serve to illustrate the character of the whole, a few lines of which will remind the attentive reader of Burns's "Address to a Daisy." The maidens sing or chant—

> When a flower blooms in a garden plot,
> By herds unknown, unbruised by any plough,
> Which breezes gently fondle, while the sun
> Hardens its growth, and rains draw forth to light,
> Then many youths and maids desire its bloom.
> But when nipp'd off its bloom has withered quite,
> Then youths and maidens long for it no more.
> So maids are dear to maids, while maids they be;
> But when they lose their virgin-bloom fore'er,
> Sin-soiled no more they are the dear delight
> Of youths, nor by their sister-maids beloved.*

Catullus has many similar touches of a perception of natural beauties, but he rises to his supreme height when he is portraying the force and tenderness of human passion. In one of his numerous complaints of the fickleness of his mistress, he uses a simile, which is closer still to some of the lines of the poem of Burns. He says his love is vanished like

> A flower upon the meadow's edge,
> When it lies lowly cast to earth
> By passing plough.

Such comparisons are scattered through his surviving poems, which number no more than one hundred and sixteen, and they connect him with the nature-poets of a later age.

All the poems of Catullus are not, of course, of equal merit either in rhythm or in subject, but all of them show a virile force which arrests the reader's attention at once. As a satirist he was frank and fearless, but he never refrained from casting any mud, not to say filth, of the

* lxii., 39—47.

most offensive kind at the victims of his wrath. In this unenviable characteristic he resembled Pope, and both poets have pilloried in immortal satire the Grub Street authors of their day. The English poet's gallery is doubtless filled with a larger number of caricatures, but even he cannot match the vituperative vocabulary of his Roman predecessor. It is not, however, upon these lampoons that the claims of Catullus to immortality will rest; they are dear to the antiquarian alike for their sparkling wit and the light which they throw upon Roman society at a period of much obscurity. But lampoons are not commonly the choicest productions of a great poet, or at least of one who in his own kind is amongst the greatest of all poets, and it is not by his satirical verse that we shall estimate the true greatness of Catullus.

It is as the love poet of all time that he will stand out from the throng of lesser men who have written more in the past. The somewhat frigid Propertius may surpass him in his mastery of the pentameter, but rhythmical supremacy is not the only test of a great poet. Ovid may be more copious and infinitely more polished than the bard of Verona, but copiousness and polish are not the highest characteristics of poetry, though the absence of the latter is keenly felt. Catullus loved with the intensity of his fiery nature, and he wrote, concealing nothing, with all the boisterous passion of his soul. He bears some resemblance to Byron in his power of depicting the dark and stormy force of human passions, but he lacked utterly that tendency to pose which was one of the least amiable characteristics of the later poet. He differs, too, from Byron in the fact that he wrote because his fiery genius compelled him to write, whereas, in his later life at least, Byron as often compelled his genius as his genius compelled him to write. If he be compared with Herrick,

the same grace and metrical skill are found in both poets. But here all likeness ends. The Roman poet felt all that he wrote with his whole soul, whereas his English successor, in spite of his grace and beauty, does not always leave the impression of being a true lover. Catullus had not a trace of the quaint artificiality which is one of the charms of the Cavalier poet, nor does he give the appearance of the slightest effort either in subject or treatment of his poems. Herrick has little of this almost riotous spontaneity, and from that reason can scarcely be regarded as a love poet of the highest rank. Both poets were endowed with a keen wit, a pungent satire, a fine perception of rhythm, and an inimitable grace; but the passion of Catullus, so fiery, so artless, so frankly expressed will always lift him to a greater height than the English poet in the rank of the world's love poets. He differs, too, from Burns, as a southern poet must inevitably differ from a northern bard, and as a man reared in the luxury of a corrupt Roman society in the century which immediately preceded the Christian era cannot fail to differ from him whose nurse was poverty and whose schoolmaster was hard Scottish Calvinism. Both poets rebelled against the conventionalities of their time, both loved not wisely but too well, both were endowed with great passion and superb powers of invective, and both have left us unequalled satires and matchless love poems. No comparative estimate is here suggested, but if Catullus might have been proud to have written such a poem as "Green Grows the Rashes, O!" Burns need not have been ashamed to have given to the world the "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus" of the poet of Verona.

The atmosphere with which Catullus was surrounded was prodigal and vicious; great ladies did not hesitate to openly prostitute themselves, and it was into the clutches

of one of these harpies that Catullus fell. She had, as it was generally believed, poisoned her husband, and she was known to have maintained incestuous relations with her own brother, whose character was well matched by hers. The tone of society at that time may be judged by the fact that Cicero considered this revolting crime as a fit subject for mirth, and Cicero was a moralist. The young Romans of wealth and position avoided marriage like a plague, and frequented the homes of their mistresses with or without the knowledge of their husbands. In such a society an archangel would have been in danger of corruption, and Catullus was no archangel. He was a man much sought after for his great gifts and his affectionate disposition, and he had all the faults of a man. Neither was such a mistress as Lesbia calculated to lift him to any exalted heights of moral elevation.

But we must take him for what he was, with all his faults, the child of his times—eager, impetuous, hasty, loving—and not expect to find in him what is not there. His nature, with its tempestuous extremes, was after all very lovable; for, though he hated, he knew how to love, as his burning lines, and the admiration of the ages, sufficiently show. His brief prime was largely thrown away in the service of his infamous mistress; but that the world was made the richer by his wasted affection can scarcely be doubted. Had he fallen under a tenderer and purer sway he might have been a happier man—nay, he might even have known the calm of domestic life; but he would not have been Catullus, nor written his passionate poems, with all their quenchless love. He might have lived longer upon earth, but his immortality would have been less assured. The fiercest flame burns soonest out, and such was the pathetic story of the bard of Verona; his life was short, but he lived more in moments than colder men in

years. His genius was great, his heart was like a flaming fire, his language was pithy and expressive, and his rhythm for the most part musical and flowing. There is no other poet exactly like him in his absence of affectation and his frankly-expressed hatred of his foes; nor is there one who exceeds him in passionate force; he seemed to put his whole being into his flaming verses, and they live and will live. His affecting snatches of tenderness, his power of depicting human emotions at their fullest strength, his unrivalled terseness, his fierce humour, and his biting wit, with his love of nature, and his musical verse, make him single amongst the poets of Rome, without a parallel amongst those of Greece, and with but few who resemble him in our own literature. In all his varied gifts he attained a high degree of excellence, and perhaps the finest of the world's love poems is his. The German poet's words—

Ich habe gelebt und geliebet—

might be set upon his tomb, though some readers of his pathetic story may perchance deem his fitter epitaph to have been: "He loved and died." He died, indeed, before his time, but he died to live; and so long as the hearts of men beat with alternate love and hate, Catullus, the poet of Verona, will have no mean place in the ranks of the immortals.

THE BEGGARWOMAN BY S. FRANCESCO AT FIESOLE.

(La Vecchia al murello di S. Francesco a Fiesole.)

"UN poin d'alimosina, poina!"
Rincurvata poggiando sul murello,
Fra le mani il fidato bastoncello,
Tremolante mi disse la vecchina.
Le diede il soldo e seguitai la china,
E passegiando su e giù bel bello,
Novamente mi chiese il soldarello:
"L'ho dato"
"Eh non ci veggo, poerina!"
Era cieca!
Le dissi: "buona donna
Quanti anni avete?"
"E' son novanta trè"
"Avrete una famiglia da bis nonna"
"Tutta morti! Non ho nessun per me!
"Solo Dio benedetto e la Madonna!"

MARINO MORELLI in the "Fanfalla della Domenica."
11th November, 1894.

TRANSLATION.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

AGAINST the wall is seen her crouching form,
A short staff in her weak and trembling hand,
There daily in all weathers does she stand,
And begs for charity in shine and storm.

I freely gave, my heart with pity warm,
I passed again; again the same demand.
"I gave but now." And as I closer scanned
I saw a face that blindness did deform.

"How old," I said, "good woman, may you be?"
With trembling voice then softly answered she,
"'Tis ninety years ago since I was born,
"My children's children are beneath the sod,
"I am alone—old, blind, and quite forlorn
"But for Our Lady and the Blessed God."

IVAN TURGENIEFF.

BY WILLIAM STERN.

RUSSIA furnishes another illustration of Herbert Spencer's opinion that the domain of art is the past—the remembrance that the highest examples of creative art are reached when some historic epoch has outlived itself and vanished into eternity. This serf-filled country, prior to the introduction of the great reform, in the years of its agony, produced a number of first-rate geniuses, such as Gogol, Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoievski, Ostrovski, and Belinski. Nurtured upon the philosophy of Schelling and Hegel, and influenced by the contemporary foreign romanticists and idealists, they obtained clear conceptions of the sources of happiness and of suffering. This and the passionate longing for a new and better life probably explain the appearance of these great writers fifty years ago. Add to this the storm cloud of general discontent which burst over Europe in 1848, and it should be quite clear how it came to pass that the impulse which was manifested was at once so vigorous and spontaneous.

Comparatively few Englishmen know how heartrending a succession of premature and unnatural deaths Russian

society was mourning about this time. Fate, in her mockery, deprived that country within a very short period of the giants of her young national literature, almost immediately after allowing them to exhibit their powers and indications of latent possibilities. Pushkin, Lermontoff, Koltzoff, and Gogol—these were, one after the other, taken away after a brief career of brilliant achievement.

Having survived this heavy loss, Russian society looked round and discovered fresh lights in its midst, and one of these was Ivan Turgenieff, whose life and works form the subject of this paper.

Turgenieff was born at Spasskoye, the family estate, near the town of Mtsensk, in the government of Orel. His father, a cavalry officer, found himself, at forty years of age, in straitened circumstances, as a result of the dissipated life he had led; and, according to the custom of the old Russian gentry, decided to mend matters by a profitable marriage. He succeeded in accomplishing his aim under somewhat romantic conditions. While on a business tour, purchasing horses for his regiment, he arrived one evening at the estate of his future wife. The young lady received the handsome officer very kindly, and during the evening a game of cards was suggested, the conditions of the game being that the winner should name his own stakes. The officer won, and straightway demanded the hand of his partner; and, being accepted, they were married almost at once. This step, however, was regretted ever after; for Turgenieff's mother was a woman of a most cruel, proud, domineering, and revengeful character, one to whom no one ventured to address a word unless first spoken to. She was a wealthy landed proprietress, possessed of a great number of serfs, whom she treated most inhumanly. In one of his short sketches, entitled

"Mumu," Turgenieff relates an actual occurrence, and the hard mistress who figures therein is intended to represent his own mother. The gist of the story is as follows:—A deaf and dumb peasant, who is devotedly attached to his native soil, is, in order to satisfy a peevish whim on the part of his mistress, removed from the country to the town house. Becoming reconciled to his fate and interested in his new work, the peasant, Gayrasim by name, eventually falls in love with a quiet, humble serf girl. But his mistress refuses her consent to the marriage, and insists that the girl shall, instead, become the wife of a drunken bootmaker, in order, as she says, that he might reform. The unhappy peasant once more patiently submits; but his warm heart seeks some affection, and at length the small dog Mumu becomes his best and only friend. But, alas! Mumu does not find favour in the eyes of Gayrasim's mistress, and the order is given to destroy him. In his despair, the wretched Gayrasim decides to drown his pet with his own hands; and, with tears in his eyes, he ties a stone round the dog's neck and throws him into the water. Carlyle described this incident as the most touching and pathetic he had ever read; and, indeed, thanks to the wonderful art of Turgenieff, we are shown how, with the drowning dog, a living heart sinks, crushed by pitiless barbarity.

Turgenieff's parents, like the majority of their class and day, lived most extravagantly. Their house was always full of guests, and visitors and hosts alike led a most dissipated, coarse, and degrading life, careless that the peasant women wept in their miserable huts over their debauched daughters, and that men were sold like cattle. Nobody cared for these things. No one had a momentary pang of conscience or remorse, or even troubled to question their conduct towards others. There was not a

solitary trait to soften the severity of these habits, entirely based upon pitiless despotism, which weighed as heavily upon the younger members of the family as upon the serfs. All trembled at the sight of Turgenieff's mother; all bowed before her obstinate, relentless will. Men were flogged, starved, sent to Siberia, condemned to become soldiers.

This is what Turgenieff saw daily and hourly during his years of childhood. His surroundings were not such as could tend to the development of strength of character, especially as he seems to have inherited from his father a soft and kindly disposition, devoid of energy. But what the boy heard and saw at home was amply sufficient to implant and foster in his heart a detestation of the existing order of serfdom. Only when of age did Turgenieff and his two brothers free themselves from their mother's yoke; for them she was above all else a severe judge, mercilessly punishing the slightest transgression. Matters came to such a pitch that Turgenieff once addressed to his mother these words: "There is not a soul that you don't torture. Who is happy near you? Who can breathe freely near you? Remember, all whom you have persecuted, banished—they all might have loved you, might have been ready to sacrifice their lives for you, if only you——; but you make everybody unhappy!"

While at home the education of the three brothers was entrusted to French and German tutors, who were imported direct from their respective countries to Spasskoye, as so many parcels of goods, and who, when they arrived there, were considered merely as household appendages. These were often men without much education or manners, who at best could only imperfectly teach their pupils to speak French or German.

It is not known when and how Turgenieff learnt to read and write his mother tongue, but this he probably acquired

from some of the servants. One sympathetic old servant secretly read to him the works of several native authors. This servant and others equally kind-hearted instilled as strongly into the heart of Turgenieff a love for the peasants as the scenes of despotism he had witnessed aroused in his soul hatred against serfdom, and these two caused in later years his "great vow to combat to the end this mortal enemy."

At an early age Turgenieff was sent to a private school in Moscow, where he learnt English, and later on entered the University there, completing his philological studies at the St. Petersburg University at the age of nineteen. While studying he was very assiduous at his work, and only a day's shooting would occasionally interrupt the regularity of his lessons. This sport Turgenieff was passionately fond of from early youth. His own experiences during these rambles over fields, through marshes and forests, and the tales of his fellow sportsmen—and what sportsman has no tales to relate ?—these Turgenieff's pen has known how to transform into masterpieces.

Already, while at the University, he felt a strong leaning towards literature, and tried his powers in verse. His poetry of this period is, however, of no great value. He carefully studied in the originals the best works of foreign authors, principally those of Byron, Shakespeare, and Cervantes. The summer months he generally spent at Spasskoye, where he had ample opportunities of refreshing his early impressions.

On completing his University studies, it is not to be wondered at that Turgenieff longed to go abroad, where the echo of Byron's proud and free songs was still lingering in the air; where lofty ideas and great words were proclaimed at the Universities; where all the conditions of life were so different, so free, so elevating. In Berlin he

became one of a circle of brilliant young Russians, several of whom left their mark on the history of their country. Probably at no time either before or after the fourth and fifth decades of our century was the Russian intellectual youth engaged so much in argument and discussion.

The members of the coterie which Turgenieff joined were all more or less Westerners, which was the term applied to all those who did not, like the Nationalists or Slavophils, spend their time in praising and upholding the existing order of things in Russia and everything that was Russian. They were so called because they were men who desired a change in the order of things, who knew that the West of Europe, whence Peter the Great had imported so many reforms, had much more to show, teach, and give, which could profitably be adapted to Russia, and their great desire was to apply the good they found for the benefit of their own country. Under the influence of his philosophical and historical studies at the Berlin University, coupled with the personal impressions he had received of the life of the then centre of continental learning, and surrounded by his Westerner friends, Turgenieff himself became an ardent adherent of this party. From Berlin he regularly sent contributions to the leading journals at home, and liberal tendencies pervaded all that came from his pen.

After an absence of five years he returned to Russia, and for the first time launched in book form a poem entitled "Parasha." It attracted a good deal of attention, but is particularly famous for the fact that the critic, Belinski, discovered in it the rising genius.

It is easy to understand that the appreciation of Belinski acted as a great incentive upon the young author, coming as it did from the greatest Russian critic of the day, the man who was the friend and guide of the best

writers of his country. Turgenieff decided to become, if possible, this man's friend and pupil. In this he fortunately succeeded, and only the early death of Belinski ended their friendship. It is impossible to over-estimate the great and good influence Turgenieff derived from him. "Men like Belinski," said one of his friends (Nekrassoff) "fix in the hearts of those who are so fortunate as to come in closer contact with them a sense of truthfulness and justice."

The collection of stories which appeared in 1852, in book form, entitled "A Sportsman's Notes," was, and is, Turgenieff's most popular work. The book contains a number of simple stories, truthfully and beautifully depicting the hard life of the peasants. It is a kind of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," although the tendency towards a moral effect is not so apparent as in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's book. No open assault on slavery is to be found in these short sketches, but the simple, realistic portraiture, the graphic descriptions of the everyday life of the peasantry, incline all readers to pity, and the thoughtful ones to the drawing of conclusions. Thus, without argument against serfdom on the part of the author, the reader is by pity roused to a feeling of indignation and hatred, and becomes a partisan of the author's well-veiled cause. These sketches played an important part in finally deciding Alexander II. to abolish serfdom in 1862.

The stringent censorship over the Russian Press at this period induced authors to shelter behind the form of fiction matters political or social, and this fact naturally endowed such works with an additional authority.

The purpose underlying "A Sportsman's Notes," although unobserved by the censor and critics of the day, did not escape the vigilance of the public. The two expensive volumes were almost immediately bought up, and the

public, grasping the author's idea, understood and felt that a new and great artistic genius had been given to the nation, a genius with a heart capable of both deep love and hatred. Henceforth Turgenieff's position was firmly established, and he was admired and idolised.

By way of atoning for his oversight for having allowed these inexpressibly charming sketches to miss his keen eye, the censor subsequently had Turgenieff imprisoned for two months and banished to his country estate for two years.

The book is, as it were, a continuation of Gogol's "Dead Souls," in which, however, the reader gets only a passing glimpse into the life of the serfs belonging to those landed proprietors with whom Gogol primarily deals in his tragic comedy.

Gogol had thus opened the eyes of Russia, the European revolutions of 1848 quickened their powers of perception, and the generation that followed, influenced and roused to consciousness by the humanitarian philosophy of Hegel, passed, as it were, through a process of fermentation.

Doubt, shame, and the sting of remorse now appeared and fell with crushing weight on the weaker nerves of this generation, and thus the sins of the fathers were indeed visited upon the children. In "Rudin," his first great novel, which appeared in 1856, Turgenieff embodies in the hero all the best and loftiest characteristics of the men of this new generation. They became theorisers, who, in idealising the future state of Russia and the individual produced by an adapted imitation of Western Europe, lost themselves in contemplation and meditation to such an extent that they accomplished nothing in the way of reform, although they spoke of attempting, and in a way did attempt much. They were men of words, not of deeds —men of a transition period. Rudin is very well educated,

gifted, and talented, but he cannot rise beyond noble eloquence and sincere yearning. Impulse is his motive power, just as words are his tools, in the use of which he is absolutely without a rival. He is endowed with a heart large enough to embrace humanity, a mind great enough to remould the earth, actually laying down his life for the sake of his convictions, and yet withal totally lacking in the attributes which are necessary to perform any really practical work.

The book in itself can appeal only to the cultured mind, for of plot it has little or nothing. Apart from its artistic handling, the book is a marvel of character study. It is not only Rudin and Natalya, the hero and heroine, but every character, down to the unimportant, timid old maid, the French governess, who at the mention of the word love starts and pricks up her ears like an old war horse at the sound of a trumpet. Every character, Mr. Henry James says, "is brought before our vision as elaborately defined, and localised as an interior by Meissonier."

Turgenieff's next work is a "A House of Gentlefolk," as Mrs. Garnett has entitled her translation of it. The original reads literally, "A Nest of Gentlefolk"; and, in my humble opinion, the word "nest" is far more suitable and expressive, seeing that it implies a small sheltered home, gradually formed and built up, which, I think, is the impression the author intended to convey.

In this, as in all Turgenieff's works, we find that thorough knowledge of Russian life which can only be acquired by a native with keen perceptive faculties, purified and crystallised by rare talent and profound thought. In this respect "A Nest of Gentlefolk" is a perfect example. All the characters of this novel, from the hero and heroine down to the old-fashioned servants, are in the highest degree lifelike. Most of the characters—

nearly all, are chosen from the vast crowd of so-called educated society, and are presented to us just as Turgenieff's piercing eye has detected them; for we feel that neither imagination nor an author's arbitrary will has been exercised in the creation of them. Many phases of Russian life are here depicted—Westernism and Slavophilism; St. Petersburg bureaucracy, with its vanity and haughtiness; the peaceful quietness of village life; and many others. A succession of pretty scenes of every-day life introduces us to the character of the book. The action proceeds quickly, and our interest is aroused from the commencement and sustained throughout by fine strokes of dialogue and incident. Only on two occasions is the action of the story interrupted, but these interruptions contain so much that is essential to our fuller appreciation of the book and the society it portrays, that we are not prepared to quarrel with the author on account of this. Several chapters devoted to the family histories of the hero and heroine form the first divergence from the thread of the story; and probably these family chronicles caused Turgenieff to name his book "A Nest of Gentlefolk." These chapters help us better to comprehend the meaning of several parts of the book, and give us a more complete idea of the whole. We find in them depicted in clear, broad lines the customs and habits of the old family of the Lavretzkys—the childhood, education, and university days of that member of it in whom our interest is centred; and finally, his unsuccessful marriage, and all the consequent trouble he had to live through, and to seek cure for which he returned to his native heath. The second interruption in the narrative is in the unexpected arrival at Lavretzky's house of an old fellow-student, and the heated discussion which takes place between them. In this we obtain a glimpse into many phases of the

characters of the two friends and of the time under the influence of which they spent their university days. This digression from the story must attract the attention of even an unobservant reader to the political significance of the book.

The tone of this artistic novel is pervaded throughout by genuine feelings of humour, sarcasm, contempt, and pathos, but there is also much of the poetic in the tone where general emotions of soul, and particularly those of Lavretzky's, are displayed. These elements, taken as a whole, form the power, beauty, and fascination of the book. The themes underlying this novel are expressed by the hero pretty clearly; they are firstly, that superficial and one-sided education cannot develop a complete, active, moral, manly character, but rather a "distortion," for the straightening of which much strength were needed, with but little probability of success; secondly, that thirst for personal happiness is not only deceptive, but even robs us of all stability in life; and, lastly, that the seeds sown by the old generation, their work and effort, will make it possible for the new generation to live and develop a fuller and happier social life.

The plot of the novel runs briefly thus: Lisa, a girl just out of her teens, is urged by her vain mother to accept the offer of marriage proposed to her by a well-connected government official, Panshin by name. Lavretzky, the hero of the book, who is distantly connected with Lisa's family, turns up just about the time Lisa is pressed into giving her yes or no to the wooer. Lavretsky is separated from his wife, who could not very well have been a greater moral wreck than she was. The consequences of the one great *faux pas* in his life, of his unsuccessful and imprudent choice of a wife, are developed in the book, and form the foundation upon which the plot is constructed. He appears

on the scene at the age of thirty-five, already well acquainted with suffering, the first impressions of which have been outlived, but in his soul remain its ineradicable traces. He and Lisa are thrown a great deal into each other's society, and he very soon makes the awful discovery that his feelings for her are rooted more deeply than in ordinary attraction, and he suspects that Lisa has learnt to love him also. A newspaper, casually picked up, contains the announcement of his wife's death. Almost immediately after learning this news he opens his heart and soul to Lisa. They are both happy, but this blissful state lasts but an hour. By her arrival on the very next day, after the first and last kiss of the lovers, his wife proves the newspaper report to be false. Incident now swiftly follows upon incident. The lovable, good, and almost saintly Lisa retires into the darkness of a convent; Lavretzky's wife continues to lead a life of dissipation; while Lavretzky, broken-hearted, finds some distraction and rest, if not peace, in applying what energy he has left to the useful and noble labour of working for the good of others. The book closes with the following lines:—

> They say Lavretsky visited that remote convent where Lisa had hidden herself; that he saw her crossing over from chair to chair. She walked close past him, moving with the even, hurried, but lowly walk of a nun. And she did not glance at him; only the eyelashes on the side towards him quivered a little, only she bent her emaciated face lower, and the fingers of her clasped hands, entwined with the rosary, were pressed still closer to one another. What were they both thinking? what were they feeling? Who can know? Who can say? There are such moments in life; there are such feelings. . . . One can but point to them—and pass by.

We have seen that the characteristics of Lavretsky were distinctly an advance upon those of Rudin, but Turgenieff does not appear to be very much more satisfied with him than with his predecessor. A man of Lavretsky's deep thought, great experience, reasonable and healthy

views might have been expected to come to the front as a great leader and worker, but he merely develops into a useful man among his immediate *entourage.* Quick and responsive as Turgenieff was to every throb of his country's pulse, thoroughly as he felt and reflected all mental, political, and moral tendencies of his country's life, he perceived that Russia was longing for and awaiting new men. In his next great book, "On the Eve," he sets out in search of a hero who would answer to the demands of society, one whom he could place at the head of the social movement. He personifies his search and yearning in Elena, who is, perhaps, next to Lisa, Turgenieff's finest female creation. She looks for a man of strong will, broad mind, and actual deeds. From the artists, poets, scientists, and others who surround her, good men, it is true, but not answering to her ideal, she turns away, and gives her whole soul to Insaroff, a man of action, one of a kindred nationality, yet a foreigner—a Bulgarian patriot. From the splendid conversational passages in the novel, it is seen that Russia expects and will soon have her own active men; that she is on the eve, as it were, of their coming, although neither the characters nor the author, with a reticence characteristic of Russians, say it in so many words. Thus, the very title points to the idea of the work.

The last great book of Turgenieff, which is still full of hope and faith, is "Fathers and Children." It surpasses in creative power all that Turgenieff had previously written, although it hardly comes up to the "Nest of Gentlefolk" in so far as ideal loftiness of conception and heartiness of execution are concerned. Basaroff, the central figure, is powerful, self-reliant, free from the influence of all those tendencies which lift a man from any solid ground he might stand on. Rudin is a glaring illustration of the result of such influences. Basaroff, the nihilist, is as firm as a rock,

and from first to last he remains so. He is as true to life as any character that was ever painted. The author shows us the contradictory nature of his hero, who, while denying all principles of life, has within his innermost soul, in spite of himself, the consciousness of all he denies. He dies from blood poisoning, which he contracted while dissecting the corpse of a victim to typhoid fever; but even in dying he exhibits a remarkably Spartanlike endurance. He suffers his agony without betraying any sign of weakness; he is haughty and silent to the end.

This book was the cause of a great deal of literary and journalistic controversy, for neither of the two generations understood its meaning, and the great majority of both could see but a caricature of themselves in it. This fact, and the unkind things said and written about Turgenieff, wounded him deeply, and caused him much pain and unhappiness, the effect of which did not quite pass away during his lifetime. He went abroad, and for a number of years his pen was hardly ever touched.

When next he appears before the world, in 1867, with his novel called "Smoke," and later with "Virgin Soil," "Spring Torrents," and numerous other small stories, we are confronted with the same great artist, the same careful observer and analyst, and perhaps with an even more profound thinker; but there is a touch of disappointment, of sorrow, of scepticism underlying nearly all these works. It may be that cruel fate, which seems to have led most Russian authors at some time of their lives into a kind of mysticism, now spread its veil, though very lightly, over Turgenieff also; it may be that he was disenchanted with his countrymen, for whose emancipation he fought so gallantly, when his expectations of their development, after they obtained their freedom, were not realised; it may be that the Crimean campaign, which proved his

country's utter moral and physical weakness where fortitude was supposed to exist, disillusioned him; it may be that advanced age somewhat blunted his enthusiasm;—whatever the cause, to the careful reader his later works are conspicuous by the absence of that hope and faith which pervade his earlier productions so strongly. But the poet is not wholly to blame for this. It would appear that the rapid changes in his country had produced a certain amount of reaction, and what he saw and instinctively felt could not help but abate his former enthusiasm and impair his spirit of hopefulness; for it seemed, indeed, as if all that was heroic in Russian life had died out or was at a very low ebb.

Litvinor, in "Smoke," is only a mediocrity. He is a good man, a good husband of an ordinary woman; but he is of weak character, not strong enough to arrest passions which he condemns and knows to be mean and low.

Neshdanoff, in "Virgin Soil," cannot even be called a mediocrity. He has not the courage to give himself to his artistic calling, for he has no faith in it; neither does he believe in the revolutionary propaganda which he himself set out to spread among the peasants, and he ends by committing suicide.

The hero in "Spring Torrents" we find falling in love with a girl of innocent and sincere soul, but the temptation and his baser passion prove too strong for him to resist, and not without severe self-judgment does he give way to them, and thus shatters the happiness and faith of the poor girl. The impressions we are left with after reading these novels are indeed sad, but we find comfort in the fact that through and in them all we can feel the great and noble personality of their creator, whose heart seems to bleed at the sight of the weakness of man, conquered by his animal passions.

I hope, however inadequately, to have shown that there is a sufficient amount of continuity in all Turgenieff's novels, and that their general trend is to give a truthful picture of the development of that epoch in Russian society in which he lived, loved, hoped, and doubted. Each of his novels, along with and by its simple and short love story, has for a theme some period or some burning question of the day, and thus the historic element contained in it is as important to the student of history as its artistic value makes it dear to the lover of the beautiful and graceful in the domain of letters. By reason of this dual worth of his works he is doubly important and dear to the Russian reader.

But these poetic and creative works are not only a priceless jewel of his own country, they are, at the same time, among the most valued gems of universal literature. For in his productions we find, first and foremost, real men and women, with all that is good and bad in them, possessing the emotions and passions which are common to all mankind, no matter whether in the dingy streets of smoky Manchester or on the vast plains of Europe's furthest East. It is his artistic reproduction of their outward appearance and peculiarities, as well as his masterly descriptions of scenery, surroundings, and conditions which make us feel, while perusing his works, that we are among his countrymen.

Like every really great genius, he leaves his personality altogether out of his works; nor does he preach to us at all. He is content with merely showing us his own visions, and we cannot but marvel how, without being brought into a psychological exhibition, we find ourselves confronted with the emotions, however faint and secret, of so many living men and women. Turgenieff is, perhaps, the most chivalrous and sympathetic exponent of these latter,

young women especially, who in most of his novels exhibit an unusual degree of independence, thereby reminding one (unconsciously) of the type of female character portrayed by the authoress of "Jane Eyre." He is often so respectful to the gentler sex that he exhibits a generous reticence in dwelling upon their troubles, and in this art of bringing us in touch with so much in so few words, suggestions, or sentences, Turgenieff is incomparable, if not unrivalled.

The greater portion of his life Turgenieff spent abroad, living principally at Paris and Baden, and spending in Russia only an occasional summer. He could, during those visits, convince himself that he had regained all the love and admiration of his compatriots, which were only temporarily withdrawn during the time of the controversy consequent upon the publication of "Fathers and Children." In 1880 he had perhaps the most triumphant reception that Moscow, the heart of Russia, ever accorded to any single individual. It was on the occasion of the unveiling of a monument to Pushkin, the greatest of Russian poets, when Turgenieff, who made a great speech, attracted perhaps more attention than the notable event of that red-letter day in the history of Russian literature. In Paris he was the central figure among a number of great writers. Flaubert, Rénan, Daudet, and Goncourt were his friends there. Ralston and Thomson, the poet, were his friends in this country, and Tennyson, who only met him once, was particularly struck by the vast store of knowledge displayed in his conversation.

Turgenieff was the first to acquaint Europe with the life of his country, and with the literature that life produced. In this he was greatly assisted by his communion with the best authors and thinkers of Europe, and his own lovable disposition and influence upon his European friends.

Among his very latest works I may name the "Song of Triumphant Love," "Clara Militsh," and "Poems in Prose." All these have lately been published in England in Mrs. Garnett's admirable translation in one volume under the title of "Dream Tales."

Turgenieff was never married, nor did he ever know what it was to be in material want. He succumbed at the age of sixty-five to a severe malady of the spine at Paris, in the month of August, 1883, and was buried in St. Petersburg.

WESTERN FAÇADE OF S. ZENO, VERONA.

From a Photograph.

DANTE AND THE SCALIGERS.

BY C. E TYRER.

AS in bright, lovely days of the Italian spring of last year I paced the mediæval streets of beautiful Verona, my thoughts would often turn to an illustrious guest of the fair city on the Adige, who had paced those very streets near six hundred years ago. Of all the cities of Italy, none, save Florence—ungrateful Florence—Dante's birthplace and early home—the

> . . bello ovile, ov' io dormii agnello
> Nimico ai lupi, che gli danno guerra*—

and Ravenna, where he died at the early age of fifty-six as the guest of the noble family of Polenta, are so closely associated with the name of the greatest of Italians as Verona. It is true that the city, as we see it now, bears in the main little resemblance to the city which Dante knew. The famous Arena, or Roman amphitheatre, then doubtless all overgrown with weeds and brushwood; the Roman bridge over the rushing Adige, only two of whose original arches remain, but which was then probably intact; one or two gateways of late Roman work; and a very few of the oldest churches and the oldest palaces, such as those whose venerable castellated forms still frown over the Piazza de' Signori, the erections of the earliest days of the mediæval city, were probably the main

* "Paradiso," xxv., 5-6.

than that of country, in the larger sense of the word. It may seem incredible to us, but it is, nevertheless, true, that Dante appears to have hoped for renown during his life from "the sacred poem, to which both heaven and earth have set their hands, so that it has made me lean for many years," mainly in order that that renown might vanquish the cruelty which kept the gates of Florence shut against him.* For though he looked forward to a heavenly city, "la nostra città," to which Beatrice led him upward from heaven to heaven, whose citizens, ranged rank above rank in the mystical White Rose, for ever contemplate the Beatific Vision, the "city not made with hands" does not seem in any way to have turned away his thoughts from that little earthly city which he loved and hated so madly. And the poem which he hoped, though in vain, might one day open for him again the gates of Florence, has carried his fame, his ever-growing fame, to all lands, and made him more than any other poet, save perhaps our own Shakespeare, a citizen of the whole world.

Modern students of the life of Dante generally contend that we know very little in the way of absolute ascertained fact about those long years of the poet's exile. "If the life of Dante in general," says Scartazzini,† "is an intricate skein, his life in exile is a skein in the highest degree intricate, both from the want of authentic documents, the doubtful character of the few which we possess, and the obscurity in which many events of that period still continue to be involved." If to a very few of the Latin letters attributed to Dante (whose authenticity has not yet been called in question even by the most sceptical, and which were mostly written at or about the time when Henry of

* "Paradiso," xxv., *sub init.*

† "Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia," Leipzig, 1890, p. 74.

Luxembourg's descent into Italy raised anew the hopes of the exile), to the signature to a document at Padua, and to another document testifying to a treaty of peace between the Marchesi Malaspina and the Bishop of Luni, which the poet was employed to negotiate—if to these we add the undoubted facts of his final residence in Ravenna, where he was joined by at least two of his children, of his death there in September 1321, on returning from an embassy to the Venetian Republic in the service of his patron Guido da Polenta, and of his burial with honours in the city where he died, we have, according to Scartazzini, almost all the data upon which we can absolutely rely, and all the facts which we know for certain. "From the descent of Henry VII." (in 1311), says again Scartazzini, "the traces of Dante are almost entirely lost in the obscurity of time, until towards the end of his life he appears again on the scene at Ravenna."* Undoubtedly we must, if unwillingly, accept on these points the verdict of those who have devoted to them long and arduous study, and admit that we cannot say that Dante was in such and such a place on such a day or even in such a year, or that he was at any given time occupied in such or such a way. Nevertheless, in his great poem he has told us very much, not only about his inner life during those years, but about his outer one also. We can trace his footsteps over a great part of Italy (if not indeed into regions beyond), where, as he tells us in the "Convito,"† "a pilgrim, almost a beggar, I have travelled, showing, against my will, the wounds of fortune, which are oftentimes unjustly imputed to the man who has suffered them." No poet, perhaps, has ever succeeded in giving such an impress of reality to his passages of description; and of such passages, which have almost the direct force of pictures, there are hundreds in

* "Prolegomeni," p. 139. † "Convito," i., 3.

the "Divina Commedia." Whether it be allowable to go to the length of Mr. Schuyler,* and say that "Dante seldom mentioned a place, and never spoke of one in the way of description or comparison, unless he had himself seen it and it had left a strong impression upon his mind," there cannot be the least doubt that many of these passages are the reproductions in words of pictures of actual places and scenes drawn, once for all, by those keen, piercing eyes of his upon the chambers of the mind. When, speaking of the "bolgia" of boiling pitch in which the peculators of public money are immersed, he draws a comparison from the Venetian arsenal in winter, with the seamen using the boiling pitch to caulk their sea-rotted timbers†; or when, to render more distinct to the mind's eye the tombs of the heretics which people the circle immediately within the city of Dis, he compares that circle to the great cemeteries at Arles and at Pola,‡ who can doubt for a minute that his eyes had once been familiar with those latter scenes? In another class of passages he makes various spirits whom he accosts in the course of his mystical journey prophecy events which had already come to pass at the time he wrote the passages which relate to them,§ and of one of these, which has a most direct bearing on his life, I propose now to speak.

Dante's ancestor Cacciaguida, whom the poet meets among the blessed warrior-spirits in the Heaven of Mars, burning as lamps in the cross of light which makes that

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* *Nation*, Vol. XLVII., p. 266.

† "Inferno," xxi., 7 *et seq.*

‡ "Inferno," ix., 112 *et seq.*

§ It is to be remembered that Dante makes his spirits, while ignorant of what is actually occurring in the world they have left, yet able to penetrate the secrets of the future; and also that all references to future events in the "Commedia," save when, as in the famous apostrophe in the 6th canto of the "Purgatorio," he is speaking in his own person as a poet, are to be considered as uttered in the spring of 1300, when he feigns himself to make his mysterious journey through the country of the dead.

planet resplendent, accedes to the wish of his great-great-grandson that he would supplement the more or less obscure hints of evil fortune which he had heard from various spirits in Hell and on the Mount of Purification,* by giving him a clearer forecast of his future life. And thus, after declaring that the divine prescience does not interfere with the freedom of the human will, he begins his prophecy:—

Qual si partì Ippolito d'Atene
  Per la spietata e perfida noverca,
  Tal di Fiorenza partir ti conviene.
Questo si vuole, questo già si cerca,
  E tosto verrà fatto, a chi ciò pensa
  Là dove Christo tutto dì si merca.
La colpa seguirà la parte offensa
  In grido, come suol: ma la vendetta
  Fia testimonio al ver che la dispensa.
Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
  Più caramente: e questo è quello strale
  Che l'arco dell'esilio pria saetta.
Tu proverai sì come sa di sale
  Lo pane altrui, e com'è duro calle
  Lo scendere e il salir per l'altrui scale.

So far we learn, firstly, that Florence, behaving not like a mother but a harsh step-dame, will expel Dante; secondly, that already (that is, in 1300) his discomfiture and exile are being devised by Boniface VIII. and the Roman Curia; thirdly, that popular clamour will assign the blame to the injured party, but that subsequent vengeance will bear testimony to the truth; fourthly, that the first pang of exile will be the leaving behind of all that is dearest to him (his wife, family and friends); fifthly, that one of the bitterest experiences of exile will be his poverty and consequent dependence upon others. In the three following "terzine" Cacciaguida proceeds to speak of what will be of all things

* "Inferno," x., 79 *et seq.*; "Inferno," xv., 61 *et seq.*; "Purgatorio," viii., 133 *et seq.*; "Purgatorio," x., 140 *et seq.*

the heaviest burden on Dante's shoulders, namely, "la compagnia malvagia e scempia (the perverse and foolish company)" among which he will necessarily be thrown; and here we have an undoubted reference to Dante's continuance for some period with the rest of the Florentine "fuorusciti," who, allying themselves with the Ghibellines of certain towns of Tuscany, and perhaps also of the Romagna, made several futile attempts against the city which had expelled them. But so disgusted will Dante presently become with the bestial ingratitude and folly of his fellow-exiles, that he will leave them and form a party by himself:—

> . . . sì ch' a te fia bello
> Averti fatto parte per te stesso.*

At this point there seems to be something of a break in the prophetic utterances of Cacciaguida, for he proceeds rather abruptly to speak of Dante's reception by the Scaligers of Verona, and to enlarge upon their splendour and generosity, in words which have given rise to a variety of interpretations, and which still engage the attention of commentators:—

> Lo primo tuo rifugio e il primo ostello
> Sarà la cortesia del gran Lombardo,
> Che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello:
> Che avrà in te sì benigno riguardo,
> Che del fare e del chieder, tra voi due,
> Fia prima quel che tra gli altri è più tardo.
> Con lui vedrai colui che impresso fue,
> Nascendo, sì da questa stella forte,
> Che notabil fien le opere sue.
> Non se ne son ancor le genti accorte,
> Per la novella età; chè pur nove anni
> Son queste ruote intorno di lui torte.

* Lowell, in his admirable essay on Dante ("Among my Books," Second Series, Boston, 1876, p. 53) says, in regard to this passage:—"Here both context and grammatical construction (infallible guides in a writer so scrupulous and exact) imply irresistibly that Dante had become a party by himself before his exile," and that he is here expressing his gratification for his honest and patriotic conduct during his tenure of office as one of the Priori, when the heads of both factions were banished without distinction, and he thus made himself an enemy of both. This view of Cacciaguida's words is ingenious, but probably incorrect.

Ma pria che il Guasco l'alto Arrigo inganni,
  Parran faville della sua virtute
  In non curar d'argento, nè d'affanni.
Le sue magnificenze conosciute
  Saranno ancora sì, che i suoi nimici
  Non ne potran tener le lingue mute.
A lui t' aspetta ed a' suoi benefici ;
  Per lui fia trasmutata molta gente,
  Cambiando condizion ricchi e mendici.
E porteràne scritto nella mente
  Di lui, ma nol dirai —— ; e disse cose
  Incredibili a quei che fia presente.*

It should be pointed out, by the way, that we have here an excellent example of that condensation and pregnancy of meaning which is one of the most striking features of this great poet, and one of the main causes of his frequent obscurity. Very much indeed is said in these eight "terzine," and much hinted at as well; but though the matter which has been written upon them from the time of the earliest commentators until our own would probably fill many stout volumes, much still remains uncertain in their interpretation, and in what I shall have to say I cannot hope to add anything absolutely new to what has already been brought forward, but only to put the controverted points in as clear a light as possible. But, before doing this, I must say a few preliminary words as to the history of the great family in question, before and during the time when it becomes involved with that of Dante.

As the power of the Empire declined to the south of the Alps, and the sentiment of corporate existence was gradually developed in the industrious towns of the north and centre of Italy, these began to assert their independence against the feudal lords who robbed them in the name of the Emperor, and to develop into commonwealths. The latter, to protect themselves alike from external enemies and

* "Paradiso," xvii., 46-93.

from the feuds of rival houses which were apt to endanger their peace within, often chose some leading and trusted citizen as their chief and protector under the title of "Capitano del Popolo." Ultimately, although, as in ancient Rome in the first days of the Empire, the Republican forms still survived, these "Capitani" generally managed to acquire a power which was practically supreme, and to hand it down, in hereditary fashion, to their descendants; and this is the origin of those "Signorie," or lordships, which play so large a part in the Italian history of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, and which have many points of resemblance with the Greek despotisms. Even as the tyrants of old Greece made themselves popular by the splendour with which they surrounded themselves, by the noble architecture which sprang up at their bidding, and by their liberal patronage of literature and the arts, so too did many of the Signori of the Italian cities, and none perhaps more so than some of the members of the della Scala family, Lords of Verona from about 1260 to 1375.

The Scaligers (a name chiefly familiar perhaps to cultivated Englishmen, as having been assumed by two famous Renaissance scholars who claimed descent from the Lords of Verona) were so called from having borne a ladder (scala) as a heraldic device on their shield, though whether the device of the ladder was the origin of the name by which the family came to be known, or was afterwards adopted from its consonance with the family name, does not appear to be known; all that seems to be ascertained being that the family was of humble origin, and only rose to eminence from its natural abilities. Mastino, the first of the Lords of Verona, who attained practical sovereignty in 1260, and seems to have ruled well and wisely, was murdered in 1277 by a lady's relatives in revenge for what

they held to be his supineness in regard to her violation by a young profligate, at the spot near the Piazza dell' Erbe still known as the Volto Barbaro. His successor, Alberto, appears also to have been a just and capable ruler, and after his death in 1301 he was followed in the Signory by his three sons—Bartolommeo, Alboino, and Cane. The only serious blot on Alberto's good fame which history records is the fact that an illegitimate son, Giuseppe, a cripple and a loose-liver, was, by the influence his father brought to bear upon the Benedictine monks of S. Zeno, made abbot of that famous monastery—an exercise of arbitrary power to an evil end which brought down upon him the castigation of Dante ("Purg.," xviii., 121 *et seq.*).* Bartolommeo, Alberto's eldest son, only held the lordship for three years, dying in 1304. Alboino followed, but being weak and irresolute, he soon found it necessary to offer a share in the government to his brother Cane, and it is even asserted that he gave him at once the control of the army, though it is certain that in 1304 Cane was not much more than thirteen years of age. In 1311, soon after the joint rulers of Verona had been appointed Vicars Imperial of the city by Henry VII. of Luxembourg upon his descent into Italy, Alboino died, and with the accession of Cane to single, undisputed power begins the most glorious epoch of the history of the Scaligers as Lords of Verona, an epoch rendered still more glorious by the Scaliger's connection with Dante and by the words of praise in which the poet has immortalised that remarkable man. Very curious as regards this house are the names by which many of its members were christened, or at least came to be known—Mastino and Cane, mastiff and dog. In the case of the

* Of the two sarcophagi in the cloister of S. Zeno which bear as a device the ladder of the Scaligers, the one without an inscription may very possibly be the tomb of this Abbot Giuseppe.

first Mastino it has been conjectured that the name was an accidental or intentional corruption of Martino, and this may have given a cue to his descendants. Ampère, in his "Voyage Dantesque,"* remarks on the singular phenomenon that we should find such refined hospitality among princes who called themselves Mastiff the First, Mastiff the Second, the Great Dog, and adds: "Those Mastiffs of Verona, like the Bad-heads (Malatesta)† of Rimini, brought to admirable perfection the rôle which has yielded a too exclusive honour to the Medicis."

The question of the arms of the Scaligers, which is directly involved in Dante's reference to "il gran Lombardo, che in su la Scala porta il santo uccello" (the "santo uccello" being of course the eagle, called sacred as being the symbol of the empire), apart from their general device, the ladder, which always appears on the shield, is a very difficult one; and I have tried in vain to get any clear and sufficient light upon it. The probability is, however, that the eagle was only adopted as a crest by certain members of the family, and so adopted even before Alboino and Cane were made Vicars Imperial; while the winged eagle upon the helmet was in course of time gradually replaced by the winged dog, in pursuance of the singular taste which caused so many of the family to be christened, or to have subsequently dubbed themselves, by canine appellatives. Cipolla, in his "Antiche Cronache Veronesi,"‡

* "La Grèce, Rome, et Dante," Paris, 1850, p. 291.

† It is rather singular that Dante (who never uses the words "Cane," or "Mastino," in speaking of the Scaligers, the nearest approach to it being in the prophecy of the "Veltro" [greyhound] in "Inferno," i., 101, supposing that to relate to Can Grande), should apply the epithet "Mastino" to two members of this house of Malatesta for their cruelty and rapacity, in lines which are a fine example of his admirably terse and trenchant manner ("Inferno" xxvii., 46):—

E l'Mastin vecchio e'l nuovo da Verrucchio,

. . . . . .

Là, dove soglion, fan de' denti succhio.

‡ Venezia, 1890, pp. 95—96.

quotes on this point a celebrated ballad of Gidino da Sommacampagna—

> Viva lo suo Mastino
> Che come uciel divino
> La ricopre con l'ala

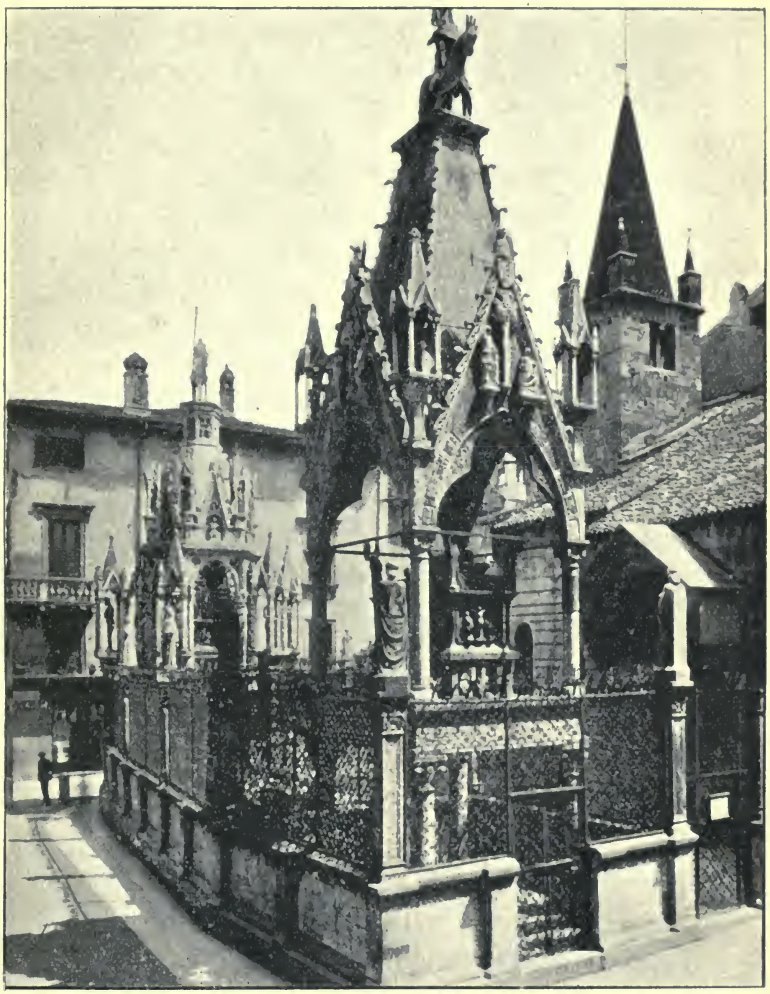
(here "suo" and "la" both refer to Scala)—adding that the similarity between Dante's "santo uccello" and "l'uciel divino" of Gidino cannot be accidental, and may perhaps point to the gradual substitution, then in progress, of the winged dog for the eagle. Cipolla goes on to say that the custom of denominating the Scaligers by Cane (dog), in reference to the names so frequent among those princes of Cane and Mastino, was already becoming general about the middle of the fourteenth century, as we see from the "Dittamondo" of Fazio degli Uberti.

We may now proceed to the consideration of Dante's lines, the present question being mainly as to the identity of the "great Lombard, who above the Ladder bears the holy bird." Four princes of the house have been named by different commentators—Alberto, and his three sons, Bartolommeo, Alboino, and Cane. The first name and the last may, however, be briefly dismissed. Though Boccaccio (our earliest authority on the life of Dante, but manifestly a very slipshod chronicler) declares expressly in his "Vita di Dante" that the poet, on leaving Florence, took refuge at once with Alberto della Scala, that statement is absolutely controverted by the fact, proved by authentic records, that Alberto died before the edict of exile was proclaimed against Dante, and probably even before Charles of Valois entered the city (All Saints' Eve, 1301). The theory that the "Gran Lombardo" is Can Grande, though maintained by such an excellent critic as Fraticelli, is also absolutely negatived by several considerations: by the words "con lui" (with him) in the next "terzina" but one, where Cacciaguida certainly goes on to speak of Can

Grande, by the late date at which he began to rule, which makes it impossible for Dante to have found with him his "first refuge and first inn," and also by the fact that the eagle (the symbol of the Empire) nowhere appears upon the elaborate monument to Can Grande above the door of S. Maria Antica in Verona, though the dog is very much in evidence.* The "Gran Lombardo" *must*, then, be either Bartolommeo or Alboino.

The tombs of the Scaligers (certainly among the most impressive sepulchral monuments to be found in Europe) occupy the small graveyard of the old Lombardic Church of S. Maria Antica, once the chapel of the Scaligers, and closely adjoining their old palazzi in the Piazza de' Signori. Within the curious and elaborate iron railings, which separate them from the street and the entrance to the church—railings in which the constantly recurring ladder (scala) forms an important feature—there are altogether, so far as I recollect, eight sarcophagi, seven of these covering, in all probability, the remains of the Lords of Verona; and if to these seven we add the monument of Can Grande above the church door, we have enshrined within this narrow space the dust of all the ruling members of this illustrious family. The huge Gothic monuments of two of these Scalas—showing a raised sarcophagus within a

* This argument may not seem very conclusive in itself, and is rather scoffed at by Scartazzini ("Commento Lipsiese," III., 468), who declares that seals and all arguments drawn from blazonry prove nothing to the present point; though his purpose is merely to emphasise the conclusion arrived at from Dante's words, that in 1300 (the year of the supposed vision) the eagle *must* have appeared above the ladder in the family arms, unless we suppose an error on Dante's part. Dr. H. Spangenberg, who devotes an excursus in the second part of his "Can Grande I. della Scala" (in Jastrow's "Historische Untersuchungen" Berlin, 1895), to the consideration of this passage in Dante, says that we possess no coins or seals of Can Grande; but he quotes a description of the latter's seal from the authentication of a document, whence it appears that "within a wreath is displayed the figure of a dog, holding in the right paw a small shield displaying a ladder," thus corresponding with the dogs who carry the sarcophagus. Spangenberg concludes, from the total absence of the eagle on this monument that "Can Grande cannot be intended by the Gran Lombardo."



TOMBS OF THE SCALIGERS, VERONA.

From a Photograph.

pointed canopy, surmounted by an equestrian statue—the magnificent monuments of the second Mastino and of Cansignorio, contrast with the plain, nameless marble sarcophagi of the others, most of which bear the ladder sculptured, as well as other devices, but no indication as to the identity of their tenants. Not far from the church wall are two which in all probability cover the murdered Mastino I. and Alberto; and on the side of the street, between the elaborate monuments already mentioned, are three more, which tradition assigns to Bartolommeo and Alboino, sons of Alberto, and to the second Can Grande, murdered (a common incident enough in those days) by his brother Cansignorio, in whom the dominion of the Scaligers over Verona came practically to an end. On at least four of these five nameless sarcophagi appears the ladder as the symbol of the family, and in several also the eagle; but in only one instance, the midmost of the three on the side adjoining the street, does the eagle 'appear seated upon the highest rung of the ladder, as we have it in Dante's lines on the arms of the "gran Lombardo." Unfortunately we have, so far as I know, no evidence as to the tenant of this sarcophagus beyond tradition, but a general tradition assigns this particular tomb to Alboino. Going one day to visit these tombs, with Dante's words running in my head, I thought I had made an important discovery when I found the device upon this particular sarcophagus; and, indeed, Dr. Spangenberg, in his "Cangrande I. della Scala" (Berlin, 1892—1895), which I found in the Communal Library of Verona, claims to have been the first to draw attention to it in its bearing on the question when the eagle, the symbol of the Empire, came to be borne by this family on their arms in addition to the ladder. Several other writers have, however, mentioned the device on this tomb, which some of them conjecture

to be that of Bartolommeo. It would be pleasant to believe that Bartolommeo is intended by the "gran Lombardo," and that Dante found his first refuge at his court, for a reason which I must now mention.

It is disputed among scholars whether the story on which Shakespeare founded the plot of the tenderest of his tragedies, "Romeo and Juliet," is based upon events which actually occurred at Verona; but if we believe in the historical truth of those events, there can be little doubt that they occurred when Bartolommeo della Scala was Lord of Verona, and thus possibly when Dante was actually a guest at his court. The chief authority on the affirmative side is the Veronese historian Girolamo della Corte, who, in his "Istoria di Verona" (Verona, 1594-6, Vol. I., p. 589), narrates, under the date 1303, and as the chief event of that year—narrates, too, with much circumstantiality and with an apparent confidence in the truth of his narration—the story of the two lovers almost exactly as it was afterwards adopted by Shakespeare. Thus, "Escalus, Prince of Verona," who, at the close of the play, upbraids the chiefs of the two rival houses with the result of their enmity—

> Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!
> See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
> That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love—

would be none other than Bartolommeo della Scala, the generally accepted host of Dante. It should be said, moreover, that della Corte professed to have seen the monument containing the bodies of the two lovers, and gives an exact account of its position. Dr. F. Scolari,* a distinguished Italian scholar and student of Dante, who, in opposition to the sceptical Germans, stoutly maintained the genuine-

* "Su la pietosa morte di Giulia Cappelletti e Romeo Montecchi." Livorno, 1831.

ness of the actual facts on which the tragedy is based, calls attention to the passage in Dante's "Purgatorio" (vi., 106), where the poet, in his eloquent apostrophe on the miseries of Italy in the absence of its rightful protector, Albert of Austria, exclaims in the course of his indignant diatribe against that Emperor for his neglect—

O Alberto Tedesco!

. . . .

Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti,

as though he should have said: "Come and see what terrible results have followed in this particular case from the rivalry of these two houses; see the grave of these two lovers, whose death that rivalry has caused." Unfortunately, however, it is not even certain that Dante is thinking at all of the enmity between those two houses, who were almost certainly both of Verona, or that this line affords in itself any ground for believing in that enmity. He may refer to them merely as great Ghibelline houses who had both suffered from the laxness of the imperial rule in Italy. Scolari also relies much on the general trustworthiness of della Corte, as vouched for by Maffei and others, and on the perfect possibility of the events he relates, if we consider the customs of the age and the general social conditions which then prevailed in the great Italian cities. It is to be said, however, that della Corte is generally in slight esteem as a reliable historian, that no mention of the story is made by contemporary or shortly subsequent Veronese chroniclers, and that according to some authorities* della Corte took his matter from the novels of Luigi da Porto and Bandello, who are but a little previous to himself in order of time. It should be added that the so-called tomb of Juliet is

* *Vide* Ulrici, "Romeo und Julie." Halle, 1853.

still to be seen in Verona, in a little chapel outside the walls belonging to a suppressed Franciscan monastery,* and that the old palace of the Capulets, with their device, the "Cappello," or hat, over one of the portals, is marked by an inscription to that effect.

In spite, however, of the general verdict of the commentators in favour of Bartolommeo, and in spite, moreover, of these sentimental considerations (for it would be delightful to an Englishman who loves Italy to believe not only in the historical verity of the story which inspired Shakespeare, but also that Dante was a possible witness to that most pathetic of tragedies), it seems that there is much to be said in favour of Alboino as the "gran Lombardo" mentioned by Dante. A good deal depends on how long we may reasonably conclude Dante to have remained with the rest of the "fuorusciti," from the time he left Florence with them in the beginning of 1302 or the last days of 1301, until he finally deserted them, and, as he says ("Paradiso," xvii., 69), made himself absolutely independent; and this is a matter on which the greatest differences of opinion exist.† I have been much impressed by Mr. C. S. Latham's‡ analysis of the letter addressed by the Council of the Bianchi to Cardinal da Prato, which, if actually written by Dante,

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*Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his "Discursive Notes on Romeo and Juliet" (London, 1880, p. 11, *et seq.*), quotes from Breval's "Remarks on Several Parts of Europe," 1726 (Vol. II., p. 103), a description of two stone coffins found in Verona, said to contain the remains of Juliet and those of Romeo.

† Scartazzini ("Prolegomeni," p 84), says that "all we know for certain is that this separation took place between June, 1302, and August, 1306."

‡ "A Translation of Dante's Eleven Letters, with Explanatory Notes, etc." By C. S. Latham, with a Preface by C. E. Norton. Boston and New York: 1891. Mr. Latham attaches much weight to the internal evidence supplied by the letter, pointing out, as truly Dantesque, the use of the metaphor of the arrow unloosed from the bow. I find, by the way, that the writer of "A Wanderer," who uses the *nom de plume* H. Ogram Matuce (London, 1888), declares (p. 128) that "of all the similes which Dante uses, I found that of the arrow's flight towards its mark was the commonest."

excludes the supposition that he can have found his first refuge with Bartolommeo; for the Cardinal's mission to the "fuorusciti" at Arezzo, to which the letter is a reply, was certainly subsequent to March, 1304, the date of Bartolommeo's death, and consequently Dante could not before that date have left his fellow-exiles and formed a "parte per sè stesso," as he tells us by the mouth of Cacciaguida he did before seeking hospitality with the Scalas. That Dante was still with the exiles in 1304, and had not yet abandoned the thought of returning to Florence with his party, appears also from Farinata's prophecy ("Inferno," x., 79). "Hence," concludes Mr. Latham, "'il gran Lombardo' must be Alboino; and a strict and literal interpretation of the lines of the prophecy would make Dante go to Verona immediately upon his separation from the exiles, and there remain some time (for I can understand 'rifugio' and 'ostello' in no other way); probably between the summer of 1304 and August 27, 1306, when documents show him to have been at Padua." Of course, I cannot take upon myself to decide so weighty a point, if indeed it be capable of decision, but I cannot help thinking that much is to be said for this view,* and that it is not necessary, as some have thought, to argue from Dante's words that he sought refuge with the Scaligers after so short an alliance with the exiled party. Nor does the passage in the "Convito" (iv., 16), in which Dante certainly speaks of Alboino with some measure of depreciation, seem—as Scartazzini asserts—to "absolutely preclude this interpretation," especially when we consider that we are very much in the dark as to when the "Convito" was

* The words "con lui" ("Paradiso," xvii., 76,) seem also to make for this opinion; for Can Grande, as having been admitted by Alboino to a share in a government, would obviously be described with greater propriety as present "with him" (Alboino) than with Bartolommeo, who kept the lordship to himself.

written, the prose portions in particular,* and that if—as Mr. Latham suggests—Dante was engaged upon them, or at least upon this "Trattato Quarto," soon after his sojourn with Alboino, he may very likely have been so much struck by the latter's acknowledged weakness of character as to compare him unfavourably with others; whereas when he wrote the 17th canto of the "Paradiso," he was keenly sensible of fresh and great obligations to the Scaligers, the benefits he had received from the then dead Alboino would be present to him rather than the defects of his character, and this praise of Alboino's generosity may have been intended as a sort of palinode. The objection that Dante would not have applied the epithet "grande" to a weak ruler like Alboino may also be dismissed with the obvious criticism that the epithet is probably used to indicate the greatness of his position, not the greatness of his character. If to these considerations we add that which is afforded by the exact agreement of the heraldic devices on the sarcophagus assigned by tradition to Alboino† with those mentioned by Dante, we shall perhaps have fair grounds for the belief that Alboino, and not Bartolommeo, is the "gran Lombardo" of the 71st line of the 17th canto of the "Paradiso."

It should be added that it is to this first sojourn of Dante at Verona that we, in all probability, must attribute that remarkable knowledge of spots in the vicinity and in the whole adjoining territory—the bournes, we may imagine, of excursions and wanderings to which he was urged by the restless curiosity of his nature—which

* See Note at the end of this essay.

† Dr. H. C. Barlow (in his "Contributions to the Study of the Divina Commedia." London, 1864), while stating that "it is on the tomb of Alboino, at Verona, that we see 'in sulla Scala il santo uccello,'" holds, nevertheless, singularly enough, that in 1303, Dante was an honoured guest in Verona, at the Court of Bartolommeo della Scala, "il gran Lombardo." Still it is possible that this view may be the correct one. See also Howells, "Italian Journeys," Vol. II., p. 128.

appears in the "Inferno,"* particularly in the earlier portions. It has even been suggested by Ampère† and others that the Veronese Amphitheatre might well have furnished Dante with the type of his Hell.

It is, however, to Dante's later appearance in Verona that the greatest general interest attaches; and most of the gossiping stories of his Veronese life seem to refer to his experiences at that court,

> Where Verona's knee did bow,
> And her voice hailed with all acclaim
> Can Grande della Scala's name.

Of the noble hospitality which the Scaliger extended to the exiles of the Ghibelline party, as well as to men of all parties distinguished by their valour, their intellect, or their eminence in literature and the arts, there can be no question, for it is acknowledged by all. At the age of only twenty‡ he had succeded to the absolute lordship of Verona, and, though a great portion of his life from that date (1311) until his death in 1329 was taken up with those warlike exploits by which he became ultimately master of the entire Mark of Treviso, he nevertheless by no means neglected the arts (he was, perhaps, even a poet himself), and not only gave festivities on a scale of almost

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* *Cf.*, among other passages "Inferno," xii., 4, *et seq.*, "Inferno," xv., 122, and the description of the Lake of Garda and of the site of Mantua in the 20th canto. C. Belviglieri ("Dante a Verona," in "Albo Dantesco Veronese," Milano, 1865), who has some interesting pages on this subject, suggests that the "luogo nel mezzo" of the Lake of Garda ("Inferno," xx., 67) is not, as most commentators assume, a spot on the lake shore, but "the islet near the Point of Manerba, whose summit was once crowned by a chapel dedicated to St. Margaret."

† "Voyage Dantesque," in "La Grèce, Rome, et Dante," Paris, 1850. This is, however, quite fanciful. It is much more probable that the Arena of Verona supplied Dante with suggestions for the amphitheatrical arrangement of seats in the mystical White Rose of the "Paradiso" (Par. xxx., *et seq.*), where the resemblance is noted by Cesari.

‡ The birth of Cane is now proved to have taken place in 1291 (*Cf.* "Chronica Illorum de la Scala," in Cipolla's "Antiche Cronache Veronesi,"); consequently he was, as stated in the "Divine Comedy" (Par. xvii., 80), only nine years old at the time of Cacciaguida's supposed prophecy.

unequalled magnificence, but entertained right royally at his Court a vast number of distinguished men. A historian of Reggio, Sagacius Mucius Gazata, one of the exiles received by Can Grande, thus describes Cane's hospitality*:—"Various apartments, according to their different conditions, were allotted to them in the palace of the Lord of the Scala; each had his own attendants, and had his meals served elegantly in his private rooms. These various apartments were marked by symbols and devices—Triumph for the warriors, Hope for the exiles, the Muses for the poets, Mercury for the artists, Paradise for the priests. Musicians, jesters, and jugglers entertained them during meals; the halls were decorated with pictures which recalled the vicissitudes of fortune; and Cane sometimes invited to his own table certain of his guests, especially Guido da Castello di Reggio, who, from his sincerity, was named the 'Simple Lombard' (*Cf.* 'Purgatorio,' xvi., 126), and the poet Dante Alighieri." Among other illustrious guests at the court of the Scaliger, we find the names of Giotto, the painter, and Uguccione della Faggiuola, the famous Ghibelline chief, to whom Dante dedicated his "Inferno;" though Sismondi ("Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," Bruxelles, 1838, Vol. II., p. 502) is almost certainly in error in stating that it was at this court that Dante acquired his friendship, it being scarcely doubtful that the poet had resided at Lucca when the Ghibelline held the Signory of that city and of Pisa. A most remarkable testimony to Dante's appreciation of Cane is afforded by the epistle†

* I translate from the French translation of this passage in Sismondi's "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes du Moyen Age." Bruxelles: 1838. Vol. II., p. 502. Sismondi took the fragment in question from Muratori's "Scrip. Ital.," Vol. XVIII.

† It is impossible here to enter upon the question of the genuineness of this famous letter. I prefer to assume that genuineness on the weighty judgment of Witte and Fraticelli, than to doubt it with Scartazzini, though it is impossible to deny that there is

addressed "Magnifico atque victorioso domino, domino Kani grandi de la Scala, sacratissimi cæsarei principatus in urbe Verona et civitate Vicentia vicario generali," by "devotissimus suus Dantes Aligherius, florentinus natione non moribus":—a letter penned by Dante, in all probability, while he was still under the Scaliger's roof. Dante begins by saying that, having heard reports of the Scaliger's magnificence which he fancied must go beyond the truth, he determined to verify the facts for himself. "As the Queen of the East sought Jerusalem, as Pallas sought Helicon, so did I seek Verona, to examine with faithful eyes what I had heard. There I witnessed your magnificence; I witnessed your bounties likewise, and shared them: and even as I had previously suspected that fame had magnified the facts, so afterwards did I recognise that those facts even exceeded the fame of them." He goes on to speak of himself as having, at first sight, cherished for the Scaliger feelings of deep devotion and of friendship, proceeding then to justify his use of the word "amicus" in view of the enormous disparity of position between them: and, in a following paragraph, debates what he can do to preserve that friendship, "as a treasure of great price," by contributing something on his own part which might effect a sort of balance between them. "So often and long I examined such little things as I had (munuscula mea), estimating them separately, and considering which would be the worthiest and most welcome gift. Nor did I find aught more suitable to your pre-eminence than that sublime cantica of the Comedy which is adorned by the title of 'Paradise,' and that, with the present epistle of dedication,

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a certain weight in some of the objections raised by the latter. *Cf.* among other authorities, Carl Witte: "Dantis Aligherii Epistolæ, cum notis C. W." Patavii: 1827, p. 73. Fraticelli: "Il Convito di Dante Alighieri e le Epistole." Firenze: 1893, p. 504. Scartazzini: "Prolegomeni." Leipzig: 1890, p. 398 *et seq.*

I inscribe to you, I offer to you, finally I recommend to you." Then follows a long and elaborate disquisition, by way of introduction to the work offered, not, as might have been expected, on the entire cantica, but only on the prologue in the first canto (Par. i., 1—36), again divided into the exordium proper and the invocation, an exposition full of the super-subtleties of the prevailing scholastic philosophy, and where, among other things, the various intended interpretations underlying the literal meaning of the poem are dwelt upon. At the close, Dante again commends himself to the favour of the Lord of Verona, speaking of the "rei familiaris angustia," as preventing him from completing this and other undertakings of public utility; and after a brief reference to the rest of the cantica, the "pars executiva," and to that final and eternal beatitude in which the poem has its end, he concludes this treatise likewise "in ipso Deo, qui est benedictus in sæcula sæculorum." Judging from the entire character of this letter, it seems probable, as Fraticelli suggests, that, although Dante appears herein to dedicate to the Scaliger the whole of the "Paradiso," he had actually composed at the time only that small portion of which the greater part of this letter is an analysis, namely, the first canto or the earlier portion of it. With this we may connect, attaching to it whatever importance we please, the statement of Boccaccio ("Vita di Dante") that the poet was in the habit, after writing six or eight cantos of the "Paradiso," of sending them to "Messer Cane della Scala, whom beyond any other he held in reverence," and only after they had been seen by him allowed others to have copies of them. Boccaccio also relates that at Dante's death no one knew anything about the last thirteen cantos, and it was feared that he had died without completing his poem; but at length, by the aid of a vision in which Dante appeared to

his son Jacopo, they were happily recovered, and sent, after the author's custom, to Cane, before being added to the imperfect work.

On the other hand, we have various stories, most of them used by D. G. Rossetti in his powerful poem, "Dante at Verona," which might seem to imply an unworthy or even contemptuous treatment of the poet by the mighty Scaliger. One of the most striking has been handed down by Petrarch in his "Libri Rerum Memorandarum"* (a sort of common-place book, chiefly made up of anecdotes of distinguished men, ancient and modern), where Petrarch, however, in relating it, does not omit to refer to the known hospitality of the Scaliger, "then a general solace and refuge of the distressed." One day at Cane's table—so runs the story—a number of strolling players and low mountebanks were giving an entertainment, after the custom of those times, and one of them in particular held the attention and favour of the guests by his lewd words and gestures. Cane, suspecting that Dante was annoyed, had this lewd fellow brought before him, and after loading him with praise, turned towards Dante, saying, "I marvel what may be the cause why a silly fellow like this manages to please everybody and is loved by all, while you, who are reputed a wise man, fail to do so." "Yes," retorted Dante, "but you would cease to marvel if you recognised the fact that in friendship like seeks its like." Another story runs, that once, when the poet was at the Scaliger's board, a lad hidden under the tables gathered in a heap at Dante's feet all the bones thrown away in the course of the banquet—a circumstance, by the way, which throws a

* "Petrarchæ Opera," Basileæ, 1554, p. 480. The remarks on Dante's character, with which Petrarch prefaces this story, would lead us to conclude that he did not entertain quite such an exalted opinion of his illustrious fellow citizen as might have been expected of him.

curious light on the table manners of those times. When the boy had gone and the tables were removed, Messer Cane, affecting to be surprised at the sight of so many bones at that particular spot, turned to the other guests and said, "There is no question but Messer Dante is a great devourer of meat." Dante's repartee cannot, unfortunately, be well rendered in English, "Sir, if I were the dog (Cane) you would not see so many bones."

It will not do, however, I think, to make too much of these and like stories, which, even if true, only point to such occasional outbursts of low jocularity as in those days a great lord, flushed with wine, would be certain to indulge in to the dependents who sat at his board. We can easily imagine for ourselves that the position of "a high, austere Dante," "a whole world's poet strayed to court," at the court of a great Italian lord like Cane, cannot have been without its difficulties and annoyances, and that the coarseness and insolence of the courtiers may often have vexed his soul to bitterness; but there is no ground for supposing, with D. G. Rossetti, that the words in Cacciaguida's prophecy about the salt bread and the weary stairs have any special reference at all to the poet's experiences at Verona, or that he regarded the Scaliger with other than gratitute for the princely liberality he had shown towards him.

But Dante, no respecter of persons, as the "Commedia" proves to demonstration, had other than private and personal reasons for his exalted estimate of the Scaliger. Cane, the great champion of the Ghibelline cause in the north of Italy; Vicar Imperial in the cities he ruled or had conquered by the direct creation of the Emperor; he who—so the story ran—was present at the deathbed of Henry at Buonconvento in 1313, and had the Empire committed to his protection by the dying Emperor himself;

he whose exploits in arms filled all men's mouths, so that there seemed hardly a limit to the possibilities of his ultimate dominion—to whom but Cane should Dante look, after the untimely death of Henry and the shattering of the hopes which had been founded upon him, to righten the wrongs of Italy and to take ultimately that place in Italian affairs which was vacant by the supineness of its legitimate holder? It is impossible to discuss here at any length the question of the prophecies in Dante's great poem which appear to have reference to Can Grande. It may be said, however, that modern students of Dante incline to the opinion that the "Veltro" (greyhound) of "Inferno," i., 101,* who "will be the salvation of that humble Italy," and drive the wolf of Avarice back into her native hell, and the Dux (duke or leader) of "Purgatorio," xxxiii., 43,† "the messenger of God," who "will kill the harlot and that giant who commits sin with her"—the reference being to the transfer of the Papal Court to Avignon through the criminal subservience of Pope Clement to Philip the Fair—both refer prophetically to Can Grande and to the hopes the poet founded upon him. And the last words of Cacciaguida's prophecy which Dante reports, hint at some almost inconceivable greatness as being in store for the Lord of Verona, Dante

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* With the line, "Questi non ciberà terra nè peltro," *cf.*, "Paradiso," xvii., 83-4:

Ma pria che il Guasco l'alto Arrigo inganni,
Parran faville della sua virtute
In con curar d'argento, nè d'affanni,

where the reference is certainly to Cane. Benvenuto da Imola tells us, in confirmation of Cane's ingrained contempt for mere pelf, that being brought by his father, when a child, into a room containing much treasure, "levatis pannis, minxit super eum." The lines from the "Paradiso" very possibly refer in especial to the suppression of the Knights Templars throughout Christendom, which was prior by a few years to Clement's betrayal of the German Emperor in 1312 or 1313 ("pria che il Guasco"—Clement was a Gascon—"l'alto Arrigo inganni"), and to Cane's generous behaviour in regard to the confiscated goods of the Templars in his dominions, which, instead of appropriating in any way, he handed over to the Knights of St. John.

† 'Un cinquecento diece e cinque," stated in Roman numerals, becomes DXV., easily transposed into DUX.

being told, but enjoined not to tell again, what is in store for Cane, as something which even those who should be witnesses to the event would find incredible. Now, we are to bear in mind Dante's well-known views (as expounded in the "De Monarchia") as to the two-fold government of mankind, instituted by Divine Providence in accordance with the two ends that Providence designed for man—the blessedness of this life and of life eternal. Man's eternal felicity, in Dante's view, was divinely committed to the Supreme Pontiff; his earthly felicity to the Emperor: both having their seat in Rome, as the centre of the world; each being supreme in his own field, without any invasion on the other's part; and both acting in perfect harmony for the general good.* Now what was the condition of Italy at the time Dante was writing the "Paradiso"? The Papal Court was in captivity at Avignon, dragged away thither like a slave or harlot (to use Dante's trenchant metaphor) at the behest of the King of France; all the hopes of the Italian Ghibellines had been dashed to the ground by the sudden death of the Emperor, from whom so much had not unnaturally been looked for, and there was no one to take his place: everywhere was confusion, tyranny, rapacity, miserable intestine and external discord, among the little princedoms and commonwealths into which the "bel paese," the garden of the Empire, was split up. It is not perhaps to be wondered at that the exalted imagination of Dante should have seen in the magnificent and victorious Lord of Verona, of whom he had from personal intercourse learned to form so high an opinion, the very man who might be the salvation of poor, oppressed Italy, and that

* "De Monarchia," Book III, c. 16. Dante, however, does not construe his principle so strictly as not to enjoin due reverence on the part of the Emperor to the Pope—of Cæsar to Peter—such reverence as the first-born son owes to his father.

he should have given a certain utterance to those expectations or hopes in these veiled prophecies. For, after all, he knew them to be no more than hopes, and it is rather probable (as suggested by Scartazzini, "Comm. Lips.," III., 471) that he purposely left much obscurity in his references to Cane. As in the "Veltro" of "Inferno," i., and the DXV of the close of the "Purgatorio," he has left in doubt the persons intended; so here, at the end of Cacciaguida's prophecy, where the person is unmistakable, he is silent as to the details of his future achievements, excusing himself by the injunctions he had received from his great-great-grandfather. The reason, doubtless, was that, great as were his hopes of Cane, he knew that after all they might not be verified, and he feared the risk of being accounted a false prophet. As a fact, Cane died suddenly in 1329, eight years after the poet, and at the early age of thirty-eight, having done nothing to fulfil the poet's expectations; and those exalted hopes of a great and beneficent imperial rule in Italy, based upon the theories expounded in the "De Monarchia," were never destined to be fulfilled. "With Henry the Seventh (says Mr. Bryce*) ends the history of the Empire in Italy, and Dante's book is an epitaph instead of a prophecy." But how great must have been Dante's estimate of Can Grande, when he not only looked forward to him as the "Veltro," the "Dux," who might heal the internal discords of Italy, and restore both the Papacy and the Empire to their rightful place as co-workers for the general good, but also dedicated to him, as the best gift he had to bestow, his own "Paradiso," that divinely beautiful cantica of the "mystic, unfathomable song," and, perhaps, even sent it him piecemeal for his approval!

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* "The Holy Roman Empire." London: 1873; p. 264.

It should be added that Dante's son, Pietro, settled in Verona after his father's death, and became a distinguished lawyer there, and that the poet's direct line, after furnishing Verona with many more or less notable citizens, came to an end in the sixteenth century in Ginevra Alighieri, a daughter of the third Pietro, who was united in marriage to the Count Marcantonio Serego. "Thus," says Arrivabene, "that immortal blood was transfused, and is still preserved, to the glory of the city which was the first refuge of the divine ancestor, in the illustrious family Serego Alighieri."*

Many are the changes which, since Dante's time, have passed over beautiful Verona. After the fall of the Scaligers, both the Viscontis of Milan and the Carraras of Padua held it for a brief period, and early in the fifteenth century it was absorbed by the great Republic of Venice. From that date it has shared the fortunes of the rest of Venetia. An alien soldiery long held its garrisons and paraded its streets; but in 1866, on the occasion of the Austro-Prussian war, the hated Austrian was at length expelled, and Verona, together with Venice, became an integral part of free and united Italy. The year before, on the sixth centenary of Dante's birth, the city where he found "lo primo suo rifugio" raised in his honour one of the best of the modern statues of the poet to be found in Italy. There he stands, stately and severe, in the centre of the Piazza de' Signori, commanding a scene some of whose actual features must once have been present to his bodily eye. Hard by, in front of the charming Town Hall or Loggia, among a crowd of busts of distinguished Veronese, is to be seen the round chubby face of his host, Can

* F. Arrivabene, "Il Secolo di Dante," Firenze, 1830, *in fine*. *Cf.* also Vellutello, "Vita e Costumi del Poeta," in his "Commento"; and Pelli, "Memorie alla Vita di Dante Alighieri," Firenze, 1823, § 4, which contains a genealogical tree of the family.

STATUE OF DANTE, VERONA.

From a Photograph.

Grande; and not far away, in front of the little chapel of the Scaligers, that mighty man, clad in armour and mounted on horseback, is sculptured over the sarcophagus which contains his dust. But it is the poet who commands the scene, both the actual scene and the historical one, as we now look back upon it; while the magnificent Lord of Verona has his chief title to remembrance and honour from the honour he conferred on himself by becoming the once despised poet's host and friend. And thus Dante's statue in the piazza of Verona is not only (with so many scores of others in Italy), a witness to his great and ever-growing fame, but may also, in a more general sense, be taken as a symbol of the undying power and influence of the poet over the hearts and the minds of men.

Note to Page 212.

This statement needs modification. The writer's references in Book I., p. 3, to his long wanderings in Italy since his expulsion from Florence seem to fix the *terminus a quo* of the date of the *Convito* as not earlier at the least than 1304, when he had only spent about two years in exile; while the *terminus ad quem* of the date of the work, in the incomplete form in which we possess it, can hardly be later than 1308, judging from the references in the last book to persons still living who died then or thereabouts. There is a high probability for the belief that the *Convito*, as we have it, excluding of course the three *canzoni*, was written between 1304 and 1308, and that in or about the latter year Dante abandoned the further carrying out of his huge scheme, finding the prose of the *Convito* no longer adequate to express the deeper theological views to which he had now attained. The great poem to which the *Convito*, as dealing with the previous stage of Dante's spiritual development, may be considered in the light of a prelude, now mainly occupied him until his death in 1321.

ON MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

BY J. D. ANDREW.

TO speak of Making the Best of It implies that It is imperfect; and so, indeed, It is, whatever It may be. True, when the Great Creator rested from His work, and beheld the new world, He saw that it was good; but, as the Preacher says, "God made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions." The New Woman asserted herself, and, following her lead, Man, raising a brazen face against Authority, issued the first Declaration of Independence. Successive ages have added one defilement after another, until at last we look upon a world befouled, defaced, and marred by the hands of the being to whose care it was committed—the pure water of the mountain rill turned to a filthy stream of abominations; a repulsive open sewer, emitting, in retaliation on humanity, myriads of poisonous germs, pregnant with death; the firmament of heaven murky with smoke; the glorious sun obscured; and the life-giving air contaminated. In his struggle for lucre, Man spares nothing, and, if it were not for the limitations of scientific knowledge, would use the planets to flaunt his nostrums, engage the morning stars to sing the praises of his undertakings, and convert the harmony of the spheres into a jangle of competition, while pale-faced Luna would climb the night with sadder and slower steps

than ever, as she exhibited a monstrous advertisement of a quack pill.

If it were not for the well-recognised fact that the vast majority of mankind are fools, or insane, one would be puzzled to account for this disfigurement of nature at the hands of a civilisation which pretends to aspire to Sweetness and Light; which erects statues only to coat them with soot; plants trees, and then kills them with chemicals; huddles its people in pestiferous slums, and spreads among them a love of nature by excursion trains conveying crowds of foul-mouthed yahoos to its loveliest solitudes, where, dumped down in indiscriminate thousands, they drink, and spit, and howl, and curse, and enjoy, after their fashion, a thoroughly happy day in the country; a civilisation which produces dilettante æsthetics who attempt to wake the soul, sunk in squalor, by tender strokes of art, as in exhibitions of pictures, or objects in the glass cases of museums, where the man, whose whole life has been trained by the same civilisation to mean and sordid ambitions, is expected to rejoice in works of art, and appreciate the highest forms of a beauty, to him unmeaning and unremunerative.

When, thus, over the native beauty of nature, over all that is lovely in art, is to be seen the trail of the serpent, can we wonder that the new-born infant should express by a plaintive wail his distaste of the world before him. Not only does a scene of ugliness and deformity burst upon his view, but he has a prospect of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Alas! poor wretch! Disease, disappointment, distress he shall surely suffer; nor may he well escape the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, the pangs of despised love; while there ever lurks to prey upon him the knaveries, impostures, injuries, and villanies of men; and even if it

be his good hap to get through life with but little molestation from all these, there is, lying in wait for him at the end of all, one dread thing certain—unpitying, unsparing Death. But he is born into this world, and, if he is wise, will make the best of it. As a child he naturally does so, for it is not until he has got his wisdom teeth that he makes a fool of himself. Then he curses his stars and rails against Fortune; shakes his fist against heaven, and denounces Providence as a bungler and a fraud. At last his brains so trouble him that he blows them out, as one would a farthing dip; there is a slight stench—and one fool the less. Or, lacking the resolution to relieve the world of his presence, he settles down to a gloomy despondency, and, if he be literary, proceeds to emit, like the cuttle-fish, an inky fluidity, odious to all around him. He expresses his despair of things in general, his disgust at the ruler of the universe—the while he has an eye to the main chance, and drives a close bargain with his publisher. If he be not a writer, he is a grumbler, a croaker; he is as a sour apple, and sets our teeth on edge.

But why? "For," says Marcus Aurelius, "what are all the revolutions of nature and the accidents of life, but trials of skill and exercises of reason?" Sterne's starling, beating against the bars of its cage, with its perpetual cry of "I can't get out! I can't get out!" was just such an idiot as he who chafes at the inevitable, for, as the old saw has it, "what can't be cured must be endured." Seeing, then, that in the game of life we must perforce take our part, it is idle to sulk at what displeases us, and, like pettish children, declare we won't play. Repining is useless, so we may as well pull ourselves together and face the music.

Not that man should meanly lie down in the mire to let the juggernaut car of Circumstance roll over him, who,

properly, is Lord of Circumstance; rather should he exalt himself against the threatening evil and, when he can, subdue it. If, however, he is worsted in the struggle, if he cannot escape the foe, let him then at least suffer with courage and dignity. Even Death, the grim King of Terrors, should be met with equanimity. Montaigne avowed that if he could shield himself from the fatal dart by creeping under a calf-skin even, he would not shrink; he would borrow arms of cowardice, but seeing that to be useless, that it catches men as well flying, and making the poltroon, as standing to it like a man, he counsels standing our ground and fighting him by disarming him of his terrors. Let the heart of the craven sink within him; the philosopher and the hero are ever ready to depart when the hour shall come. Wellington was once in great danger of being drowned at sea. It was bed time when the captain came to him and said: "It will soon be all over with us!" "Very well," answered the Iron Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots!"

Perhaps none of the ancient virtues is, in our days, so much despised as contentment. Every scribbler in our journals has his fling at the precepts of a catechism which teaches the child to do his duty in that state of life to which it "shall please" (not "has pleased," so persistently misquoted) God to call him. St. Paul declared that he had learned in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content; but the silly and vicious phrase of a "divine discontent" commends itself more to the nineteenth century, and the results are seen in a recrudescence of society not by any means making the best of it.

But let us pass in review the chapter of accidents, and, whether they be great or small, let us look if these troublous clouds on our horizon are not every one relieved by a silver lining.

Comically enough, men are usually most fretted by "little worries." The innate antagonism of matter as exhibited by one's collar-stud, which persists in hiding itself upon the least excuse, is proverbial. A respectable householder will work himself into a fury as he crawls about the room in search of it, more especially if in the pursuit he bumps his head against the bedstead. A stray tack on the floor will, though it fail to point a moral, bring about much pointed language; and an empty soap-dish in the lavatory will be full of occasion for such an explosive outburst as will cause a flood of tears in the kitchen. A tuneful piano-organ is, to this man, sufficient to disturb the harmony of existence, while that one is well nigh driven frantic by so common an occurrence as the unpunctuality of a train. Many men are perpetually troubled by the weather, and slap the barometer in the face as if it were to blame for the rain that vexes them. In this respect it would be well if we English were content to do as they do in Spain, where, when it rains, they let it rain.

Bores are certainly very trying inflictions, and usually are spoken of as insufferable, though a little consideration will show that even they have their place in the universe. The man who has endured one through a long railway journey will feel, as he escapes from his clutches, a relief—an expansion of spirit—to which otherwise he might be an utter stranger.

A shrewish wife, is, perhaps, more than a little trouble, but she can hardly be worse than Xantippe, and we have the example of Socrates to encourage us, who, when she had seized his garments for her own wear, unconcernedly made shift with a sheepskin; and when she concluded one of her tirades by emptying the slops on his devoted head, merely remarked that thunder was usually followed

by rain. At least the henpecked husband can console himself with the reflection that he is not mated to a poor, spiritless, nonentity of a thing.

That man is but a poor creature who cannot boast, as did Dogberry, that he is "a fellow who hath had losses." Boast, I say, because to have lost is to have had something to lose. Many losses though are but blessings in disguise. When Joseph lost his home and his liberty, who would have thought that thereby he would become so great a lord? and, in like manner, the fortune of Themistocles was made by his banishment into Egypt, so that he said he had been undone unless he had been undone. I knew a man who, on his way to spend a merry Christmas in London, had just ensconced himself snugly in the railway carriage, when he was summoned home by a message announcing that a house he was building had been blown down. He lost, besides his pleasure trip, some hundreds of pounds, but if he had gone on his journey he would have lost his life, for every one in that carriage was killed in a railway collision before an hour had passed. And sometimes a loss is modified otherwise. A certain man, holding in his hand a choice pebble, was irritated by a yelping cur. He hastily threw the stone at it and missed the dog, but hit his mother-in-law. Whereupon he remarked the stone was not utterly lost. So did evil turn to good.

To lose money, and to bear the loss calmly, no doubt requires considerable fortitude, but what is the use of crying over spilt milk? After Fox, that inveterate gambler, had lost his all at the faro table one night, and had gone home a ruined man, Beauclerc, his friend, anxious and uneasy, called next morning, expecting to behold him either dead or plunged in despair; but instead he found him reading a Greek Herodotus. "What would

you have me do?" said Fox, "I have lost my last shilling." Again, what a sight for men and angels was Scott, in his bankruptcy, refusing the assistance of friends, and bravely saying, "No, this right hand shall work it all off"—a gallant and spirited example which, one rejoices to think, has just lately been followed by a contemporary.

To lose the fruits of one's labour is, perhaps, even worse than to lose money, but how stoically did Porson receive the intelligence of the destruction by fire of his long-laboured Photius—he merely quoted: "To each his sufferings—all are men," adding, "Let us speak no more on the subject," and next day he patiently began his work all over again. And, when Newton's little lapdog had, by upsetting a candle, destroyed manuscripts which contained the work of years, how calm was the reproach: "Ah, Tiny! thou little knowest what mischief thou hast done."

It is not only amongst men of light and leading that instances of stoical composure are found. Robinet, a peasant of Lorraine, was returning from market, congratulating himself on the contents of his basket. "This piece of kid," he said, "well stewed with my onions, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for a bishop." But, spying a squirrel, he set down his basket, and climbed the tree to catch it, when a passing dog put its nose in the basket, and, before he could get down made off with the meat. "Well," said Robinet, "then I must rest content with soup-maigre, and no bad thing either." But, approaching an inn, he was invited by an old crony to sit down and take a draught with him, and while so engaged, his basket on the floor, a tame raven stole the bag of meal. On finding out his loss Robinet said, "Well, my soup will be thin, but I will boil some bread with it." Coming to a brook, he gallantly assisted a timid girl across the plank bridge, and crowned

his misfortunes by dropping his basket in the stream. The salt melted and the pepper was washed away; nothing was left but the onions. "Well," said Robinet, "then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread; last night it was the bread alone. To-morrow it will not signify what I had." So saying he trudged on, singing.

The loss of friends is grievous at first, but, after all, not unbearable, for a great friend is never lost; and with regard to some people there is much truth in what Swift says: "If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is he keeps his own at the same time."

And the loss of one of the senses is trivial compared with the loss of that primary essential—common-sense. For what floods of twaddle does he escape who is, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, sufficiently deaf to excuse the use of artificial aid—

> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

The mind in such a case is left undisturbed to that contemplative exercise the want of which, now-a-days, accounts for so much immature speech. Blindness seems almost equivalent to annihilation, but what about Milton? and what, too, about Fawcett? who did not find it interfere with fly-fishing; or that model Cheshire squire Rhyming Warburton? who used to inspect his new buildings by feeling them all over. But the most remarkable triumph of mind over matter was exhibited by that Irish gentleman, who, born without arms or legs, was a gallant rider to hounds, and an eloquent debater in the House of Commons. Sometimes, indeed, a bodily affliction turns out to be an actual gain, as in the case of the gardener who lost a leg and thought himself ruined for life, until he discovered that its wooden substitute made such a superior potato dibber that his fortune was ensured.

We probably waste a good deal of sympathy on those whom we consider unfortunate, but who themselves are untroubled. Goldsmith tells us of a poor slave he saw working at a fortification in Flanders. "He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life; yet with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sang, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here!"

Even the greatest calamities may bring some godsend. When that graceless whelp, Bobo, had burnt down the paternal homestead, was not the heart of his father gladdened by the discovery of that celestial delicacy, roast pig? Other men have been known to suck no small advantage out of fires at their own premises, though not without exciting suspicions in the minds of insurance officials; while a ship that has never returned has brought to its owner an accession of wealth; but such matters as these are foreign to our subject, and we will conclude with a summing-up of the considerations recommended to him who is moved by a desire to "make the best of it" in a world where, after all, "bad's the best."

Let him, then, if he be poor, or wretched, or afflicted, reflect how much poorer he might be, how much more wretched, and what afflictions he has been spared. Let him comfort himself that his trials serve as a refiner's fire to purge away the dross, and as the frosts of winter to harden him, that the "March winds and April showers bring forth May flowers," and that the tribulations of his Lent are but to fit him for the joys of Easter. What he cannot escape from he may as well endure with patience, "since," as Jeremy Taylor says, "impatience does but entangle us like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but

cannot at all ease our trouble or prevent the accident." But, indeed, is it not foolish that he who is every day made aware of his own shortcomings should expect all around him to be to his liking? Though he be troubled beyond measure, is there one with whom he would change fortunes? There is not one. For if he would have the riches of this man, he must take his old wife in the bargain—the bodily vigour of that other, he must also take with it the meagre brain and animal nature.

Indeed, the gifts of Providence are not so partial as we are prone to think, and no evil is without its compensating good. If it were not for clouds, the blue ethereal would lose its charm, and light itself be a hateful monotony were it not for the grateful shade. Why then should we desire a continuous satisfaction which could only end in satiety, or be cast down by cares, which are the common lot of all? It is certainly incumbent upon us to wage a never-ending war with the powers of evil, to fight manfully against the adverse fates, to create, not to be the creatures of, circumstance.

But it is also our business to lead, so far as we can, consistently with that honour and virtue without which it is not, a happy life, to keep a heart for every fate, looking ever at the bright side of things, and to pass through the world singing a cheerful song.

So merrily jog the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a,
Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

THE STORY OF A WORD.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

IF you look in your French Dictionary, you will—if it be worthy the name of dictionary—find the word *calepin* and its meaning, "a note-book, a memorandum book, a scrap album." You may also find against it an asterisk or other mark to signify that it is obsolete; perhaps also a note saying that the word *carnet*, now takes its place. So far as language goes this is so. But a *carnet* is not, and never can be, a *calepin*. The former is a small portable affair; the latter at least a quarto, sometimes an encyclopædia, always an unpocketable article.

If you search your English Dictionary, you will not find the word nor anything like it, whether your dictionary be dated 1584 or 1884.* Yet it was at one time an English word. Charles Cotton used it; Evelyn preceded him; before Evelyn, Drummond of Hawthornden had occasion for it; and Florio before Drummond. In 1568, in a Lancashire Will occurs, "I wyll that Henry Marrecrofte shall have my calapyne and my parafrasies." Florio, in 1603, in his translation of Montaigne's essay, "On

* That portion of the New English Dictionary edited by Dr. Murray, containing the word *calepin*, was issued in 1888.

Experience," observes: "A stone is a body. But he that should insist and urge: And what is a body? A substance. And what is a substance? and soe go on, should at last bring the respondent to his calipine." In 1649, Drummond of Hawthornden, in his "Magic Mirror," mentions "taxations, monopolies, tolls, ... and such impositions as would trouble many calepines to give names unto"; and Evelyn, in "Chalcography" (1662) remarks: "we have weeded the calepines and lexicons." Finally, Cotton follows Florio with a difference in the spelling of the word *calepin.*

Florio's phrase was formally current as a well-known English proverb, and the word occurs in a few French popular sayings, In England, "to bring a man to his calepin," meant, "to the utmost limits of his knowledge," or rather, as we now say, "to his wits' end;" literally, that he had got as far as he could without reference to his encyclopædia. It had also a meaning similar to the current phrases, "to bring a man down to his porridge," or "his nose to the grindstone." In France they used to say: "cela n'est pas dans son calepin," "that's beyond him altogether." "Mettez cela sur votre calepin," meaning, as Captain Cuttle would phrase it, "When found make a note of;" or, as we still sarcastically say, "Put that in your pipe." In French literature I have so far met with the word only in Montaigne as above, and in the First Satire of Boileau, where he observes:—

> Que Jaquin vive ici . . . .
> Qui de ses revenus, ecrits par alphabet,
> Peut fournir aisément un calepin complet.

In old Italy, *calepino* meant a large Index, preferably polyglot; to-day my pocket dictionary informs me, with a strange-sounding, obsolete adjective, that it signifies "collectaneous notes."

The derivation of this word, like that of *boycott*, is from an individual who, for a time, was brought into prominence. In this instance the responsible name is that of Ambrogio Calepino or Da Calepio, who, according to Littré, compiled the first Latin Dictionary. There were, of course, many glosses in manuscript before Calepino was born; but it was printing that first made dictionaries possible, and Calepino seems to have been the pioneer in Latin.

Calepino was born at Calepio or (according to some) at Bergamo on June 6th, 1435. His father, Count Trussardo, was descended from the ancient family of the Counts of Calepio, a village in Lombardy at the southern end of Lake Iseo. Hence his cognomen. In 1451, at the age of sixteen, he entered the order of Augustines, by whom, Moreri observes "his merit and great learning were highly valued." In his youth he seems to have been famous for his precocity in the study of tongues, and it is said he was one of the most profound Hebrew scholars of his time. It may readily be supposed that, with his skill in languages, he was not long in beginning work on his great "Dictionarium;" to which enterprise he consecrated the whole of his life. Like Rabelais, in after years, he used up all his spare minutes on his favourite and formidable task, never allowing a day to pass without an addition, alteration or correction; "Nulla dies sine linea." Yet half a century passed before the polyglot result, a gigantic folio, was added to the learning of the world. The first edition, in Latin and three or four other languages, published at Reggio in 1502, was not long in finding a resting-place in libraries public and private; and so numerous were references to it that, for short, it was called the "Calepin;" a word which, in literary circles, was, for two centuries, synonymous with a ponderous note-book.

The second edition issued from the Reggio press in 1505, and several others followed up to 1509, another language or two being added to the later ones. About this time Calepino's incessant work brought on total blindness, and he died on 30th November, 1511, at the age of seventy-six. His blindness is not surprising if we consider that he had to read and correct nearly two thousand folio pages of bourgeois type, and minion italics, with interspersions of Greek, Hebrew, and German, several times between 1502 and 1509. After his death editions were issued by various grammarians and lexicographers, among whom were Passerat, Facciolati, La Cerda, and Laurent Chifflet. The house of Aldus printed no less than sixteen editions. The Aldine edition of 1575 added the Italian, French, and Spanish languages; and the Basle edition of 1590, which is the best, included Polish and Hungarian; in all, eleven languages. To the printers in many cities the Calepin, though not exactly a typographical classic, was a work sure of purchasers. Besides the publications at Reggio, Venice, and Basle, one appeared at Lyons in 1586, and another edited by Facciolati in 1681. Leyden was responsible for Passerat's in 1644, and Padua produced one in 1758, and another even as late as 1772. The eleven languages in which the most complete editions of the Calepin appear are Latin, Hebrew, Greek, French, Italian, German, Belgian, Spanish, Polish, Hungarian, and English.

From its popularity over the whole Continent the "Calepin" may be said to be *the* Latin Dictionary of the sixteenth century. It preceded the Thesaurus of Henry Stephens—regarded by some as the founder of Latin lexicography—by twenty-nine years, and Adam Littleton, as late as the year 1677, admitted his indebtedness (inter alia) to Calepino. The various and numerous editions of the Calepin are sufficient proof of its worth and success. In

spite of many small faults, which seem inseparable from a work of this magnitude, we must render justice to the vast erudition of Calepino and his almost interminable diligence. Bayle finds fault with Calepino for wrong references to two quotations from Pliny; and though they are wrong, Bayle, in correcting Calepino, is himself incorrect in each instance. He is inclined to side with those scholars who called Calepino a *plagiary*; and here we get a glimpse of one phase of the scholastic life and the meannesses and jealousies of the grammarians and lexicographers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Bayle, in a note to his biography of Junianus Majus (a Neapolitan gentleman who combined fortune-telling with Philology, and was the author of a work entitled, "De Priscorum Proprietate Verborum," published at Naples in 1475 by Matthias Moravus) says that "Calepin learned much from the book of Majus." As Toppi remarks (Nicolo Toppi, Bibliot. Napolet. p. 168): "He (Majus) publish'd a book concerning the propriety of ancient words which Ambrose Calepin made considerable use of." But it is in the Commentaries he makes upon Nicolas Perot (who died Archbishop of Siponto in 1480) that Bayle falls foul of Calepino. Perot, at first a teacher of Latin, translated Polybius from Greek into Latin, and subsequently wrote a commentary upon Martial; but while the latter was in manuscript, he became Archbishop, and refrained from publication either in manuscript or print, as "he thought it beneath him and not suitable to the *Decorum* of an Archbishop's Dignity by reason of the Obscenities which were in Martial." This commentary of Perot was first printed after his death under the title of "Cornucopiæ," at Venice by Aldus, and at Basle by Curio and Valderus. Bayle, fond of the word, but hating the individual, again calls out "plagiary." "Perot," he remarks, "is accused of

having transcribed what others had said without naming them. Martinius (Matthias Martinius in "Lexico. Philolog. voce sarcina") upbraids him with it, having convicted him of having stolen a passage of Laurentius Valla, and he makes this observation in his preface: 'Ambrossio Calepino distinguished the barbarous words from the Latin in a judicious manner and corroborated his opinion by the authority of the ancients, in which he conducted himself with greater sincerity than Perot, who, indeed compiled his "Cornucopiæ" with diligence, but, at the same time, with secrecy; he suppressing the names of the greatest part of the authors to whom he was indebted for his materials.'" Bayle (who has not, by-the-way, found place in his great Historical Dictionary for such a bad man as Calepino) grows heated with Martinius at this mild and apparently fair criticism of Perot, and says: "Several People will wonder to find in this Passage the sincerity of Calepinus preferred to that of Nicholas Perot; for great Complaints have been made of Calepinus, as being an impudent plagiary of Nicholas Perot." Then he leads his authorities into the fray: Baillet, with his "Judgment of Learned Men;" Floridus Sabrinus and his "Apologia;" an anonymous author of an "Apologia for the Latin Poets;" the German author of the "Bibliographia Curiosa;" and Leonardo do Nicodemo, who added notes and other sundries to the work of Nicolo Toppi. And says: "To say something more particularly about the Conduct of Calepinus, I shall observe, that being not a literate Man, he had no thoughts of setting up for an Author, till he saw the 'Cornucopiæ' of Nicolas Perot; and having heard that Perot seemed to be resolved to disown and give over that Fruit of his Secular and Prophane studies, and to renounce the Quality of Father, as if that of Archbishop would be dishonoured by it, he thought he could take

advantage of his dislike, and resolved to insert that Work in his Dictionary as if he had been the Author of it. Floridus Sabrinus says that he did it most wretchedly, because he dissolved the 'Cornucopiæ' with a world of filthy Stuff, which he gathered together out of the worst Authors of the barbarous and ignorant Ages. He adds, that it contributed on one side to celebrate the merit of Perot, and to make People look for his Original Book, and on the other side to shew the Impertinence of Calepinus, and the Impurity of his Dictionary." This is not criticism; it is mere vituperation. Calepino, "not a literate man"! This is of course a falsehood. "Dissolved the 'Cornucopiæ' with a world of filthy Stuff"! It does not seem that Perot was proud of his work; in which case it is obvious that it could not easily be spoiled. "Gathered together out of the worst Authors of the barbarous and ignorant Ages"! If these words apply to Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Ovid, Plautus, Pliny—to name but a few of the authors quoted by Calepino—I have no respect for the opinion of Sabrinus upon matters literary, and less than I have hitherto had for Bayle. If Perot's was so much the purer, better and more learned work, it is curious that Calepino's larger and more costly tome was in greater request, since new editions were issued upwards of two centuries after Perot's had developed into an antiquity. As neither work was exactly a "kailyard" or a "problem" novel, it may be assumed that each existed only by virtue of its real worth, and until superseded by some work worthier still. Thirty years was the life of Perot's book; two hundred and seventy, that of Calepino's.

Let honour be given to whom honour is due, even though it be but a younger son's portion. Calepino, in three-score years and ten, worked himself blind in seven

languages. Nothing remains of him and his work but very brief biographies in out-of-the-way books; a few stray lexicographical mammoths; sundry notes of a quarrel of savants; half a dozen quotations; a once new but now obsolete word added to forgotten dictionaries; and the knowledge among Philologists that, like the foundations that support the Universities, somewhere at the bottom of the Latin learning of the Oxford and Cambridge of to-day rests "Calepini Dictionarium."

BY THOMAS KAY.

Sing hey, sing ho! For a merry life on the mountain,
Sing hey, sing ho! Of joy and health the fountain,
With hearts as light
As the morning bright,
And the old as hale as the young one;
Pursuit and strife
Are the games of life
Which make it a merry and a long one.

FROM the rocky vertebræ of heather and grass-clad slopes, and looking beyond Stirling Castle, the gate of the Grampians, we see the sun-lit clouds reflected in the Frith of Forth, which broadens into the sea, and the horizon merges them both together.

A purple-black cloud is ascending over the Fintry hills to the west and the Dungoil mountains to the south. From behind, the sun flashes silver lights on its ragged fringes, and bursting through, it sends out compass rays which illumine the grey-green valleys, flick the white cottages into bright relief and the Walton loch into dazzling sheen. The light is seen to travel upwards across the braes, and to strike as with blood the red patches of heather, before it disappears.

The gorge into which the Endrick pours its stream, over the Loup of Fintry, is enveloped by the cloud as it comes along. Grey ragged patches detach in front of the blackness, the sun is gone, and now the mountain we are on is enveloped in the cloud itself.

There is a darkness which can almost be felt, and a moan seems to rise from the earth as the squall strikes the mountain's side. The grasses hiss with the driven rain, and the wind, released from its confines, hurtles the exposed heather, shaking its ragged withers and whirling it round as if to tear it from the earth, but the conflict is soon over.

The wind drops into a gentle breeze; the heather has shaken the pearly drops from its beard; the grouse crane out their mobile necks, emerge from their shieldings, and chatter and talk to each other upon the event—and so the morning passes away.

At noontide, when the clouds are high in the heavens, to lie in the heather, basking in the sun, is a revelation of the keen delight nature keeps in reserve for us. The faint heliotrope odour of the heather flowers, unlike the pungent pronounced perfume of those of the East which produces vertigo on the brain, is a scent to be sought for—it is, otherwise, imperceptible. You require to lean upon the flowering heather just after rain and smell for it as a dog does for game, and you find it steals entrancingly over your delicately attuned senses. The flowers themselves are a wonder. The petals form a double cross, one inside the other, each of a pale pink, crowding the woody stem in the same fashion as the hollyhock, but in greater profusion. Go to the same bush a week later and you find the petals incurved over the fruit, without touching it, a veritable nightcap to a delicious looking green minute apple, tinted on the side upon which the sun

glints, with a faint rosy flush more exquisitely beautiful than that on the finest peach or nectarine. This luscious fruit ripens, and it is said that usquebagh was formerly made from it.

The twisted branches of heather give shelter to a great population of insect and bird life. Not only grouse live under them, but linnets and larks and the migratory birds seek the shelter of their close embrace. Equal in beauty to a field of flowering gorse is a brae of flowering heather. To lie buried in it in that langour which is nigh unto dreamland, and to fancy its branches stretching upwards to high Heaven as in a darkest African forest, and to see the rich green-leaved and rose-flowered trees between yourself and the sky, to see the aptera and coleoptera magnified into a likeness of the extinct winged lizards and other dragon-like creatures, with grouse as big as the Dodo, and Dodos as large as the Dinornis, is to revel in a happy enchantment until sleep brings mental oblivion.

Heather not only makes a favourite bed, as Dr. Johnson relates in his visit to the Highlands, but it has the power of inspiring bards. Thus Niel Munro sings—

> A hunter's fare is all I would be craving,
> A shepherd's plaiding and a beggar's pay,
> If I might earn them where the heather waving
> Gives fragrance to the day.
>
> The stars might see me homeless one and weary,
> Without a roof to fend me from the dew,
> And still content I'd find a bedding cheery
> Where'er the heather grew.

There is a something that reminds us of health and freedom in the sound of the word heather—elide the "l" from health, we get heath, and hence heather, also "heathen," the dwellers away from the sound of the "church going bell." Heather is a most beautiful word.

There is a translation from the German of Von Hilm set to music by Lassen—

Lay by my side a bunch of purple heather,
The last red flowers of an autumn day,
And let us sit and talk of love together
As once in May.

Love is more properly allied to the white and not to the purple heather, and this is a subject worth enquiry. You may ramble many days and never come across this solitary plant, but suddenly, on a brown hill side amidst rusty looking seedy heath, your eye is refreshed by the sight of one plant of vivid green with tender white flowers erect thereon, looking as sweet as a charming maiden in a rude world of rank over-grown profligacy—and this is the white heather; a sport perhaps from the native purple heather, but most beautiful and refreshing to the eye. There is seldom found but one root at a time; its second may be miles away, and one should never tear or allow it to be torn up by the roots. Each sprig should be cut separately and put into water as soon as possible, for it soon fades.

To use it in the sportsman's orthodox manner—place the sprig in the mouth of the dead grouse, place the grouse's head under its wing with the milk white flowerets and the verdant leaves protruding beyond, just to give a revelation of their beauty against the dark red, bistre, and yellow background of soft feather, and you have a present for a Queen—*i.e.*, the Queen of your heart. If the present be acceptable, you may hear of the white heather being worn by the lady, which will be both flattering and gratifying to the sender.

A friend, Mr. T. D. Ward, of the Stockport Literary Club, sends me the following lines, which have been set to music by Mr. Herbert Yates:—

I've heard about the Edelweiss that whitens on the mountains,
And all about the bonnie ferns which grow beside the fountains;
Some praise the rose and jessamine which bloom in sunny weather,
But give to me before them all the bonnie milk-white heather.

Some rave about the golden gorse aflaming in its glory,
Clematis blue and poppies red and lichens grey and hoary ;
Verbenas and forget-me-nots and e'en of peacock's feather,
But give to me before them all the bonnie milk-white heather.

I've heard of sunsets in the Alps and rosy dawns in Naples,
Seen coppery hues on English beech and silver tints on maples ;
You take all these and add to them, and sum them all together,
But give to me before them all the bonnie milk-white heather.

THE BONNIE MILK-WHITE HEATHER.

Andante.

I've heard a-bout the E - del-weiss that

whi-tens on the moun-tains, And all a-bout the bon-nie ferns which

grow be-side the foun - tains ; Some praise the rose and

jes - sa-mine which bloom in sun - ny weath - er, But

give to me be-fore them all the bon-nie milk - white heath - er.

POETRY THE CONCOMITANT OF PHILOSOPHY.

BY W. V. BURGESS.

THE vexed question arises from time to time as to whether the writer of imaginative literature should not strictly confine himself to the purposes of mere entertainment, or whether, in the furtherance of his art, he may not legitimately introduce into it those philosophic issues which underlie, and which are, in point of fact, inseparable from the human experiences he depicts. That the primary aim of the novelist should be to interest his readers need not be denied, but that in the pursuit of this object he should be excluded from the domain of philosophy is as foolish as it is unwarrantable.

Now, that which may be claimed by the prose-writers of fiction as a privilege will be found to exist as an indisputable concomitant in all the higher forms of poetry. For, whilst admitting that the ordinary function of the poet is the presentment of moral and material beauty in metric modulation, we nevertheless contend that from his "mount of vision" the true poet often perceives and expresses the deepest philosophic truths. Thus, at the very outset, we find ourselves predicating that which after-

wards we shall attempt to prove, viz., that the specific truth which the philosopher arrives at by laboured methods of thought is intuitively apprehended by the mind of the poet.

This does not presuppose that the poet is necessarily possessed of a particularly perfect mind, but that he is endowed with a peculiarly vivid imagination, which faculty enables him to project his intellectuality to the confines of human knowledge without having first mastered its elemental stages. In other words, that, where the imaginative element rules supreme in the genius of the poet, it overleaps the ordinary boundaries and restrictions of common mental laws. Hence a poet may be a philosopher without, as a consequence, a philosopher being a poet, except in so far as his philosophic conclusions coincide with the truths disclosed by poetry.

We know that the product of human thought may, by the aid of a clear head and a sound method, be construed into any of the numerous systems of known philosophy, whether pantheistic, materialistic, or any other divisional form in this department of mental knowledge. We know, too, that, though the great poet may be able to reveal the inner life of the human race, and though he may possess the gift of prophecy and of universal sympathy with all that man has done or felt since the creation, yet his message is always stamped with the impress of his own individuality. Accordingly, it is no more to be expected that poets should concur in their philosophy than that philosophers should agree in their systems; no one mind can apprehend all truth. A mere phase of the Infinite is all that a finite unit can grasp and present to us; for, however elevated the imagination, however consummate the reason, the limitations of the human intellect forbid anything but a restricted view of the universe, and the variety of indi-

vidual standpoints, with their corresponding deductions, are only sidelights of one great whole.

Realising this fact, it therefore follows that no one particular poet does or can represent every separate system of philosophy, and yet poetry as a whole can and does contain almost every great philosophic dictum of every great philosophic school.

The fact that the mind of man is naturally impelled outwards towards a region and a something, but dimly felt and as yet unknown, is abundantly evidenced by the manifold theories of the philosopher and the visionary ideals of the poet, and though both may retire again and again as from an impenetrable wall of mystery, there still remains in the human mind an ineradicable conviction that there are laws and conditions which have not yet come within the field of its full perception; that there are possibilities within and without our common consciousness which are only awaiting the development of better methods of thought, and more highly perfected appliances, to reveal themselves as the natural concomitants of our every-day existence. The sensitive film, for instance, at the end of the telescope has the ability, photographically, of perceiving and recording the presence of a myriad worlds the human eye is incapable of detecting; and so, analogically, the genius, whether of poetry or philosophy, has the power of penetrating beyond the limits of the ordinary intellect, and of bringing therefrom, by the aid of abnormal imagination or extra mental acumen, those ideas which one generation calls transcendentalisms and chimeras, and the next accepts as the orderly workings of cosmic law. As an example of such prevision, we may cite Tennyson's "In Memoriam," a work so far in advance of the general thought of half a century ago that it was then dubbed unintelligible and heterodox. Read, how-

ever, in the light of present-day knowledge, it is found to be full of anticipations in science, religion, and philosophy.

Thus we have endeavoured to show that the incentive to speculative thought and mental discovery in philosopher and poet alike has a common origin—that is, in the intuitions and aspirations of the human mind.

Another remark or two are necessary before we pass to the main purport of our subject. And first, it may be stated that the value of any system of philosophy can be reckoned by the measure of fundamental truth it contains, and by its power to explain existence and to enlarge the outlook of mankind. The worth of poetry, on the other hand, may be considered as commensurate with its ability to idealise realities, to realise idealities, and to pose before humanity a more exalted goal for attainment. Philosophy attempts to effect its purposes through the agency of the reason; poetry seeks to attain its ends through the faculty of the imagination.

The term Reason is here used in its broad sense, as signifying every mental process which springs from a definitely-directed effort towards a given intelligible purpose. By the term Imagination we mean not only the faculty used for representing idealities, but a strongly developed and penetrative intuition, coming forth from that *locus principiorum* to which we have not, and cannot, contribute anything.*

Having thus briefly summarised and reviewed the leading factors and premises of our proposition, we may now proceed to cite examples in which the conclusions of the poet and the philosopher synchronise; and, for the sake of

* We cannot distinguish too emphatically between the purely sportive activity of the fancy and the exalted exercises of the imagination. One is but the mere ebullition of transient feeling; the other is an interpretation of the universal experiences of humanity.

succinctness, we shall confine ourselves to the best-known schools of modern philosophy and to quotations only from those poets who belong exclusively to the present century.

Beginning, therefore, with some of the most salient aspects of philosophic generalisations, we shall find prominent amongst the profoundest problems which have exercised the mind of man in his search after first principles the following question:—"Do natural phenomena exist as an intelligence, or simply as a brute fact?" To this query we receive from the poet some unexpected, and from the philosopher some carefully-wrought, answers.

Spinoza says the phenomenal world is not distinct from intelligence, but is the visible incorporation and manifestation of it. Fichte affirms that all finite existence is but the vesture of the infinite, and that there is a species of sentiency pervading all things. Hegel asserts that the material world contains its own energising and controlling power as an intelligence realising its own ends and aims. Berkeley lays down the law that all phenomena of mind and matter form one united and continuous sense presentation.

There is no necessity to multiply further examples. The above fairly represent the main philosophic views held on this question. When we turn for the poet's pronouncement on this same problem, we meet with a strangely literal concurrence of ideas.

Wordsworth believes that there is

> A motion and a spirit that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

And again, with more definite iteration—

> It is his faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes.

Indeed, a small volume would scarcely suffice for similar passages from Wordsworth, whose unspeakable

sympathy with Nature led him to ascribe to natural objects a degree of consciousness synchronal with that postulated by the philosophers just mentioned—in fact, much of the calm and elevated beauty of Spinozistic and Hegelian idealism is instinctively caught and expressed by him in almost every contemplative mood in his poetry.

Shelley also furnishes some exquisite illustrations in poetic agreement with this theory—

> As in its sleep some odorous violet,
> While yet its leaves with nightly dews are wet,
> Breathes in prophetic dreams of day's uprise.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The buds foreknow their life.

Or,

> I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
> Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet ;
> I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
> From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

Even Southey, though he be absorbed, as is his wont, in material description, pauses to interfuse the spiritual and the physical, as where he pictures the souls of the departed—

> The elements on them like nurses tended,
> And with their growth ethereal substance blended.

Coleridge, Byron, Keats, and Tennyson utter themselves again and again in lines of identical import with those just given, but we must forbear further quotations relative to this particular question, and pass on to others of equal significance. Before leaving this specific consideration, however, we shall do well to notice that it has reference simply to sentiency or intelligence in natural objects, and must not be confounded with the doctrine of Pantheism as such. This we shall deal with later.

It is an orderly step in the process of philosophy to pass from the consideration of the *non-ego* to the *ego*, from the general to the individual, from the field of universal intelligence to the recognition of personal consciousness.

If we could, parabolically, mount that incomparable steed which amid the fierceness of classic fight kept abreast the deathless chargers of Achilles, and so speed across the vast plains of philosophy, we should probably find ourselves just where Descartes arrived when he shot across the thinking world his famous brocard: "Cogito, ergo sum!"

Of course it is well known that this terse philosophic dictum, "I think, therefore I am," forms the intellectual basis of all ontological philosophy. Logically it is predicated by stating that that which can act or can be acted upon must exist. Fichte endorses the maxim by a corresponding one: "We have intuitive knowledge of the 'I' not generated by reasonings but self-existent in the mind," and Locke substantiates it by the parallel thesis: "If a man possesses experience, he has evidence of having thought and acted, and his own reality becomes indisputable, or briefly: 'I think, therefore I am.'"

In respect of this great philosophical axiom poetry is not one whit behind philosophy. Robert Browning, Locke-like, adduces "experience" as an invincible argument in proof of personal reality and identity:—

> What matter though I doubt at every pore. . . .
> If finally I have a life to show,
> The thing I did, brought out in evidence
> Against the thing done to me ——

On this point Tennyson is very emphatic, and employs here and there almost the precise formula of Cartesianism:

> Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
> For is he not all but that which has power to feel "I am I."

And—

> A warmth within the breast would melt
> The freezing reason's colder part,
> And like a man in wrath the heart
> Stood up and answered "I have felt."

And again—

> I am not what I see,
> And other than the things I touch.

And in numerous other passages he strongly insists on the "Cogito, ergo sum" of Descartes, whose primary principle, "Intuition," he calls—

> The silent word
> Of that world-prophet in the heart of man.

Other evidence of a like character may be found plentifully dispersed through the works of Byron, Keats, and Wordsworth, and not only in the Romanticism, Mysticism, and Naturalism of the foregoing, but also, in a certain measure, even in the positivism of Morris and the pessimism of Swinburne.

The mind having discovered, as we have briefly intimated, a method by which it can logically prove its separateness from surrounding phenomena, next proceeds to enquire into the nature of its impressions and sensations, and to investigate the circuits by which they are bounded, such as Time, Space, Past, Present and Future.

Regarding the three latter terms, philosophy opines that if humanity were deprived of the faculty of memory there could be no past, and if it were further dispossessed of imagination there could be no future. Hence, some philosophers have assumed that we are immersed in a continuous present, past and future being illusions due to the *apparent* succession of events, arising from our incapability of comprehending the whole at one time.

Byron seems to uphold this view when he writes—

> And history with all her volumes vast
> . . . hath but one page.

Browning, too, has a parallel thought in "Abt Vogler"—

> What never had been, was now;
> What was, as it shall be anon;
> And what is,—shall I say, matched both?

Without introducing special quotations, it is enough to call to mind the fact that with Shelley and Keats space and time were mere terms, conditioned by the imperfection of mortal sense, and which become meaningless when the finite is transmuted into the infinite.

The law of the "Association of Ideas," propounded by Locke, proffers a fairly satisfactory solution of the question, and which Byron, in spite of the quotation to the contrary, perceives and acknowledges in the lines—

> It may be sound—
> A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
> A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
> Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.

How like this is to Locke's own illustration of the same law needs no pointing out.

We must not, however, permit ourselves to be led into the consideration of any of the minor points of poetic and philosophic synonymity. The broad, leading principles which distinguish schools and systems of philosophy will furnish us with examples far more than sufficient for our present purpose. Classed among such, and of undoubted pre-eminence, may be reckoned pessimism, optimism, and pantheism.

The *nec bene promeritis capitur* of Lucretius evinces a temper of mind among the ancient Romans unmistakably analogous to that of our own times, and which is expressed in the words, "Is life worth living?"

Though the existence of pessimism as a mental condition may be traced as far back as the time of Job, it has been left as a questionable distinction for the present century to promulgate a complete and definitely defined system of pessimistic philosophy. It is to Schopenhauer we owe the theory that the great compelling principle of the universe is a relentless unknowable Will, irrevocable, pitiless, and resulting always in a greater average of evil

than good. Hartmann follows with the discomforting doctrine that just as the material world displays eternal strife and change, so must man, however, diligently he seeks pleasure, garner to himself an excess of misery. Life is a deception and death an obliteration.

Swinburne, with a brilliancy of diction and a musical metre wonderfully rich, has embodied in his poetry the thews of this philosophy of despair. There is invariably the baleful grin of the Gorgon's head of inevitable evil and hopelessness amid the most charming efflorescence of his verses.

> They loved their lives through, and then went whither?
> And were one to the end—but what end who knows?

And elsewhere—

> Alas, my brother! the cry of the mourners of old
> That cried on each other,
> All crying aloud on the dead as the death-note rolled—
> Alas, my brother!

For, as we read in "A Forsaken Garden,"

> From the graves they have made they shall rise up never.

This awful Lucretian nothingness, which palls the future in gloomy blankness, has no compensating element in the present. Happiness is fitful; unhappiness alone is abiding.

> Sorrow, on the wing through the world forever.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Hearts that strain at her chain would sever.
> All things pass in the world, but never
> Sorrow.

Or,

> And Love, grown faint and fretful,
> With lips but half regretful
> Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
> Weeps that no loves endure.

The consolations of Christianity he repudiates with an energy worthy the Shade of Celsus, and when he has broken away from a belief in a future existence, he sings:—

> What hurts it us here that sorrows are born and die;
> We have said to the dream that caressed and the dread that smote us,
> Good night and good bye.

Nay, in an antagonism against religious dogmas he transcends both Schopenhauer and Hartmann, for he arraigns and condemns the Most High Himself:

> Thou art judged, O Judge, and the sentence has gone forth against Thee, O God.

Such a pessimistic mood of mind must of necessity militate against Swinburne's high poetic gifts, for though he panegyrises Love, Liberty, and Peace, they are not made objects of hope, but simply levers for readjusting the anomalies of law and government with which he is at variance.

William Morris, too, is largely a prophet of despair, and though his genius is influenced by very different emotional moods to those which actuate Swinburne, the inevitable end is none the less hopeless and imminent, though with Morris it is tempered with some note of regret that Love and Happiness should be but fugitive sensations, doomed to a quick and irrevocable annihilation. What the poetry of Wordsworth was to John Stuart Mill and the benign smile on Buddha's face to Schopenhauer, so to William Morris was that generous Socialism of which he was so ardent an exponent. But when the whole gamut of social ills have been ideally provided for by the poet, there still remains that wistful and unquenchable yearning in the human heart which refuses to yield to any exorcist, poetic or philosophic. Schopenhauer felt it, Hartmann reasoned on it, and Morris often confronted it with such reflections as—

> Yea, I have looked and seen November there;
> The changeless seal of change it seemed to be
> Fair death of things that, living once, were fair,
> Bright sign of loneliness too great for me,
> Strange image of the dread eternity,
> In whose void patience how can these have part,
> These outstretched feverish hands, this restless heart?

And so Morris experienced with the preachers of pessimism the unsatisfying result attendant upon smoothing the road of human life by emptying it of all the constraining and energising influences connected with the belief in a future state. He attempts to make love subserve the general interests of the race, but with an intangible unseizable issue, though exquisitely conceived and expressed:—

> Love is enough: while ye deemed him asleeping,
> There were signs of his coming and sounds of his feet;
> His touch it was that would bring you to weeping,
> When the summer was deepest and music most sweet.

The true meaning of human and cosmic progress was as effectually lost sight of by pessimistic poets as by pessimistic philosophers.

In familiarising ourselves with the philosophic characteristics and tendencies of Byron's poetry we shall find that much of his deepest thought was also clouded with a pessimistic gloom. He certainly acknowledged the existence of those recondite laws which bind men to nature, but to him they were often only so many blind chances, operating with objectless purpose, and frequently resulting in evil to humanity. Occasionally his volcanic bursts of passionate love, expressed under conditions invested with an etherealised splendour, in their elevated ideality, approach very near the plane of spirituality, only, however, to fall back into that melancholy pessimism exhibited in such lines as, for example, those in "Euthanasia":—

> When time, or soon or late, shall bring
> The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
> Oblivion! may thy languid wing
> Wave gently o'er my dying bed.
>
> . . . .
>
> "Ay, but to die and go," alas!
> Where all have gone and all must go!
> To be the nothing that I was,
> Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er the days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

These verses contain a practical epitome of Schopenhauer's ethics, that happiness is but a *fata morgana*, that pain is the real groundwork of life, and our endeavour to escape from it the only object worthy of effort.

Surely than the moan of this "Welt-Schmerz," the ears of man have been unassailed by anything so dismal since the days when Æneas heard those fearful sounds issuing across the waters as he steered by Circe's Isle. Nor was the fabled gift of Hermes, the sprig of moly, ever more needed than now to preserve man from the allurements of the doctrines of Despair.

Fortunately for the world, many lusty shoots have sprung from the magic root of this potent herb, and the soil of philosophy has produced its own efficient antidote in "Optimism," to which again poetry has lent its invigorating and embellishing co-operation. We are not now speaking of that form of optimism which exists as the natural condition of certain minds to whom all the enigmas of life are hidden sources of good, and to whom Nature is a beneficent ministrant, whose flowers are chalice-cups and whose singing birds are supernal choirs. Our reference is to that reasoned-out system of philosophy first fully and perfectly formulated by Leibnitz, on the principle that there is sufficient reason why this should be the best possible of all worlds, and that there is no sufficient reason why it should be otherwise, since God, the Perfect One, is the contriver of the universal harmonies. Such, in brief conspectus, is the basis of optimism. Lotze and Herbart espoused and amplified this theory; the former embodied it in the phrase, "Man and Nature alike

are pervaded by the same great principles of reason and the same purposes of beneficence, both operating for the highest good." This, it will be perceived, brings us in line with modern altruism, with which no other name in modern poetry has so high and so illustrious a connection as that of Matthew Arnold. Much of the poetry of Browning is thorough in its optimism, as witness the logic in the song in "Pippa Passes:—

> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world.

and the lines—

> Grow old along with me,
> The best is yet to be,
> The last of life, for which the first was made.

One more passage from this poet will indicate not only the optimistic trend of his own mind, but his ideal of what the mental attitude of others should be; the words are from "Asolando":—

> One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
> Never doubted clouds would break,
> Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
> Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
> Sleep to wake.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning too, with a refined and etherealised fancy, invested much of her poetry with an optimistic light of the highest spiritual beauty, but we must forbear further quotations on this point, and proceed to the consideration of what may be held to be the most significant division of our subject, viz., Pantheism. This is an element which figures more largely than any other in both modern philosophy and in present-century poetry. Taking the term in its generally accepted sense, we shall find degrees of it in the Empiricism of Hume, in the Positivism of Comte, in the Idealism of Schelling, and in the pure reason of Kant. In no less measure it may be

discovered in the Nature-Worship of Wordsworth, in the Mystic Progressivism of Tennyson, in the disdain of formularies in Byron, and in the transcendentalisms of Shelley and Keats.

In the preceding sections we have briefly examined and compared the points of resemblance and of concurrence which exist between the poet and the philosopher in mental ultimates. Continuing the same methods in the present case, we enquire first for the chief philosophical bases of pantheism. These we find have, or may have, two separate origins, the spiritual and the material, or the identification of the Universe with God, and the merging of God in the Universe. Both systems are distinctly traceable in civilisations of the greatest antiquity, but our business is with the pantheism of modern philosophy, of which Descartes may be regarded as the father. The leading and controlling principle in Descartes' philosophy is Dualism. His greatest fundamental law is the absolute separateness of mind and matter, and their utter incapability of interpenetration or communication save through the agency of the pervading infinite essence, or Deity.

Here, then, we have the first flush of modern pantheism, the postulation of a mystical and mediating influence bringing into conscious contact the mental and the physical—the spirit and the body. Pure pantheism, however, as a fully developed system, did not appear until Spinoza startled the metaphysical world with his wonderfully fascinating, and apparently unanswerable, mental abstractions. The Spinozistic theory of Monism, or the oneness of the spiritual and the material, is diametrically opposed to the Dualism of Descartes, and necessitates for its maintenance the pre-supposition of a causa-sui. This, in interchangeable terms, Spinoza calls God, or substance of God, which virtually means an indivisible intelligence,

being all things, and operating through all forms of thought and matter—the spiritual and the corporeal being merely different manifestations of the same God-substance. This renouncement of the reality of the Objective led Spinoza to make the most daring intellectual efforts in support of the Subjective; in the process, all minor antinomies were lost; the huge generalisation, which merged all observable or thinkable phenomena into one grand whole, rendered detail of small importance. Thus (omitting reference to its ethics) was theological pantheism launched on the sea of human thought, and from which, till now, no system of philosophy and no truly great creation in poetry has been entirely free.

The pantheism of Hegel is guised under "The Eternal and Absolute Idea," the basis of its own and all other existence, and occasionally termed by him the Divine Being. That of Schelling is the "Infinite Nature which conjoins the Ego and Non-Ego," a universal spirit binding in one the essential unity of the whole.

Berkeley's pantheism is "An all-pervading and Supreme Reason, theologically called God, in which we live and move and have our being." That of Hamilton is "An entity related to time, space, and phenomena, not as a link in the series, but as the ground of the whole."

Enough has been quoted to show that the pantheistic sub-strata, of the weightiest of modern philosophy, is the acknowledgment of a power all embracing, all animating, all intelligent, in all, through all, indivisible, and self-existing.

It now remains to be seen to what extent the poetry of this century coincides with the pantheistic philosophy thus briefly recapitulated.

Commencing with Wordsworth (whose ready perception of those analogies which unite the natural with the

spiritual, compels him, in spite of his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," to pantheistic conclusions), we shall find evidence as direct as it is copious. Thus the muse:—

> . . . . I have learned
> To look on nature . . . .
> . . . . And have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with joy
> Of elevated thoughts . . .

Still more specific are the lines—

> The Being that is in the clouds and air,
> That is in the green leaves among the groves;

and which in the following passage has grown into a definite creed:—

> . . . . Therefore, I am still
> . . Well pleased to recognise . . In nature
> The anchor of my purest thoughts—and soul
> Of all my moral being.

His was the contemplative imagination which saw and felt the subtle interfusion of the finite and the infinite, which Berkeley evolved into a philosophy and Hegel idealised into a doctrine. He writes—

> He felt the sentiment of Being spread
> O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still;
> The presence of Nature in the sky
> And on the earth; the Vision of the hills,
> And souls of lonely places.

And further—

> . . . O Nature! thou hast fed
> My lofty speculations; and in thee,
> For this uneasy heart of ours, I find
> A never-failing principle of joy
> And purest passion.

The mind of Shelley was so steeped with an etherealised pantheism that some knowledge of transcendental philosophy is necessary before one can intelligently read such of his poems as "The Revolt of Islam," or "Prometheus

Unbound." To him external nature was little more than a phantasm, the real with which he had rapport was the—

> Spirit of Nature! thou
> Life of interminable multitudes;
> Soul of those mighty spheres
> Whose changeless paths thro' heaven's deep silence lie.

The all-permeating presence of the same spirit he describes in "The Demon of the World," thus:—

> . . . Yet not the lightest leaf
> That quivers to the passing breeze
> . . . Is less instinct with thee.

And again, in "Queen Mab":—

> The pure diffusion of thy essence throbs
> Alike in every human heart.

The pantheistic belief of Keats is closely allied to that of Shelley; in fact, those quiet graves which, beneath the shadow of the marble pyramid of Gaius Cestius, hold the dust of the two immortal singers are not nearer in point of contact than was the faith of each of them, in the spirit of beauty and truth, as an actual existence.

The ideality of Keats was so rarified that he considered "the reason's colder part" too gross an instrument for the detection of the finer influences of the spirit. He asks—

> . . . . Do not all charms fly
> At the mere touch of cold philosophy?

Nay, more—

> Philosophy will clip an angel's wings.

Yet, when carefully analysed, his intuitive convictions will be found to be synonymous with the ontological pantheism of the two most advanced philosophers of his own generation, Lotze and Hartmann, the former of whom asserts that there is one infinite real being, within which all things are enabled to act and re-act upon each other.

In agreement with this philosophical statement, Keats declares—

> . . . There's not a breath,
> Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
> Till it has panted round and stolen a share
> Of passion from the heart.

And in the same poem, "Endymion," he continues—

> . . . . But who, of men, can tell
> That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
> To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
> The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
> . . . . . .
> If human souls did never kiss and greet?

Here the imagination of Keats, purified from its grosser elements, pulsates in unison with an idealised nature refined to its uttermost. His delicate sensibility to the soul whisperings of externalities is apparent in his reply to the query—

> Wherein lies happiness? In that which becks
> Our ready minds to fellowship divine—
> A fellowship with essence; till we shine
> Full alchemized, and free of space.

Returning for a moment to Shelley, we find he has a similar question and answer passage, dealing with the same impalpable presence in Nature:—

> What is heaven? and what are ye
> Who its brief expanse inherit?
> What are suns and spheres which flee
> With the instinct of that spirit
> Of which ye are but a part,
> Drops which Nature's mighty heart
> Drives through thinnest veins.

We must not omit the well-known speculation in Coleridge:—

> And what if all of animated nature
> Be but organic harps diversely framed,
> That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps
> Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,
> At once the soul of each, and God of all?

The last source from which we shall cull our illustrations of pantheistic doctrine in proof of the agreement of poetic pronouncement and philosophic theory, is Tennyson:—

> The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills, and the plains—
> Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns!
>
> Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
> Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

And this:—

> That each, who seems a separate whole,
> Should move his rounds, and fusing all
> The skirts of self again, should fall
> Remerging in the general soul.

And:—

> Thy voice is on the rolling air;
> I hear thee where the waters run;
> Thou standest in the rising sun,
> And in the setting thou art fair.
>
> What art thou then? I cannot guess;
> But tho' I seem in star and flower
> To feel thee some diffusive power,
> I do not therefore love thee less;
>
> . . . . .
>
> Tho' mixed with God and Nature thou,
> I seem to love thee more and more.

So we close with the singer whose great heart beat in sympathetic unison with all that is most intense in human hopes and despairs, whose deep philosophic insight into the mystery of being, and whose persistent effort to embody in melodious language the high truths he realised, have contributed so much towards the enriching and ennobling of all modern poetry and philosophy.

In conclusion, we feel deeply conscious of the fragmentary character of this attempt to prove the concomitance of poetry and philosophy, but we are not without hope that sufficient evidence has been adduced to justify, at least, a *locus standi* for the position we have assumed,

which, in a brief and final sentence, is, that all abstract truth, whether reasoned out by a chain of philosophic sequences or attained by a single sweep of poetic imagination, is but the same truth, and the concomitance is neither accidental nor wonderful, but is the orderly and natural result of exceptional intellectual endowment, differing not in kind but only in its methods of operation.

DE QUINCEY AND J. F. FERRIER.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

WHEN, in 1852, Mr. James Frederick Ferrier, then Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy in the University of St. Andrews, was a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh he was recommended by no less an authority than the English Opium Eater. Probably no man but Thomas de Quincey would or could have written such a testimonial, for instead of being a mere personal tribute it is an elaborate essay on Ferrier's position in the world of philosophy. Mr. J. R. Findlay has truly described it as "a disquistion in the form of a testimonial." It is remarkable that this highly interesting disquisition has not been included in the collected writings of the Opium Eater.

James Frederick Ferrier was born June 16th, 1808, at Edinburgh, where his father was a Writer to the Signet. His mother was a sister of "Christopher North," and his father's sister was Miss Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, the novelist, and friend of Scott, Macaulay, Mackintosh, and Curran. The youth was educated, first by the Rev.

Henry Duncan of Ruthwell, the originator of Savings Banks, and afterwards at the famous High School of Edinburgh. Then he went to Greenwich under Dr. Charles Parr Burney, and after two sessions at Edinburgh University migrated to Magdalen College, Oxford, where he took his B.A., in 1831, and made the acquaintance of Sir William Hamilton, under whose influence his taste for metaphysics developed. He spent part of 1834 at Heidelberg in the study of German philosophy, and in 1837 he married his cousin, the daughter of Professor John Wilson. His family associations brought him into contact with literature. At Elleray he met Scott, Wordsworth, and Canning, and was a fellow passenger with the Magician of the North on the last sorrowful journey from Leith to London. Ferrier's contributions to "Blackwood" included, in addition to philosophical essays, a translation from Tieck, and an appreciative notice of the young poetess who is now known to fame as Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In 1842 he was appointed Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh, and in 1845 he was elected Professor of Moral Philosophy and Political Economy at St. Andrews. This post he retained until his death in 1864. Twice he endeavoured to return to Edinburgh. Once, when by the death of his father-in-law the Chair of Moral Philosophy became vacant, and again in 1856, when he desired to be the successor of Sir William Hamilton as Professor of Logic and Metaphysics. The duties of the latter office he had discharged during Sir William's illness in 1844-5. On both occasions he was unsuccessful.

In what way De Quincey was made aware that Ferrier would value a testimonial in support of his candidature we do not know, but apparently the essay—for such it is—was not seen by him until it was in print. A copy of it

exists in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and reads as follows:—

Mr. Ferrier, the present Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, having become a Candidate for the Edinburgh Chair of Moral Philosophy, has persuaded himself that he might derive some benefit from my testimony to those shining qualifications in himself, natural and acquired, which recommend him so signally to that distinguished office. I should be happy to think it possible that Mr. Ferrier had not greatly overrated my influence; but, at any rate, I will act as if I really *had* the influence which he ascribes to me, very much preferring the imputation of too credulous a vanity to the counter-imputation of slackness or want of cordiality in offering my private expression of sympathy and kind wishes, under circumstances which give to that expression the character of a public duty. For a duty I esteem it to contribute, though but by the most shadowy of efforts, to the placing of Mr. Ferrier in any conspicuous station that should connect him with the philosophic interests of the nation. Frankly, therefore, I will state my opinion upon this question of Mr. Ferrier's pretensions to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy; what that opinion is, and upon what grounds resting. As the nephew of Professor Wilson, Mr. Ferrier was naturally known to me at all stages of his life, and our acquaintance was interrupted only by my own irregularity in visiting Edinburgh. About the age of nineteen or twenty I believe it was that he first awakened a special interest amongst the friends of his family as one who was endowed with great intellectual gifts. My own judgements upon his extraordinary powers were built originally upon conversations in which he had borne a part, and most of all upon his casual contributions to general conversations which had moved originally under no impulse of *his*, and which, obeying the flux and reflux of other minds sometimes in a state of excitement, could not be guided by any art, or by any collusion in a friend, into channels that favoured his particular means of display. During the same period of years I had the opportunities of reading papers of his inserted in *Blackwood*. In particular, some of the best comments I have ever seen, upon the initial movements of the Cartesian Philosophy were his. Neither have I ever seen so effectual an exposition of "Berkeley's Idealism" as in a paper of his published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1842. It had all the effect of what architects understand by a "restoration." The supposed obviousness, again, of the distinction between matter and spirit was noticed by him in his "Philosophy of Consciousness,"* in a way that should have led to deeper results. More recently, Mr. Ferrier's originality of speculation in Metaphysics, and the vigour of logic with which he developes his views, were brought before me very impressively in a correspondence with which he favoured me. And universally, I ought to add by the way, these writings of Mr. Ferrier, so remarkable for their Græco-German subtlety, drew no privilege of careless style from the weight of their matter, but, on

* See *Blackwood* for April, 1838.

the contrary, were distinguished by the felicitous beauty of their illustrations, and the precision of the language. These merits were not likely to be lost upon myself, who have at all periods of my life carried to an excess (if excess were possible) the culture of my mother tongue.

With these multiplied claims on the admiration of scholars and philosophers—claims in right of his originality and subtle analysis on the one side, and on the other in right of the beautiful interpretation which he everywhere gave to his own views—it may be supposed that Mr. Ferrier could not, to myself, be otherwise than the object of an unintermitting interest. And, accordingly, to all my own friends, I was in the habit of saying for years that, out of Germany, and comparing him with the men of his own generation—such, at least, as I had any means of estimating—Mr. Ferrier was the only man who exhibited much of true metaphysical subtlety, as contrasted with mere dialectical acuteness. This opinion of mine was shared by many of my own acquaintances; and amongst them, judging from his ordinary tone in speaking of Mr. Ferrier, by my intimate friend, Mr. Lushington, the Greek Professor at Glasgow, whom I single out by name from many others thinking in the same direction; because, amongst all the men having leisure, presumably for the study of German philosophy and German literature, he, who might be supposed to have very little leisure indeed for such pursuits, considering the weight of his professional engagements, is in that field not only the most extensively but also the most accurately informed man that I happen to know next after Sir William Hamilton.

Having thus delivered my own impressions as to Mr. Ferrier, founded upon more grounds than in a moment of hurry I am able to assign, it may seem a perverse mode of reasoning to insist upon the *promises* of excellence involved in the accidents of his education. After saying of a man—such he *is*, then to persist in showing that such, according to all the probabilities of the case, he *ought* to be—after giving the absolute results of experience, to argue that upon *a priori* principles such results might in past years have been looked for—seems, in the original sense of the word, *preposterous*—an inversion, that is to say, of all natural order. But, in reality, the order of thinking is here not absurd. The facts of the case, the absolute results, stand first in value. These could not be set aside by any indications or tendencies whatever, pointing to an opposite conclusion. No presumptions could be allowed any weight at all against a known matter of fact. But, on the other hand, it would much fortify to any man his own reliance upon what had seemed the truth, and upon his own interpretation of this truth, if subsequently it should come to light that chance and choice had thrown Mr. Ferrier into advantages of position which tended systematically to those particular results which had previously been noticed as facts. Every man's private impressions have an internal truth for himself—are self-lighted by an evidence which cannot be transferred to another. The inalienable imperfection of this evidence, which shines in secret so brightly, is its incommunicability. It becomes, therefore, a matter of anxiety to each of us, that what he has read for himself, in modes of evidence that are not in their nature transferable, should be repeated in other forms of

evidence or presumption that may be universally legible. We, that had known Mr. Ferrier early, read in that knowledge auguries of unusual philosophic power—naturally it strengthened our confidence in those auguries, whilst also it made them communicable to others who had *not* known him, that they corresponded generally to the peculiar advantages which he had enjoyed. What *were* they? In the last generation I remember the case of a distinguished young man—distinguished for birth, for talent, and for flightiness, who, before he reached the age of twenty-five, had bought and sold some half-score of large libraries, moulting and renewing that sort of scholar's plumage almost periodically at spring and fall, whilst the story ran that he had studied at fourteen separate universities. His enemies, on hearing this, began to fear that, on coming back amongst them, he would turn out fourteen times as learned as other people, and that it might cost a man fourteen times as much logic to get the better of him. But somebody remembered the jest of the Roman Proconsul, who, being threatened with the wrath of King Antiochus, backed by an army of infantry and cavalry, equipped in twenty different modes, and of elephants besides, replied drily, that his own dinner-table was covered at that moment with twenty different dishes, yet all were varieties in masquerade of one and the same bird, which after all might have a white liver; and that the King's army, let it comprise what varieties it might, must, however, still depend for its base upon effeminate Syrians. In this case the fourteen universities were found to be all German, which (as repeating each other essentially) were held to count only for one. *There* was the show of variety without the reality. But, in Mr. Ferrier's case, the reality existed without the show. First of all, at Oxford, was laid the basis of a classic education, combined with a training rigorously scholastic. Next, by a bold transition, though already beginning to be not unusual at Oxford, came a sudden leap, self-suggested, *proprio motu*, into the ocean of German philosophy and literature, on which occasion he showed the thoughtfulness of his reading by correcting several important errors in *all* the English translations of the "Faust"—errors which would be falsely estimated by their merely literal inaccuracy, since they also disturbed the vital sense and poetic purpose of Goethe. Then followed, I believe, his travels in Germany; and next, his connection with Sir William Hamilton—first as a pupil, afterwards as a colleague, during Sir William's illness. During all this time his connection had been unintermitting with the family of his uncle, Professor Wilson, and was finally sealed by his marriage with the Professor's eldest daughter. Here, then, arose two separate educations, differing as widely as can be imagined, but perhaps integrating each other; since, if either tended to impress an undue bias in a special direction, the other, by a counter-bias, tended to redress the equilibrium. Moral philosophy, in the large and popular use of that term amongst the Scotch, offers so immeasurable an expanse that two people may easily wander there for a whole life and never happen to meet. Even a single section of moral philosophy under this Scottish sense—viz., what Coleridge calls "the holy jungle" of Metaphysics is vast enough to yield such an infinite range to the hunters, without fear of exhausting the game, or the necessity of collision. Upon lines of approach, how different did Professor Wilson and Sir William

Hamilton enter upon these mighty forests! Sir William, along the thorny paths and through the narrow gates of Logic and pure Ontology—gradually allying themselves with Anthropology, and with Physiology in its very widest sense. On the other hand, the first approaches of Professor Wilson were through the general science of Human Nature, of Ethics, and of Psychology. On this route Mr. Ferrier benefited by the immense familiarity of the Professor with the noblest revelations of poetry and impassioned literature. Here, if any were wanted, would arise a check upon the tendency to too severe a scholasticism, which, perhaps, is a danger that besieges the very conditions of existence to a philosophy so multitudinous in its details and so polemical as that of Sir William Hamilton. We no longer say *Ornari res ipsa negat*—the thing by its very nature refuses ornament—for often it would *not* refuse it; but the multiplication of the thing, the mere infinity of the objects, refuses ornament by refusing the time for it. As a double education opened on Mr. Ferrier in the separate advantages of those who were his earliest guides, so again, with respect to the systems of German philosophy, a third education arose in the advantage that he read it no longer of necessity through the colouring of a German atmosphere. On the one side, it was for Mr. Ferrier an incalculable benefit that he was introduced, as if suddenly stepping into an inheritance, to a German Philosophy refracted through an alien Scottish medium. For Scotland, on the other side, it would be a benefit of corresponding value, that now—that at this crisis—that at the opening of a new era, when railroads will bring to universities critical auditors of a new class—countrymen of Kant, Schelling, and Hegel—the supreme chair of Philosophy should be filled by one who has such a mastery of the Continental philosophies as at once qualifies him for appropriating their uses, and for the task (now becoming even more important) of disarming their evil tendencies. The audacity of German speculation, in what regards religious truth, is notorious to all Europe. For some reason, it is not checked in Germany by any effectual control on the part of public opinion. This makes it the more necessary that a virtual censorship should be exercised by Professors at home, in dealing either with the results or the processes of systems often so dangerously tainted with evil suggestions. Mr. Ferrier's qualifications for doing that service, and his disposition to do it effectually, are known to those amongst us who enjoy his familiar friendship, or who have benefited by his public instructions.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

This was not the first time De Quincey had expressed his high opinion of Ferrier, for in an essay, printed in 1850, he styled him "one of the subtlest intellects in modern speculation." A letter, in acknowledgment of the testimonial, runs:—

"St. Andrews, 22nd May, 1852.

"My dear Sir,—Mr. Blackwood has just favoured me with a proof of your testimonial. It goes so far beyond what I am entitled to on account of my

actual performances, and at the same time touches with such nice discrimination on the points in which I have endeavoured to excel, that I scarcely know whether I ought to despair of ever justifying such glowing commendations, and of approximating so high a standard, or whether I ought to accept them as a cheering stimulus to further exertions, and as an augury of metaphysical victories which I may, perhaps, yet live to achieve. Let me take the more hopeful view, and as some very small return for the great kindness and honour you have done me, let me lay before you a slight chart of the speculative latitudes which I have reached, and which I expect to navigate, without being wrecked. "The Theory of *Knowing* and *Being*" (and all metaphysics centres in these two words), which I hope to publish soon, is a system which, like a telescope, shuts up as short, and pulls out as long, as one pleases. We shall now shut it up very short, yet even in that state we may, perhaps, get a glimpse of the heavens through it.

The speculation is threefold. First, the theory of Knowing (epistemology); secondly, the theory of Ignorance (agnoiology); thirdly, the theory of Being (ontology). The theory of ignorance is that which merits most attention, if not on its own account, at any rate on account of its consequences. It seems to me to be an entire *novelty* in physiology. Here, so far as I can learn, I have absolutely no precursor. Many a time and oft have philosophers inquired into the nature of Knowledge, but who has investigated the nature of Ignorance?

Let us begin with the second part of the system. There are *two* kinds of ignorance; but only *one* of these is *ignorance*, properly so-called. There is, *first*, an ignorance which is incident to some minds as compared with others, but not necessarily incident to *all* minds. Such ignorance is a defect, an imperfection. A Hottentot is ignorant of geometry; a Frenchman knows it. This kind of ignorance *is* ignorance. But, secondly, there is a kind of ignorance or nescience which is of necessity incident to *all* intelligence *by its very nature*, and which is no defect, or imperfection, or limitation, but rather a perfection. For example, it is impossible for any mind to know that two straight lines enclose a space, or to know the *opposite* of any of the mathematical axioms. Shall we say, then, that we are ignorant of these? That would be absurd. No man can be ignorant that two and two *make five;* for this is a thing *not to be* known on any terms or by any mind. This fixes the law of ignorance, which is, that "we can be ignorant only of what can (possibly) be known," or, in barbarous locution, "*the knowable alone is the ignorable.*"

What, then, is the knowable alone, *the only possible knowable?* Because, if we can fix this, we shall also fix the only ignorable, or that alone which we can be ignorant of. The Epistemology answers this question, and fixes *thing-mecum, object plus subject, matter plus mind*, as the only knowable. Along with whatever I apprehend (infinitely diversified though the things may be), I *must* apprehend *me.* And every intelligence must do the same; it must always apprehend *itself* along with the thing, whatever the thing may be. What I apprehend is never "things," but always "me-apprehending-things." An objection must here be obviated. How do we come to overlook ourselves

so completely as we usually do when apprehending things? *Answer:* The law of familiarity fully accounts for this.) *Thing* or things-plus-me, is thus fixed as the only knowable, and the knowable alone having been fixed as that which we can be ignorant of, it follows that thing or things-plus (another)-me, is what alone we can be ignorant of. (The nature of the synthesis indicated by the plus cannot here be touched upon.)

But what becomes of "thing *minus* me," "object *by itself*," "matter *per se*;" Kant's "Ding an sich"? "It is," says Kant, "that of which we are ignorant." Nay, that is precisely the point where he and all other philosophers have gone astray, have stumbled and broken their noses. It is *not* that which we are ignorant of, because it is not that which can possibly be known by any intelligence on any terms. To know thing *per se* or *sine me*, is as impossible and contradictory as it is to know two straight lines enclosing a space; because mind by its very law and nature must know the thing *cum also*, *i.e.*, along with *itself* knowing it. Therefore it is just as impossible for us to be ignorant of matter *per se*, thing *minus me*, *ding an sich*, as it is impossible for us to know this.

The difference, you perceive, between this and every other system, is that while every other system refers our nescience of matter *per se* to a defect or limitation in our cognitive faculties, and thus represents us as ignorant of matter *per se* in the proper sense of the word *ignorant*, this system refers our nescience of matter *per se* to the very nature of constitution of *all* reason, refers it to a necessary law which is the very perfection and essence of *all* intelligence, supernal, terrestrial, and infernal, and thus represents us as not ignorant of matter *per se* in any proper and intelligible sense of the word *ignorant*.

Now for a glimpse of the ontology. No ontology was possible so long as our ignorance of matter *per se* was admitted. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? one man might say, It is that which we know; it is *object plus subject*; it is the universe-*mecum*. But another man might answer, It is that which we are ignorant of. In which case it would be quite possible for real and absolute Being to be matter *per se*, this being what, in our present supposition, we are ignorant of; in short, no conclusion but an uncertain or alternative conclusion could be reached, and there is no *science* in an alternative conclusion. But once exclude matter *per se* from the pale *both* of our knowledge *and* of our ignorance, and an ontology becomes, for the first time, possible. Because in answer to the question, What is real and absolute Being? we must either reply, It is that which we know, in which case it will be *object plus subject*, because this is the only Knowable; or we must reply, It is that which we are ignorant of, in which case, also, it will be *object plus subject*; because, it having been proved that we can be ignorant only of the Knowable, and it having also been proved that the only knowable is *object plus subject*, it follows that the only ignorable (the only thing we can be ignorant of) is *object plus subject*. This, then, is the ὄντως ὄν, the unit or *minimum*, out of ourselves, of our completed ignorance (as it is, in ourselves, of our completed knowledge), a (to us) unknown subject, or intelli-

gence, or ego in a (to us) unknown synthesis with (to us) unknown things. But you must not judge of the system from these abrupt and ineffectual jottings. It will not shut up so short as I anticipated—Very truly yours,

Thomas de Quincey, Esq. J. F. FERRIER.

On one of Findlay's visits to the Opium Eater, in 1854 he mentioned Ferrier's "Institutes of Metaphysic," then just published. "De Quincey said he had the highest possible opinion of Ferrier's powers of thinking; but that he could not from Ferrier's letters comprehend his system, and was anxious to see his book, in the hope that it would make the matter clearer."

Professor Ferrier led the life of a student, and was almost a recluse. He had the confidence of his colleagues and the affection of his students. He was attacked by *angina pectoris* in November, 1861, and a large apartment in his house was fitted up as a lecture-room. His health never fully recovered, and he died June 11, 1864. His "Philosophical Works," from which the above letter is taken, were collected in three volumes, containing "Institutes of Metaphysic," "Lectures on Greek Philosophy," and "Philosophical Remains." They were edited by his son-in-law, Sir Alexander Grant, and Professor E. L. Lushington.

The correspondence between De Quincey and Ferrier, to which the Opium Eater alludes, has not been printed, but, if it is still in existence, would be welcome to students of philosophy.

THE ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

BY GEO. A. SHAW.

AT the time when we first hear of the British Arthur, the Celts had been passing through that period of destructive strife and turmoil and continuous fighting against Saxons, Picts, and Scots which succeeded the Roman evacuation of Britain. It is as a Celtic warrior taking a prominent part in these conflicts that he is pourtrayed by Nennius in his "Historia Britonum," a Latin manuscript of the ninth century. In this, the earliest account of the British hero, Arthur wears a garb very different from that with which the nineteenth century reader is familiar. Here he is not *King* Arthur, but Arthur, a leader of the British forces acting for the Kings of Britain. He is not recorded as a ruler, but as a "dux belli," not as a sovereign of mystical birth, but as a "plain blunt man" who leads the ancient Britons to victory.

True, his actions seem much exaggerated, but this is due not to his possessing any superhuman power, but to the general tendency of the superstitious and barbarous people of that time to multiply and enlarge the actual facts.

Thus Nennius recounts the battles in which our hero took part:—"Then it was that the magnanimous Arthur,

with all the kings and military force of Britain, fought against the Saxons. And though there were many more noble than himself, yet he was twelve times chosen their commander, and as often conqueror." In Arthur's last engagement, Nennius adds, "nine hundred and forty* fell by his hand alone, no one but the Lord affording him assistance." Beyond this brief account nothing further is related of him, but it is important as it gives Arthur to us in his true character as a British warrior; and it was not until after the Norman conquest that he assumed a kingly character, and became the hero of the Arthurian cycle. The knights and the Holy Graal had not yet been introduced into the story, and Queen Guinivere had not come upon the scene to inspire the chivalrous Lancelot with the illicit love which proved the downfall of Arthur and all his court.

Passing over a barren space of two to three hundred years, we come to a period which may well be called the birthday of the Arthurian legend, for it was during the latter half of the twelfth century that the simple and meagre account of Nennius became elaborated, and formed that mighty tree of romance whose widely spreading branches now shelter poetic thought, chivalrous idea, and moral observation.

About the year 1147 Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of the Britons." This, he stated, was a translation of an early Celtic manuscript which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany. Geoffrey, who was a Welsh priest, and afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, undertook its translation. The history opens with a genealogical table, tracing with the greatest exactitude the descent of the British

* Samson slew 1,000 Philistines.

kings from Brut, great-grandson of Æneas, without a break, through King Arthur to Cadwallo, who died in 689 A.D. This is the first mention of Arthur as a king, and in the following account Merlin is also introduced into the story: King Vortigern, being repulsed by Hengist in 450 A.D., and not knowing how to defend himself, calls his magicians together, and seeks their advice. They inform him that he must build a very strong tower. The builders commence, but as much as is built during the day is swallowed up during the night. Another consultation is arranged, and Vortigern is told that he must find a youth who had been brought into the world without the assistance of paternal agency and kill him and sprinkle the stones with his blood. Messengers are sent out in search of such a youth, and one, Merlin, is found who seems to answer the required description. Merlin and his mother, who was the daughter of the King of Demetia, are brought before Vortigern, who inquires, in a respectful manner, who was the father of her child. She replies as follows:—

"My sovereign lord, by the light of your soul and mine, I know of nobody, who begot him of me. Only this I know, that as I was once with my companions in our chambers there appeared unto me a person in the shape of a most beautiful young man, who often embraced me eagerly in his arms and kissed me, and when he had stayed a little time he suddenly vanished out of my sight. But many times after this he would talk with me when I sat alone without making any visible appearance. When he had a long time haunted me in this manner he at last lay with me several times in the shape of a man and left me with child. And I do affirm to you, my sovereign lord, that, excepting that young man, I know nobody that begot him of me."

The king, full of admiration at this account, asks the opinion of his principal adviser, who says:—

"In the books of our philosophers, and in a great many histories, I have found several men who have had a like original. For, between the moon and the earth are those spirits which we call incubuses. They are of the nature partly of men and partly of angels and whenever they please assume human shape and lie with women. Perhaps one of them appeared to this woman, and begot that young man of her."

The king tells Merlin the reason of his presence there, and Merlin suggests that the true cause of the failures is that under the foundation is a deep pool in which dwell two dragons, which must be caught and slain. Under Merlin's guidance this is done and the tower successfully built. The king is vastly pleased. "Nor were the rest that were present less amazed at his wisdom, thinking it to be no less than divine inspiration."

The practice of sacrificing human life when laying the foundation of a building seems to have occurred on several occasions, and it is interesting to find a similar event in the legend of St. Oran of Iona. By the working of evil spirits the walls of a church which St. Columba was building, in the sixth century, fell down, and it was pronounced that they could never be permanent till a human victim was buried alive. Oran, a companion of the Saint, offered himself and was accordingly interred. At the end of three days Columba had the curiosity to take a farewell look at his old friend and caused the earth to be removed. To the surprise of all beholders Oran stood up and began to reveal the secrets of his prison-house, and particularly declared that what was said about hell was a mere joke. This dangerous impiety so shocked

Columba that with great policy he instantly ordered the earth to be thrown in again. Poor Oran was overwhelmed and an end for ever put to his prating.*

Merlin lives through the reigns of several kings, one of whom secures his services to remove the "Giant's Dance" from Ireland and erect the stones over the sepulchres of the warriors slain by the Saxons, on Salisbury Plain.

The next character that interests us in Geoffrey's Chronicles is King Uther Pendragon. King Uther unfortunately falls in love with Igerna, wife of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall. Gorlois becomes aware of the intrigue and imprisons his wife in Tintagil Castle, but Merlin changes King Uther into a likeness of Gorlois, and he proceeds to Tintagil and is admitted.

"Of this amour was born the most renowned Arthur, whose heroic and wonderful actions have justly rendered his name famous to posterity."

The child is taken charge of by Merlin, and on the death of Uther is taken before an assemblage of barons at Silchester and declared Uther's son and King of Britain, at fifteen years of age. He conducts many wars and does many valiant deeds, in which his mystical sword "Caliburn" plays a conspicuous part. He invades Scotland and fights and conquers the Picts and Scots at Lake Lomond.

"This lake," Geoffrey says, "contains sixty islands and receives sixty rivers into it which empty themselves into the sea by no more than one mouth." The enemy take refuge on the islands, and Arthur gets together a fleet and sails round the rivers and besieges the enemy for fifteen days, so that thousands die from hunger. He restores York, conquers Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia, Aquitaine, and Gaul, and secures many victories against the Romans. He holds his court in

* Pennant's "Second Tour in Scotland."

Paris, and returns to Britain to find that his nephew, Modred, has usurped his throne and outraged his queen.

Arthur thereupon wages war against Modred, and kills him in a battle at Winchester. Arthur is mortally wounded and is carried to the Isle of Avallon to be healed. Here he died and Constantine, son of Cador, Duke of Cornwall, reigned in his stead.

That this work should ever have been considered as authentic history does not say very much for our ancestors of the twelfth century. It is so full of mythical romance and unadulterated fiction that from a historical point of view it must be entirely discarded. It is probable that Geoffrey never intended his book to be read seriously, but as a romance, and as such it contains much to be admired and its boldness of conception and originality of idea mark an epoch in the history of English literature. His closing words are addressed to more exact historians of his time, and he advises them "to be silent about the kings of Britain, since they have not that book which Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, brought out of Brittany." This mysterious manuscript to which Geoffrey sarcastically alludes, has never been found, neither is there any copy or record whatsoever in existence. Upon it he attempted to father his most ingenious chronology of British Kings, whose reigns fit in with each other with a precision which speaks more for his invention than for his veracity. William of Newbury, writing in the next generation, says: "How saucily and how shamelessly he lies almost throughout. As in all things we trust Bede, whose wisdom and sincerity are beyond doubt, so that fabler with his fables shall be straightway spat out by us all." Nevertheless, the work stirred men's imaginations and gave to us King Arthur as a recognised hero of romance. Shortly after its appearance it was reproduced

by Wace as a French metrical romance of over 15,000 lines, containing many fresh legends imported from Brittany.

Associated with Geoffrey of Monmouth in his later years was Walter Map, who succeeded Walter Calenius as Archdeacon of Oxford. He was a man of poetical and romantic temperament and an enthusiastic admirer of Geoffrey, and it was at the latter's instigation that he undertook to write a series of romances of King Arthur. To him we owe the spiritual character of the legends, for he was the first to weave into the hitherto merely animal life of our national hero the spirit of Christianity and chivalry. His first romance was the "Holy Graal," sometimes called the "Romance of Joseph of Arimathea," written about 1175 or 1176. According to this legend the Graal was the Holy Dish which contained the Paschal Lamb at the Last Supper. It was afterwards used by Joseph of Arimathea to catch the blood at the Crucifixion, and preserved by him during his forty-two years' imprisonment in Jerusalem. On his release by Vespasian he travelled through France and brought the Graal to Britain, where it was deposited with one of the kings of the island for safe-keeping.

Then followed the "Romance of Merlin," and the "Romance of Lancelot of the Lake," which describes the intrigue of that knight with Gwenhaver or Guinivere. This was the introduction of the Queen, the Knights, and the Holy Graal into the Arthurian cycle. Next in the series is the "Quest of the San Graal," and in it we are introduced to Lancelot's son, the pure Sir Galahad, who alone is successful in his search for the Graal. Bishop Joseph, son and namesake of Joseph of Arimathea, here institutes the order of the Round Table, at which the initiated sit as apostle knights with the Holy

Ghost or Graal in the centre. One seat only was left vacant as that which the Lord had occupied, and this was reserved for Sir Galahad. It was the Seat Perilous and whatsoever impure man sat in it was swallowed by the earth. Completing Map's series was the "Mort Artus." King Arthur having been wounded in his last fight against the Saxons is carried to the edge of a lake into which his sword Caliburn is hurled. A bark approaches the shore, and Arthur is transferred to its deck. In it he is carried to the Isle of Avallon, in fairyland, where he is to be cured of his wounds and reign in splendour until such time as he shall return to rule over his people, whose battles he fought and whose cause he championed in the days of his court at Caerleon-upon-Usk.

Walter Map roused a spirit of enthusiasm in romance writers of almost all Continental countries and before the close of the twelfth century much had been added to the literature of England's hero.

In 1180, Christien of Troys wrote "Eric and Enid," and produced metrical romances of Map's Graal and Lancelot stories. These were quickly followed by Wolfram's "Parzival," a romance in German. Wolfram follows Map's story of the Graal very closely and, taking the Holy Graal as symbolic of the Divinity, he decribes the soul of a man striving after eternal life, straying from the path of righteousness which is set before him, and finally in deep humility attaining the long-desired end.

Up to this time almost all writing in England had been in either Latin or French, but about this period English writers arose, one of the earliest of whom was Layamon, a priest. Living in Worcestershire at a time when Arthurian romances in Latin and French were in great favour amongst the educated and courtly, "it came to him in mind and in his chief thought" that he would tell Arthur's

story in the language of his own people. So, having traversed the country for materials for his work, and having secured many manuscripts, "Layamon laid down those books and turned the leaves; he beheld them lovingly; may the Lord be merciful to him. Pen he took with fingers and wrote a book skin." In 1205 he had completed the first great English poem, "Brut." It consists of 30,000 lines, and contains in addition to the incidents given in Geoffrey of Monmouth and Walter Map, many details enriching the Arthurian romances.

Commencing in the reign of King Vortigern, Layamon describes the building of Vortigern's tower, the finding of Merlin, the bringing of Stonehenge from Ireland, and the amorous relations of King Uther with Igerna at Tintagil Castle, culminating in the birth of Arthur. As soon as Arthur was brought into the world Layamon tells us that he was taken by the elves, and "One gave him to be the best of knights, another gave him to be a rich king, another gave him a long life; another gave him virtues, so that he was the most generous of men. This the elves gave, and the child throve." King Uther was poisoned by the Saxons, and Arthur was proclaimed king. Then Arthur marched into Cornwall and found a maid whom he loved well, Wenhaver by name. Arthur took her to wife and loved her wondrously. Poets sang of the deeds of Arthur the King. Wide and far his people prospered, all that he saw submitted to him, and there was no poor man in Britain. For twelve years after this he dwelt in peace.

> None fought with him, nor made he strife with any.
> In no land could man's thought imagine bliss,
> More than was here with Arthur and his people.

On a Yule-day, when Arthur sat in London, and there were with him men of all his kingdoms, trumpets were

blown, tables were spread, and Arthur sat by Wenhaver his queen, and meat was served. But the men became angry, blows were rife, they threw the loaves whilst they lasted, then the silver bowls, and then fought neck to neck, and then with knives from the table. Then came the King with a hundred knights in helms and war shirts and seized the man who began the contest, and put a withy about his neck, and drew him to a moor and buried him in the mud. Then said the King: "Take the men of his kindred and strike off their heads, and take the women of his kindred and cut off their noses, and let their beauty die." Then the trumpets were again blown merrily and the feast proceeded for seven days and the people were in great joy.

Whilst in Cornwall the King came upon a craftsman who greeted him as follows:—

"I know of wondrous crafts of carpentry. I heard of the fight of knights at thy board for pride of place when all should be within. But I will make a fair table at which sixteen hundred may sit, so that none be without. And when thou ridest thou may'st carry it and set it where thou wilt, and need'st never fear to the world's end a strife of knights, for there the high will be as the low." So timber was brought, and Arthur's Round Table was built in four weeks.

Arthur conquers, practically, the whole of Europe and on his return slays a fiendish giant, who had carried off a beautiful maiden, on Mount St. Michael in Brittany. This incident, by the way, is but another version of the stories of Perseus and Andromeda, and St. George and the Dragon. Whilst the King was abroad tidings were brought to him that his nephew, Modred, had usurped the throne of Britain and annexed his queen. Arthur vowed vengeance, and returned to England. In a battle on the

River Camel, Modred is slain and Arthur mortally wounded, "with fifteen wounds, in the least of them one could thrust two gloves."

Then came to him Constantine, who was Cador's son, and Arthur welcomed him and said—

> I give thee here my kingdom, whilst thou livest
> Defend my Britons and maintain my laws.
> But I will fare to Avalon to Argante,
> Fairest of maidens, fairest elfin queen,
> And she will heal me of my wounds and make me whole
> With healing draughts. I will come again
> And dwell among my Britons with all joy.
> Even at the words there came in from the sea
> A little boat borne forward by the waves,
> Two women in it wondrously attired,
> And straightway bare Arthur to the boat,
> And softly laid him in and passed away.

In the middle of the fifteenth century the work of welding together the heterogeneous mass of Arthurian literature was undertaken by Sir Thomas Malory, who gathered together from various sources, but, as he himself states, chiefly from the French, the various stories and published them in a voluminous book, printed by Caxton at the Westminster Press. It is entitled, "The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur, of his Noble Knights of the Round Table, Their Marvellous Enquestes and Adventures. The Quest of the San Graal, and in the end Le Morte d'Arthur, with the dolorous deth and departing out of this world of them all."

Before Malory's time no effort in romantic English prose had been made on so large a scale, and although this book must be regarded rather as a compilation than as an original piece of work, still the greater portion of it must have been entirely re-written to secure a homogeneous production. It contains much that has but a fragile connection with the story, and many of the chapters appear to have no direct bearing on the subject. The result is,

that whilst presenting to us an encyclopædic collection of Arthurian legends, Malory fails to construct a connected story of Arthur's life. Whilst later writers may sometimes have drawn on the Welsh and other sources, it is essentially to Malory that they turn for their supply of materials, with perhaps an occasional hint from Geoffrey of Monmouth, this being especially true of Tennyson. Malory's work abounds in much that is ignoble and immoral, and according to the late poet laureate, "hovers between war and wantonness, and crownings and dethronements." But despite the frequency with which he treats of the sinful passion he honestly condemns it, and points his morals with force and ability.

The preface is an epitome of the contents and reveals the God-fearing and devout character of its author, he says:—

"Herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue, and sin. Do after the good and leave the evil and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. Exercise and follow virtue, by which we may come to good fame in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in Heaven. Amen."

The first of Malory's romances, for his work may be divided into several distinct narratives, is the history of the "San Graal" substantially as set forth by Walter Map. This legend, although having originally no connection with the Arthurian cycle, had by this time become indissolubly connected with it. The next narrative is the history of the prophet Merlin, based on the foundation of Geoffrey of Monmouth. Here are recounted and amplified the events of Arthur's reign. The third consists of the "Romance of Lancelot of the Lake," to some extent taken from the story by Walter

Map. It is devoted to the adventures of that knightly hero, and to his love for Queen Guinivere. This is followed by the Quest of the San Graal, in which Sir Perceval, Gawaine, Lancelot, and Galahad more particularly take part. The last is the Morte d'Arthur, upon which Tennyson founded his idyll "The Passing of Arthur." In this portion Lancelot's intrigue with the Queen leads to the war in which Arthur is mortally wounded, and thus concludes the history of his adventurous knights.

Of Malory's additions to the Arthurian romances many can be traced to the myths common to all Aryan countries. As an example of this we may take the sword incident as related by Malory at the crowning of Arthur. When Uther died and Arthur was brought forth by Merlin, all the bishops and earls were assembled on Christmas Eve "in the grettest church in London, but whether it were Powlis or not the French book maketh no mention." And when matins and first mass was done there was seen in the churchyard a great stone, four square, like unto a marble stone. And in the midst thereof was like an anvil of steel, and therein stack a fair sword naked by the point, and letters thereon were written in gold about the sword that saiden thus, "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king borne of all England." Then the people marvelled and told it to the archbishops. Many knights attempted to draw the sword, but none were successful until Arthur tried, and to him it readily yielded. The barons were aggrieved and Arthur restored the sword to its original resting place, where it remained until Candlemas, when Arthur was again victorious, as also was he at the following Easter. Then were the people satisfied, and Arthur was crowned at Pentecost by the Archbishop of Canterbury. An almost

identical episode occurs in the Volsung Saga, but here the sword "Gram" is left for the strongest in the roof-tree of Volsung's hall, where it had been buried by Odin. In vain the guests attempt to withdraw it, but none are successful until Sigmund, Volsung's youngest son, essays the task and to him the roof-tree yields up its sacred charge. The Attic counterpart is be found in the story of Theseus who lifts the huge stone under which Aigeus has placed the magic sword Chrysaor and the sandals. Again, in the romance of Charlemagne and Roland the latter acquires his mystic sword Durandel under similar circumstances, and it was from one or other of these sources that Malory obtained the groundwork for this dramatic episode.

Speaking of Guinivere and her love for Lancelot, Malory expresses himself in words which for beauty and quaintness are unequalled in any other passage in the book:—

"And so it passed on from Candlemas until after Easter that the month of May was come, when every lusty herte beginneth to blossom and to bring forth fruit, for like as herbs and trees bringen forth fruit and flourish in May, so every lusty herte that is in any manner a lover springeth and flourisheth in lusty deeds.

"Therefore like as May month flourisheth and floureth in many gardens, so in likewise let every man of worship flourish his heart in this world; first unto God and next unto the joy of them that he promiseth his faith to. But first reserve the honour to God, and secondly, the quarrel must come of the lady, and such I call virtuous love.

"But, now-a-days, men cannot love seven night, but they must have all their desires that love may not endure by reason for where they be soon accorded and hasty heat soon cooleth, right so fareth love now-a-days—soon hot, soon cold; this is no stability.

"But the old love was not so, then was love truth and faithfulness, and so in likewise was love used in King Arthur's days. Wherefore I liken love now-a-days unto summer and winter, for like as the one is hot and the other is cold, so fareth love now-a-days.

"Therefore all ye that be lovers, call unto your remembrance the month of May, like as did Queen Guinivere, for whom I make here little mention, for while she lived she was a true lover, and therefore she had a good end."

Between 1469 and the latter part of the next century nothing new was added to Arthurian literature, perhaps because Malory's comprehensive collection made it difficult to break new ground in Arthur-land, or perhaps he was forgotten or considered an unworthy subject for the pen of the sixteenth century writer. Be that as it may, for one hundred years Arthur slept, and woke in 1590 to find himself the hero of Spenser's Poetry and the Knight of the Faery Queen. But, whilst taking the character and name of our hero, Spenser so altered the story that the original incidents of the legend are altogether lost. In an introductory letter Spenser says: "In the person of King Arthur I set forth 'Magnificence' in particular, for that is the perfection of all the rest and containeth in it them all: therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthur applyable to that virtue: but of the other twelve virtues I make twelve other knights the patrons for the more variety of the story."

About the same date Arthur made his first appearance on the stage, under the auspices and patronage of Queen Elizabeth and her Court at Greenwich. The author of this play, "The Misfortunes of Arthur," was one Thomas Hughes, a gentleman of Gray's Inn, by whose colleagues the play was performed.

Another attempt at dramatization was made by Dryden

in 1691, when "King Arthur, or a British Hero," was produced. This was a dramatic opera of a very weak and feeble description. It relied upon its supernatural effects for what little popularity it enjoyed. Dryden excuses its shortcomings by saying that it was written for Charles II., and that circumstances prevented him making better use of the subject than he did.

Scott alludes to this in Marmion (Intro. to Canto i.)—

> Dryden in immortal strain
> Had raised the Table Round again,
> But that a ribald king and court
> Bade him toil on, to make them sport;
> Demanded for their niggard pay,
> Fit for their souls a looser lay,
> Licentious satire, song, and play;
> The world defrauded of the high design,
> Profaned the God-given strength
> And marred the lofty line.

The play was, however, re-arranged by David Garrick, and used for many years at Drury Lane. A few years after the publication of Dryden's drama, Sir Richard Blackmore, or the everlasting Blackmore, as Pope calls him, not from his fame but from his volubility, rushed in where Dryden feared to tread. Blackmore was an eminent physician of London, who left the dry details of medicine for the happy hunting-grounds of literature, and wrote an epic poem entitled "King Arthur." But, alas! the people who swallowed his physic did not seem to take kindly to his poetry. He was evidently a well-meaning man, who, though perhaps not able to save men by his medicine, thought that he could save poetry by his pen. "I was willing," he says, "to make one effort towards rescuing the muses out of the hands of those ravishers and restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to give to men the right and just conceptions of religion and virtue." The poem con-

sists of ten books, chiefly composed of amiable egotism, poor poetry, and pietistical prating. The rhythm is joltingly erratic, as is shown in the final couplet—

> So by King Arthur's arms King Tollo slain
> Fell down and lay extended on the plain.

The movement of the verse no doubt gave rise to Dryden's sneer.

> At leisure hours in Epic song he deals,
> Writes to the rumbling of his coaches wheels.

And any one who attempts to read Blackmore's "King Arthur," will be at once struck with the probability of this.

In 1813, Sir Walter Scott took an idea from the grand old legend for an episode in the "Bridal of Triermain," one of his earliest rhymed romances. This, however, "is not so much an Arthurian poem as a poem containing an Arthurian episode, and even that is less an elaboration of the old tradition as a loose appendage." The wonder is that Scott did not utilize the Arthurian legends in some of his greater works.

About 1840 or 1850, Lady Charlotte Guest translated and published a collection of Silurian prose romances under the title of "The Mabinogion, or Welsh Tales for Children." The majority are taken from a fourteenth century manuscript, "The Red Book of Hergest," but Matthew Arnold, speaking of the antiquity of some of the stories, says in his "Essay on Celtic Literature:" "The first thing that strikes one about the Mabinogion is how evidently the mediæval story-teller is pillaging an antiquity of which he does not fully possess the secret; he is like a peasant building a hut on the site of Halicarnassus or Ephesus; he builds, but what he builds is full of materials of which he knows not the history or knows by a glimmering tradition merely:—Stones not of this of building, but of a

older architecture, greater, cunninger, more majestical." The stories recount the adventures of Arthur's Knights, and the Quest of the Holy Graal, and upon the one relating to "Geraint, the son of Erbin," Tennyson founded his idyll, "Geraint and Enid."

In 1848, Lord Lytton published an epic poem of "King Arthur," and since then we have had Matthew Arnold's "Tristram and Iseult," Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyonesse," and Wm. Morris' "Defence of Guinevere," the latter being the most distinctly Arthurian, as it deals directly with two of the principal characters of the legend, namely, Lancelot and Guinevere.

The Arthurian cycle seems to have struck Tennyson with its beauties and capabilities at a very early period, and to have influenced his whole life. Thus, in 1832, "Sir Galahad" and the "Lady of Shallot" appeared, and from that date until as late as 1889, when he published "Merlin and the Gleam," Tennyson was more or less occupied in blending the Arthurian legends into a poetic whole. There can be no doubt that Tennyson had the intention, at all events in later years, of making the Idylls allegorical, for although in many of the earlier ones it is doubtful whether any secondary meaning is intended, in the Holy Graal, for instance, the symbolism is most apparent. The poet himself expressly points to this view of the poems.

> . . . accept this old imperfect tale,
> New-old, and shadowing Sense at war with Soul
> Rather than that gray king, whose name, a ghost,
> Streams like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain peak,
> And cleaves to cairn and cromlech still; or him
> Of Geoffrey's book, or him of Malleor's, one
> Touch'd by the adulterous finger of a time
> That hover'd between war and wantonness,
> And crownings and dethronements.

Tennyson's Arthur is not therefore to be taken as the Arthur of Celtic legend, or of romantic history, but

as the personification of the spiritual principle or higher ideal of man in direct opposition to worldly sense or feeling. In the search for the Holy Graal man is represented as striving after a perfect life, but even the noble Lancelot must fail in his quest, for on his shield is the one great blot, his love for Guinivere. Tennyson has sometimes been described as a copyist, but though he has borrowed much from Malory, his borrowings are rarely verbal, and where they are, Malory's prose is to Tennyson's verse what "a diagram is to a picture." How closely Tennyson has followed Malory in his ideas and incidents can be seen by comparing Arthur's words to Sir Bedivere on the edge of the lake just before his "passing." In Malory Arthur addresses Sir Bedivere, "But unless thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee I shall slay thee with mine own hands." Tennyson keeps the sentiment, but gives the words new vigour—

> But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
> I will arise and slay thee with my hands.

Again, in the same scene is a like resemblance and a like difference. "Syr," says Sir Bedivere in the prose, "I saw nothing but the waters lap and the waves wane." This in the poem becomes the couplet—

> I heard the water lapping on the crag,
> And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

Later on, Sir Bedivere is tempted to keep Excalibur, and here again Tennyson takes the idea from Malory, but sets it in jewelled words. In Malory, Sir Bedivere "beheld that noble sword, where the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and said to himself, 'If I throw this ryche sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm, and loss.'" In Tennyson we read—

> There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
> And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
> Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
> And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:

For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery.

. . . . . .

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth."

Much might be written of the pastoral beauty and chivalry of the "Marriage of Geraint," of the deep symbolism of the "Holy Graal," or of the fascinating sorcery of Morgan-le-Fay. But I must be satisfied with two extracts from the "Coming" and the "Passing of Arthur," which always appeal to me for their imaginative grandeur. In the "Coming of Arthur" the scene is laid at Tintagil, where Uther breathed his last in the presence of Merlin and his master wizard Bleys, "moaning and wailing for an heir." The two—

Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,
Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame :
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe and cried "The King!
Here is an heir for Uther!" And the fringe
Of that great breaker sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.

Equally powerful is the description of Arthur's passing, but what a contrast to the brilliance of his advent. The last companion of the dying King was Sir Bedivere, who had carried him over ice-clad crags to the margin of the lake on which they stood.

> Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
> Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
> Beneath them; and descending they were ware
> That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
> Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
> Three Queens with crowns of gold.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
> So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
> Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And the barge with oar and sail
> Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
> That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
> Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
> With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
> "From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

In conclusion, I may say that my opinion of the Arthurian legend is, that in the "Historia Britonum" of Nennius we have Arthur, as nearly as possible, in his true character — a character which would be quite in accordance with the time in which he is supposed to have lived, namely, that of a warrior general who fought and died in the Celtic cause. As manners and customs changed his character underwent many modifications, until at the end of the twelfth century he was no longer a rough warrior but a chivalrous knight, with attributes pleasing to the minds of the mediæval period. Then, as the power of Christianity increased, the Story of the Holy Graal was introduced by the Church, and in

our own time the legends have been further idealized by William Morris, Matthew Arnold, and, above all, by Tennyson.

What Arthur's character will be in time to come no one can say, but his name will for ever live in the romances of the English people as a symbol of all that is noble and good; and when our successors a hundred years hence take up their Tennyson and read the "Idylls of the King," then will they feel that King Arthur is not dead, but lives and reigns in Fairyland.

THAT AWTERS TH' CASE.

(Dat ännert de Sak.)

[*Translated from Fritz Reuter, by Henry Gannon.*]

"WELL, Jack, my son," sed Farmer Prosser,
This leg o' moine gets wos and wosser;
Aw'm gerrin owd an' waik, aw feel,
An' mother, too, hoo's owt but weel.
So, by an' by, awst leave thi t' lond,
An' then at coortin' try thy hond."
"Ther's toime enoo for that," says th' lad.
"Nay, Jack, this messin' o' alone,
Believe me, that brings nowt bu' bad,
Besides tha'rt grown to be a mon.
Wi' th' farm, an' beeasts, an' corn i' stack,
Tha'll want a woife to help thi, lad;
So try thi hond at coortin', Jack;
Tha'll foind, i' toime, it's noan so bad."
"Nay, feyther, nay, just lemme be;
This coortin' gam is nowt for me."
An' then his mother—"Jack," sed hoo,
"Bowt coortin' tha'll remain a foo;
Thi feyther's reet—he allus wus—
Tha does'n know whot coortin' does.
It's just loike takkin' th' roofest cowt
From winter's grazin' into th' fowt;

At fost he's gradely nowt an' woild,
Bu' soon he's gentle as a choilt;
Then breakin' in wi' spur an' bit,
An' groomin' turns him eaut a tit.
An' th' rooffer t' cowt is, doesta see,
The smarter th' horse is sure to be;
An' just whot groomin' does for one,
So, coortin' eddycates a mon."
"It's no use, mam, aw conna frame
For coortin'. Nawe, aw cawn't, for shame.'
"Tha ninnyhommer!" cried his dad,
"Whotever doesta mean by that?
This harpin' uppo' the same owd string,
Wi' 'cawn't for shame,' an' sich loike thing!
Who ever yer'd sich cattywat!
Aw never thowt aw'd live for t' see
A lad o' moine sa feeart as thee!
A greyt big leatherin' chap, bi th' mass!
That darsna kiss a pratty lass!
Why dang an' sink it o'!" he sed,
"Hadn't aw to coort, tha bowsteryed?"
An' feyther gan him just a wink.—
"Ay, dad, bu' that's a different thing.
Yo' needno' mae so greyt a bother,
Yo'd nobbut got to coort my mother."

GERALDINE ENDSOR JEWSBURY.

GERALDINE ENDSOR JEWSBURY.

BY EDMUND MERCER.

SINCE statisticians and scientists interested in ethnology have recently been appraising the counties of England in proportion to their birth-rate of geniuses, it may be questioned whether Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury has an indisputable right to the title of "Lancashire novelist." By accident of birth she was a Derbyshire maid, having been born at Measham, on the southern border of the county, in 1812. But by virtue of her forty years' sojourn in Manchester, her education there and thereabouts, which meant so much in her life, and the writing there of the first three of the six novels that brought her fame, if not riches, she certainly possessed "a residential qualification."

She was the penultimate of five children, of whom her only sister Maria Jane was the eldest, her brothers being in order Thomas Sydney, Henry, and Frank, her favourite.

Their father, Thomas Jewsbury, though working hard at the small factory adjoining the cottage at Measham, could secure only an incompetency, and therefore migrated in search of a busier and wealthier life to Manchester in 1816, starting in business as a cotton merchant and insurance agent (the earliest, I believe, in Manchester) at 12, Half Moon Street. A year or two later he lost his

wife—"a clever, bright, and for those days, accomplished woman, graceful, refined, of cultivated artistic taste and skill, and an excellent housewife withal;" all of which excellent qualities her daughter inherited in even greater measure. The management of the household, and the care of her brothers, and especially of her sister Geraldine, a precocious maiden of six, thus devolved at the early age of eighteen upon Maria. She performed her task nobly and well for a period of thirteen years, not only maturing and heightening her own literary proclivities and writing poems and prose—"Phantasmagoria: or Sketches of Life and Literature," "Letters to the Young," "Three Histories," and "Lays of Leisure Hours"—and gathering around her a host of literary friends like Wordsworth, Laman Blanchard, J. R. Planché, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Miss Mitford, Mary Howitt, Letitia Landon, and Joanna Baillie, but, like a young mother, fostering the budding instincts of the little Geraldine in the same manner as her own had been fostered by the mother who was beside her no longer. When Professor Wilson, in those years, could say of her in his "Noctes Ambrosianæ," that "she is a most superior lassie both in prose and verse. Her 'Phantasmagoria' teems with promise and perfection, always acute, never coarse . . an amiable and most ingenious young lady"—and could draw of her this picture: "The only time I ever had the pleasure of seeing Miss Jewsbury, it was but for a momentary glance among the mountains, mounted on a pretty pony, in a pretty rural straw hat and pretty rural riding habit, with the sunshine of a cloudless heaven blended on her countenance with that of her own cloudless soul, the young author of 'Phantasmagoria' rode smilingly along a beautiful vale with the illustrious Wordsworth, whom she venerates, pacing in his poetical way by her side, and pouring

out poetry in that glorious recitative of his till the vale was overflowing with the sound. Wha', Jamie, wadna hae looked bonny in sic a predicament?" When Christopher North could say this, it is not surprising that his encomiums applied a few years later as fittingly to Geraldine, who, at this time, was but fourteen or so. So too, it was the most natural circumstance that, on Maria's marriage in 1832 to the Rev. W. Fletcher, Geraldine should not only take her sister's place in the household, but on that sister's death in India a twelvemonth later, her life should become, both in its domestic and intellectual spheres, not so much a sequel as an unbroken continuation of the gifted one just ended.

From this time until the death of her father in 1840, Geraldine was his housekeeper. A busy one, too. The old gentleman had a fondness for a biennial change of residence, though it might be—and actually was—nothing more than over the way. During this period she, "a bright, fairy-like girl," passed through a severe illness of body and mind. The former was of short duration, but the latter, at the time, was a more serious affair, as it seemed to threaten her interest in life, though, as eventually happened, it increased it and turned the current of her existence into its proper channel. Being an omnivorous reader, with a capacity for thinking for herself, she had been much troubled through the perusal of several controversial works, which destroyed the faith of her childhood without giving her a new one. While thus torn by what she called, half in jest, the "bother" in her soul, she met with a few of Carlyle's earlier writings, and was so struck by the application of their arguments to her own state of mind, and the soothing influence they had upon her, that she must needs write to their author about her perplexities. The tone and tenour of her letter impressed

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle so greatly that they at once invited her to Cheyne Row. That invitation she accepted, and in the early part of 1841 began the life-long friendship between herself and Jane Welsh Carlyle, who, twelve years her senior, seems to have filled the niche in her heart that her sister Maria would have continued to occupy had she lived. Even Carlyle himself succumbed to her charms on their first acquaintance. "Miss Jewsbury, our fair pilgrimess [he writes on March 3, 1841], is coming again to-morrow, and then departs for the north. She is one of the most interesting young women I have seen for years; clear, delicate sense and courage looking out of her small, sylph-like figure."

Thomas Carlyle's next impression of her, shortly after, was not so satisfactory as his first, perhaps on account of her liking for George Sand, whose works he loathed, styling her a great—improper female. His criticism of Geraldine now was: "Que deviendra-t-elle? A notable young woman, victim of much that *she* did not make; seeking passionately for some Paradise to be gained by battle; fancying George Sand and the 'literature of desperation' can help her thitherward."

This visit to him and his wife set her soul on its path once more, and she returned to "the north" to keep house for her pet brother Frank—first at 4, Lloyd Street, and in 1843, at 30, Carlton Terrace, Greenheys Lane, in a house the front windows of which overlooked the fields and their meandering brooks, paths, and hedgerows that a few years later formed the scene of the opening chapter of "Mary Barton," a novel by yet another famous Lancashire author. Here she instituted that series of delicious little parties where, Carlyle afterwards said, "the burden was rolled from every heart." She herself had become an unconventional, brilliant conversationalist, and her house

"was a sort of neutral ground, where men and women of very different opinions—religious, political, and social—could meet and pass a pleasant evening without fuss, stiffness, frigidity, or heat." Perhaps this was because politics were left on the mat outside, and under no excuse or disguise were allowed to flaunt their arguments past the outer side of the front door. Amongst these surroundings she wrote her letters to her gossip, Mrs. Carlyle, and began, continued, and ended her first novel, "Zoe: The History of Two Lives." This novel may be said to be the precursor of "Robert Elsmere," "John Ward," and other novels of that kind, its interest mainly consisting in the hero's conflict with himself as to his religion and his love, which is drawn in considerable detail with both power and vividness. In its day it was unusually popular, and raised its author to the goddess-ship of the circulating libraries. Its arguments on religion were esteemed—by the average readers of the time—as unorthodox and even wicked; wherefore every one must read the work. Its publication by Chapman and Hall was brought about through Mrs. Carlyle reading the manuscript, and persuading John Forster to induce her husband's publishers to issue it. Forster trotted off to Chapman and Hall, who decided to bring it out at their own risk. This was the limit of Miss Jewsbury's expectations, she remarking to Mrs. Carlyle in a letter of March 20, 1845: "The bare fact of getting the book printed without cost has . . . . been tangibly before me as the utmost stretch of my hopes." After this plunge into publicity, Miss Jewsbury's parties became classic in Manchester. Every author of note visiting the town had omitted a most important item of his duty and pleasure if he had not "spent an evening at Miss Jewsbury's." And as, in the literary world, "Manchester," according to Carlyle, "was one of the best soils in this

era," famed visitors were not a few, to say nothing of those whose fame was still to come. If the walls of 30, Carlton Terrace had mouths as well as ears, they would be able to tell many delightful stories of Westland Marston, the dramatist; Gallenga, Italian exile and "Dante" specialist; Froude, then a youth of thirty or so, with the "Nemesis of Faith" on the track behind him (who was, in Miss Jewsbury's opinion, "a very nice, natural young man, though rather like a lost sheep at present—he has only been used to the Oxford part of the world, so that sectarianism and unbelievers (!) are strange to him"); George Henry Lewes; W. E. Forster, then a woollen manufacturer at Rawdon; Mrs. Gaskell, like Miss Jewsbury, a beginner; Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Whitworth; Sam Bamford, the brilliant sisters Cushman, and a galaxy of other celebrities of greater or less degree. But *the* guest of the time was Carlyle, who, in his visit to Manchester in August, 1847, stayed with the Jewsburys nearly the whole of the time. It was in their house that he met, more than once, Sam Bamford—"the brave Bamford," as he styles him. Here also was he introduced to Mr. Joseph Whitworth, through whose foundries he rambled in company with Miss Jewsbury, monopolising the conversation and sermonising to Whitworth on industry and invention—"coals to Newcastle." Miss Jewsbury, who had disposed of her bother of soul by writing "Zoe" (and of whom it might well now be said that "she never gave one the impression of having grappled with this problem") had been restored somewhat to Carlyle's favour. Her fondness for George Sand was as great as ever; but her own novel had expressed her mind so well that Carlyle condoned the offence so far as to call her "a cheerful, transparent little creature." This was a truism, for her conversation was of the wittiest; and she was never happier than when, as a hostess, she

was making her brother's friends and her own enjoy themselves.

Her intimacy with the Cushmans at the time she was busy with her second novel led her to make the principal heroine in the work, "The Half-Sister," a gifted, whole-souled, enthusiastic actress. This novel is the story of an illegitimate and a legitimate daughter. The former is compelled by poverty to "fend" for herself, and, beginning at the foot of the dramatic ladder, works her way to the highest rung; the latter, surrounded by wealth and luxury, marries well, and with no definite work before her, would have gone to the devil, with the assistance of the weak-kneed hero (who was equally wealthy and idle), but for her timely death. The moral of the book—Miss Jewsbury always had one—is that women (and incidentally men), whether poor or rich, should find something sensible and tangible to do, and do it; and its motto might well be the lines by Dr. Watts about Satan, mischief, and idleness. Its author intended that this novel should be dedicated to Mrs. Carlyle and a Liverpool friend, Mrs. Paulet. Unfortunately, however, Carlyle—and this but a month or so after the enjoyment of Miss Jewsbury's hospitality—found his wife reading the proofs of the work, and angrily declared that she did not know bad grammar when she saw it any better than Miss Jewsbury did. Mrs. Carlyle therefore begged to decline the honour, "not wishing," she wrote to Miss Jewsbury, "to give pain to you, still less to give offence to my husband." Miss Jewsbury yielded to this unkindness of Carlyle, and quietly waited for her revenge, which she had in its good time, pleasant, and to the full, as it might be that of a kind hearted Nemesis. This novel, which was more compactly written than her first attempt, and maintained if it did not increase her fame, was published in London, in 1848. In May, of

that year, she visited Paris during the revolutionary excitement in company with her friend Mrs. Paulet, and W. E. Forster, the latter of whom tells of their doings in his Diary; of Miss Jewsbury's description of his gestiferous conversation as "talking with his fists"; and how on May 8th, "Emerson turned up at breakfast, and then Mrs. Paulet and I sallied off to mass again, Miss Jewsbury having exhausted her religion." That was Forster's idea, perhaps, because it was her excuse. She wanted a quiet chat with Emerson, there can be no doubt of that.

After her holiday, Miss Jewsbury settled down at Carlton Terrace once more, and continued her evening parties, and dipped more deeply into matters philosophical and literary. In the meanwhile there had appeared more prominently in her life, two gentlemen, Stauros Dilberoglue and Lambert Bey. The former has been described as "a handsome and cultivated young man, of singular refinement of mind and manner." He was a leading merchant and member of the Greek colony in Manchester, and was so highly regarded as, on his retirement to London, to be placed in a prominent position on the Mansion House Committee during the cotton famine. But it was for the latter that Miss Jewsbury, it is said, had more than a sisterly affection. He was literally at this time her spiritual adviser, and she, Mr. Espinasse says, used to be seen "sitting at his feet asking questions in her English-French manner," on morals, philosophy, and kindred subjects. He had been a French St. Simonian, and on the breaking up of the society in Paris, he entered the service of the Bashaw of Egypt, and was eventually created a Bey. He it was who wrote those letters "from Cairo," mentioned by Miss Jewsbury in her correspondence with Mrs. Carlyle, whose arrival were so much longed for, and whose perusal gave Miss Jewsbury

so much happiness. These suddenly ceased. Enquiries showed that he had disappeared—how, why, or when, was never ascertained.

In January, 1850, Miss Jewsbury's next literary work appeared in the *Westminster Review*—an article on "Religious Faith and Scepticism"—being a criticism, *inter alia*, of Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith." Lewes saw the article in MS., and immediately appropriated and forwarded it to the *Westminster*, with a request for £10—he was certainly a business man. The MS. was returned, but on Miss Jewsbury saying that she required no payment, it was published. The month following the appearance of this article she was delighted with a letter from Dickens, who said that he was going to bring out at the end of March a new cheap weekly, and he continued: "If I could induce you to write any papers or short stories for it, I should, I sincerely assure you, set great store by your help, and be much gratified in having it. If I were to write a whole book on the subject, I hardly know that I could do more than impress you with a sense of my being in want of your aid, because I estimate its value highly." Whatever her reply was, she certainly contributed several articles and short stories to the early numbers of this new weekly, *Household Words*, and also wrote several for Mrs. S. C. Hall's *Juvenile Budget*. Amidst this miscellaneous work she finished her third novel, "Marian Withers," which, at the suggestion of the late Alexander Ireland, appeared serially in the *Manchester Examiner and Times* in 1850. This was a story mainly of life in the Rossendale Valley, and, under another name, of Bowdon or Altrincham. It has no plot, and is chiefly an argument for the betterment of the working classes, and incidentally a condemnation of some of the follies and extravagances of would-be aristocrats.

It was published in three volumes by Colburn and Co., London, in August, 1851, and was dedicated to her brother Frank, and her friends Lambert Bey and Stauros Dilberoglue. If, notwithstanding her assertion that "care has been taken that none of the characters shall be identified by the cleverest or most merciless exercise of curiosity," we may at this distance of time hazard a guess or two at their originals, John Withers, the father of Marian, seems to be a combination of Sam Bamford and Joseph Whitworth; he was at first a weaver, with strong ideas on the rights of the working class, and afterwards an inventor, in slight contact with the Government. So, too, there can hardly be a doubt that Stauros Dilberoglue sat for the portrait of Mr. Cunningham, who marries Marian and becomes an M.P., if a similarity of life and character goes for aught. During the next year she again varied her work with a story for children—"The History of an Adopted Child"—written amongst the ruins of a removal from Carlton Terrace, which had now seen the last of its lively parties. Her brother Frank, in view of his approaching marriage, had taken a house—2, Birchfield Place, Stockport Road—to which, a year later, 1853, he brought his bride, and Miss Jewsbury's occupation as housekeeper and hostess was gone. Early in 1854 she left Manchester for good to settle down at Chelsea, near the Cheyne Row household. It was her turn to be guest. In London she again met Forster, Lewes, and others of her former guests, and became a fast friend of Froude, who was of considerable assistance to her in her literary work, and introduced her into literary and social circles, where her brilliant conversational powers, her keen sense of humour, kindly disposition, and winning manner soon brought around her new friends, among whom were Lady Llanover, Viscountess Combermere, Lady Morgan, Sir Theodore and Lady Martin,

William Hepworth Dixon, Douglas Jerrold, Monckton Milnes, and others. It took her a considerable time to shake down into her surroundings, but once comfortable, she lost no time in setting to work in earnest. She began her fourth novel, of which, in a letter to her eldest brother, characteristically dated only "Friday," she says: "Miss Margaret comes up to town to-day, and I am to go back with her to Essex on Monday, and shall stay, I don't know how long . . . Mrs. Carlyle is going to take me to a Breakfast on Sunday morning at the house of Monckton Milnes, the Poet and M.P., and that is the end of my revelling—and then I go down into Essex to get my book finished." This was "Constance Herbert," one of the most charming characters in which was Aunt Margaret, whose surroundings were principally in Essex. It was published in 1855 by Hurst and Blackett, who had succeeded to Colburn's business, and who now offered Miss Jewsbury the post of literary adviser to the firm. This novel, by way of drastic revenge for former sneers, she dedicated to Thomas Carlyle, who made ample amends by accepting it with as much grace as he was capable of, its author being now a woman of some importance, and a bright particular star in the literary firmament of London. For clearness of narrative, and consecutiveness of plot, this novel was a great advance upon those she had previously written. Its central theme was the insistence on the celibacy of those whose ancestry had shown a distinct taint of insanity; and the case for the author was, with the assistance of strong coincidence, well worked out and proved. She followed this novel with a second story for children—"Angelo, or the Pine Forest in the Alps" (1855). Having in London a better opportunity than had before been afforded her of satisfying her ambition to become a

journalist, she began to contribute to *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, the editor of which at this time was Douglas Jerrold, and also made her first appearance in the pages of the *Athenæum*, to which she remained constant for the rest of her life, working on it, as its columns show, "for many years, until failing sight and other troubles of breaking health incapacitated her for regular toil and made her only an occasional contributor." Her delicate and nervous constitution, however, soon made her unfit for the arduous work which journalism demanded, and reluctantly she yielded to necessity and left *Lloyd's Newspaper*, contenting—we might almost say burdening—herself with her routine work for her publishers, her articles for the *Athenæum*, *Household Words*, an occasional review, and her novels.

In 1856, Hurst and Blackett published her fifth novel, a shorter one than usual with her, entitled "The Sorrows of Gentility," bearing a dedication to John Forster. The title of this work almost explains the idea of the story, needing only the adjective "shabby" to complete the explanation.

The next three years saw nothing more from Miss Jewsbury's pen than her contributions to journals and magazines. She was, however, busy aiding her friends in their literary work, notably Lady Martin with her book "Female Characters of Shakespeare," and Lady Morgan, whom she assisted in the production of "Passages from my Autobiography," which appeared in 1859 (and were in 1868 edited by Wm. Hepworth Dixon); and in soothing the sorrows of Mrs. Carlyle, with whom she was in the closest intimacy. In this year her publishers issued another novel from her pen, "Right or Wrong," the question for decision being the celibacy of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and its answer in the negative. To work this out effectively

it was necessary that the whole surroundings of her characters should be in a Roman Catholic country, and here her slight acquaintance with Paris was of the highest value. Artistically, in construction of plot, the natural sequence of incident, and in description of scenery and drawing of character, this, her last novel, was by far the best. It was dedicated to "D. M." (Dinah Muloch), the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," the MS. of which had just passed through the hands of Miss Jewsbury as reader to its publishers, Hurst and Blackett.

From this time her actual work was journalistic only, Her intimacy with both the Carlyles grew to such a degree that after Mrs. Carlyle's sudden death in April, 1866, Thomas Carlyle at once sent for Miss Jewsbury. Moreover, for some short time he kept her busy telling him anecdotes of his wife's early life, which she had heard from Mrs. Carlyle's own lips, and these were printed in his "Reminiscences." It is to be regretted that Miss Jewsbury's confidential letters to Mrs. Carlyle were ever published, not so much for what they contain of interest —which is very little—but because such publication was a breach of a compact made between the two friends, that before they died they would destroy all such letters.

Only the peculiar circumstances of Mrs. Carlyle's death prevented her doing this, or causing it to be done; but her promise to carry this out should have been respected by all who knew of it, and had any regard for her memory.

Miss Jewsbury's friends had one by one passed away, and now that her dearest friend had followed, and her capacity for work had become less, there was nothing to detain her in Chelsea. The associations of the place were too painful. She therefore removed to Sevenoaks, where she lived in retirement till 1880, visited by Professor Huxley, Carlyle, Froude, Forster, and others of the friends

and acquaintances who were still left to her. Her sight now began to fail her, and other troubles caused by delicate health and age made themselves felt. Her contributions to the *Athenæum*, for which journal she had a great liking, appeared at longer intervals, and by-and-bye ceased. Then, finally, preparatory to leaving Sevenoaks, she had almost daily holocausts of manuscripts, letters, diaries, note books, and even gifts, till there was nothing left to her of her departed friends except her memory of them and one little letter from Mrs. Carlyle, which she had apparently overlooked. By the advice of her physician, who found that she was suffering from cancer, she retired to a private hospital in Birwood Place, Edgware Road, London, where, visited and comforted by all whose regard and love she possessed to the end, she died on September 23, 1880, in her sixty-eighth year. Her resting place in Brompton Cemetery is beside that of her friend, Lady Morgan; and perhaps her best epitaph was that of the *Athenæum*: "Making no profession of 'good works,' she did them modestly and unobtrusively at every turn of her career in the spare minutes of busy days, and with the slender surplus of her never abundant means. In their joyful hours her friends sent for her that their joy might be full."

Her death arrested the attention of very few outside the literary world of the Metropolis. Twenty-one years had elapsed since she had written her last novel, and a new generation of readers had arisen who knew her not. She outlived her novels and a certain portion of the enviable reputation they had brought her, but she did not complain. As she with her first venture, "Zoe," had become at once and deservedly the queen of the circulating libraries of the day, before whom such authors as Catherine Gore, Lady Blessington, Lady Morgan,

Anne Marsh, and a whole world of nameless and forgotten writers of the simpering spangled-muslin school of fiction, must bow the knee; so she, when the time came, with her sweet, womanly courage, lofty patience and high-minded serenity, gracefully and quietly, without envy, hatred, malice or any uncharitableness, yielded her sceptre and crown to the coming queens—Charlotte Brontë, Elizabeth Gaskell, George Eliot, and Dinah Maria Muloch, to the last of whom her latest novel was "affectionately inscribed."

To-day her works are practically unknown. This is not due to lack of merit, but to circumstances. In the first place our social order has almost entirely changed; ideas have broadened in many ways; the life of our time is an enormous advance upon that of the mid-century. Miss Jewsbury's novels (without advertising themselves as such) were novels "with purposes;" and, like a gentle Cassandra, she advocated in them what are now obvious everyday happenings and ideas. Therefore, are they as much out of date to-day as though they had been written in order to improve the morality of the Roman empire in its decadence. Free Education, Shorter hours of Labour, Liberty of Conscience, the Emancipation of Women (so far as it related to their earning an honest living in ways other than by marriage), the betterment of the Working Classes, these are accomplished facts, though in her day they were still to come. Again, when Miss Jewsbury was at her busiest, there were few women writers of note, and new novels were comparatively few and far between, and these few were costly owing to the expense of publication. Readers wanted something substantial for their money, and they liked their stories long. This was the heyday of the novel in weekly parts and the "three-decker." Hence if an author had what was really but a short story to tell, he

must still write his quota of 1,000 pages in three volumes, even if it became necessary to give the life history of each character as he or she was introduced, occasionally with annotated pedigrees. Diffuseness was a prevailing sin, more especially with women writers, and the more feminine of the men; and this led often to thoroughly inartistic work, in which, owing to overflow of detail, a morning visit was on a dead level with a murder, and that level by no means high. This diffuseness Miss Jewsbury confined to the argumentative conversations, which were *Westminster Review* articles in disguise. Though the plot began at the beginning, and travelled to the end tolerably directly, the fault in art lay in the inordinate proportion of dialogue to event; a three-chapter discussion with trivial results assuming greater importance than the most momentous happening. In the fifties prolixity in novels was a virtue; now it is a crime. To these circumstances—the accomplishment of the aim of her novels, their old-fashioned style of narration, and the innumerable incomparably cheaper and, to the majority of readers, more interesting novels of our day—are due the decay of Miss Jewsbury's.

Her style was always brisk and vivacious, showing itself to the best advantage in the dialogue, especially when that dialogue expounded some idea she had at heart, its chief fault at such times being, whether the speaker were a university man or a master weaver, a monotonous if brilliant level, tending to untruthfulness in her character drawing. When not sermonising she had a keen eye for character, though, after the manner of women authors of even the latest type, her observation, or at least her drawing, of men was superficial compared with her sketches of women. Her novels were written for women, and were mainly about women. Taken all round her men are a

poor lot. But of the whole crowd she has drawn and well drawn, there are but five men whom one likes or even respects. We cannot hope for more from a writer whose sympathies are naturally so much with women that she can say without reserve, "All men are unreasonable—it is their normal state." Miss Jewsbury—in her life a most feminine woman—was in her ideas and her writings somewhat masculine, although she could not draw men. A "new woman" of her day, she was of an infinitely higher mental and moral calibre than her successors at this present. As opposed to her sketches of men, women she depicts with loving touch or with what seems to be almost hatred. The women whom she dislikes are very few, but she dislikes them roundly. In picturing the women she loves she invests them, failings and all, with such charm as few women writers of to-day can command, and even George Eliot herself could not surpass. It is a pity they should be forgotten. It takes a woman to draw women.

She had a vivid descriptive power which was always spiced with humour, in which quality she was so prolix and original that it is surprising this alone has not saved her novels from oblivion. Though not an imitation of Dickens' humour it is curiously Dickensian. Take, for instance, Mrs. Admiral Donnelly, a shabby genteel lady. "At the first glance she looked to be a kind motherly woman; but there was a certain hard self-complacency about her face that afforded little hope of any spontaneous warmth; a stereotyped sweetness in her smile, and a hard grey eye that never joined in it at all. She was extremely affable, for she had the fixed idea that being of a distinguished family she must behave accordingly. Her fortune was narrow, but her manners were ample to compensate for it." Or the likening of a large old-fashioned mourning brooch to a tombstone; the Donnelly crest, "a

wild cat rampant, with long whiskers proper"; a Donnelly dinner—"It was Wednesday when Mrs. Donnelly always gave what she called a 'scrap dinner' to her household. Indeed, though Mrs. Donnelly talked a great deal about 'Irish hospitality' there were more 'banian days' than festivals in her calendar—as all the servants who had ever lived with her could testify. On this especial day the 'scraps' were unusually scanty. A very small portion of potato-hash and the crusts of the week boiled into what Mrs. Donnelly termed 'a most nutritious bread pudding' was the dinner she had decreed for herself and her household—consisting of her daughter, two maid-servants, and the foot boy before-mentioned. The addition of two hungry persons would increase the scarcity to a famine." Even a description of furniture is not without humour: "A bureau of oak, clamped with brass; a large dining table of walnut wood, with innumerable legs, and sundry heavy chairs of the same material, with black leather seats, stood against the walls, and seemed to defy any undertaking to remove them." And there is a quiet sarcasm about her criticisms of family portraits that some prominent painters might take a hint from. "Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Morley hung against the wall, and the likeness of his striped waistcoat and of her best cap was very striking indeed." "Mr. Greenway was reading a letter with his name and address legibly written on the back. Mrs. Greenway, seated under a tree, in a hat and feathers, was reading a book bound in red, and lettered in gold, 'Fordyce's Sermons to Young Women.'"

Miss Jewsbury had a hatred of shams and society humbugs, and did her utmost to expose them in language bitingly sarcastic, though not ill natured. Indeed, each of her works was originally prompted by the knowledge of some wrong that needed redress, or of some humbug or

pretence requiring suppression; and it was the uncontrolled warmth with which she advocated redress or repression that spoiled an otherwise artistic novel.

The following passage from "Zoe," in which, as a special pleader for the Devil, she gibes at the folly of mankind, is only one of many such: "What would become of the world without the Devil? Under all the different systems of religion that have guided or misguided the world for the last six thousand years, the Devil has been the grand scapegoat. He has had to bear the blame of everything that has gone wrong. All the evil that gets committed is laid to his door, and he has, besides, the credit of hindering all the good that has never got done at all. If mankind were not thus, one and all, victims to the Devil, what an irredeemable set of scoundrels they would be obliged to confess themselves! But men, not content with laying the blame of all their wickedness upon the Devil, likewise charge him with all their own folly and blundering stupidity. When we consider, above all, the long sermons, all the ponderous books that have been levelled against him for so many ages, without, so far as we can perceive, making the smallest impression upon him, we are forced to conclude one of two things—either that he is utterly destitute of all gentlemanly susceptibilities, or else 'that the Devil is not so black as he is painted,' for which latter opinion there is the authority of the old proverb. For our own part, we are inclined to adopt the policy of the Spanish nobleman, who, when he made his last confession, removed his cap, and reverently styled him, 'My good lord, the Devil,' every time he had occasion to name him. He was a prudent man as well as polite, for he considered that, as there was some danger of eventually falling into his hands, civil words were best."

Miss Jewsbury wrote for the last generation but one.

Her novels are now out of print, even in the cheapest form. There is little in them as they stand to appeal to modern readers. Gradually her position in literature is becoming as that of one who was not herself an author, but the friend of authors, and an influence behind their work. If, through the progress in life and manners what she thought as possible in a few instances have become commonplace facts, she must be regarded as one of the pioneers, who did her share of the work well. And if that be forgotten, as is most probable, she will still be remembered as a winning hostess and the wise and brilliant friend of authors far greater than herself—a bright satellite of the noble planets whose lustre still swims within our ken.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF GERALDINE E. JEWSBURY, AT MEASHAM.

From a Sketch by T. W. Mercer.

SOME CAPRICES OF CRITICISM.

BY JAMES T. FOARD.

THE art of criticism, as commonly understood and practised, as mere fault-finding, has an antiquity almost coeval with that of our race. With this venerable aspect, from the magnitude of the subject, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, I do not propose to deal. I do not intend even to start with the Flood. When Eve's eyes were opened, and she discovered that her husband was too slightly attired for "up-to-date" requirements, she, in fact, was critical and a critic. Her taste was offended. Of course, I assume that she was the first to object, because any complaint of scantiness of apparel was hardly likely to proceed from man. My purpose on this occasion is not to deal with this, the most universal form and aspect of criticism, as the expression of a mere discordance of taste or opinion, though it will be difficult to avoid treating much of the so-called art which is simply so founded otherwise, but to confine myself, as far as possible, to criticism proper—to that censorship which is nominally scientific and which is also in pretence judicial, and in theory impartial; but that is in fact and intention aggressive, in arrogance arbitrary, in motive envious, in temper

malignant, and thus may really be best summarised, as in its nature capricious.

Having in these pages to deal with readers whose patience may be unlimited, but whose forbearance is not, I propose to skip the Greeks and Romans, Etrurians and Egyptians, and pass at once to the so-called birth of criticism in England, certainly to one of its first scientific expositions, viz., Dryden's "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," which had its origin in the fitness of things about the time of the Great Plague. Dr. Johnson has declared Dryden to be the first English critic, and I am content to accept his authority as that of one "who was nothing if not critical" on the subject. Sir Walter Scott tells us that this essay "was the first systematic piece of criticism which our literature has to exhibit" (and, certainly, I am unaware of any prior attempt, although there had been a great deal of indiscriminate and calumnious censure by Ben Jonson of his contemporaries) "to place the chief rules which should govern poetic construction in the drama on a sound footing in our mother tongue." This essay, written less than fifty years after Shakespeare's death, and close upon the Restoration, is noticeable, in verification of the vicissitudes of taste which illustrate my title and form my theme on this occasion. Nominally it explains the chief rules which should govern theatrical compositions according to Aristotle. It contrasts French, Spanish, Greek, and native methods. This is its purpose, but it unconsciously reflects the opinions of the age, and verifies, by a complete object lesson, the often whimsical mutations of taste, destitute of science or sense, which succeed each other from age to age, and which form the burden of my complaint at the present time.

Ben Jonson died in 1637. The civil war had ensued; taste was for the time in abeyance. The King returned

in 1660; the theatres were opened, and as a mere matter of fashion, the story of Ben Jonson's supremacy was taken up much where it was left off, in 1638, when a whole volume of tributary funeral wreaths and epitaphs, echoing Ben's own sentiments about himself, and declaring him the greatest poet that ever was or was to be, was published. Dryden was at this time a young man, and had attempted two or three plays which had not been greatly or even moderately successful, and, as a fresh aspirant in literature, echoed the talk of the town in his views of theatrical and poetic propriety, in reference to the stage. Ben Jonson was the vogue. He is declared "the greatest man of the last age," and, in deference to the feeling of the day, was announced absolutely as a greater poet and artist than William Shakespeare.

We shall see anon how Dryden modified his views on this point as he grew older, although he never changed them so far as not to believe himself a greater dramatist than either, and also that Beaumont and Fletcher were to be the next fashion. In his prefaces he points out often that these incomparable brethren understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than the Stratford Poet, whose historic plays were merely chronicles "looked at through the wrong end of a telescope, which, instead of making a play delightful, made it ridiculous." That their plots were also more regular; that Corneille was the greatest modern dramatic poet, and the French stage was immeasurably more advanced, and as being "more classic and harmonious" was superior to that of England and the rest of Europe; and finally, that next himself, Rare Ben was the "most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had."

These views, very slightly changed, were repeated again somewhat later, in his prelude to "Troilus and

Cressida," where he says that "the attempt to give a history of the life of a man like Julius Cæsar, as Shakespeare had done, condemns all that author's historical plays, which are rather Chronicles represented than Tragedies, and especially his double actions of plays, or, in other words, the National Poet's plan of plot and under plot, or story and antithesis." This allusion to Julius Cæsar may be noted here as an ignorance of Dryden, as the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, for it was so entered at Stationers' Hall, was not intended as a life, but, as it purported to be, a tragedy, viz., "The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar"; in other words, of the conspiracy which included the murder of the Dictator, and the judgment which fell on his chief enemies and assassins. It is not a life chronicle in any sense. Its first and last lines illustrate the tragic design. Cæsar dominates the whole, and the ringleaders each die with Cæsar's name upon their lips, a fruitless sacrifice on the inviolable altar of their convictions, and as a testimony of that power autocratic and imperial which their hostility had not only not shaken, but confirmed.

The sentiments herein expressed, nominally by Dryden, were, as I wish to show, less the expression of his personal feelings and convictions than a reflection of the tastes and fashions of the hour. Dryden could not tear himself away from Shakespeare's influence. With Davenant, he modernised the "Tempest" to suit the taste of the groundlings, attired Macbeth with musical divertissement, produced "Antony and Cleopatra" as a new play, called "All for Love," and rewrote "Troilus and Cressida" in more fashionable English, with concessions to the licentious and dissolute, or shall we say depraved, demands of the time. Dryden professed himself an enthusiastic admirer of the greatest of our poets; indeed, likened him to, and declared him, "the Homer, or Father,

of our Dramatic Poetry," and said that while he admired Jonson as the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing and the more correct poet, he considered that there was more masculine fancy and greater spirit in the English, than in the French comedies, instancing the "Merry Wives" and the "Scornful Lady," and "that William Shakespeare was the man of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, who had the largest and most comprehensive soul, and that while he admired Jonson he loved Shakespeare."

This was the substantial expression of Dryden's views when older and standing on his feet, as a confessed authority. But his utterances were sometimes volatile, and often inharmonious. He was not free to declare his opinion unreservedly in deference to the town. He was compelled to allege that "the National Poet is often insipid; that his comic wit degenerated into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast, and that his language was a little obsolete." In proof of this, he suggests that in Beaumont and Fletcher the English language had arrived at its highest perfection, and that their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage. In truth, Ben was now and at length superseded by a newer fashion, and Sir Walter Scott was of opinion that Dryden from the first, in spite of his professed regard for "the most learned and judicious writer of his own or any age, was personally no great admirer either of Jonson's plays in general or of the low and coarse characters of vice and folly, in describing which lay his chief excellency," and that this opinion was intimated (it certainly is not expressed) in the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy." In truth, Glorious John was, like all nominal critics, a trimmer. He restrained his own view, and made concessions, to avoid singularity, with deference to the follies of the hour. D'Israeli has said: "The uncertain

criticisms of Dryden on Shakespeare were often dictated by the impulse of the moment, and stand in strange opposition to each other." Beaumont and Fletcher, and translations from the French and Spanish, were now the mode, and the Laureate was required to think and write accordingly. In 1669, when presenting a new and revised edition of the "Tempest," arranged with Davenant, with a she Caliban to match Shakespeare's, and a man Hippolito, "one that never saw woman," to match Miranda, he writes in the prologue thus—

> Fletcher reached that, on which his [Shakespeare's] heights did grow,
> Whilst Jonson crept, and gathered all below.
> This did his love, and this his mirth digest;
> One imitates him most, the other best.
> If they have since outwrit all other men,
> 'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespeare's pen.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> That innocence and beauty which did smile
> In Fletcher, grew on this enchanted isle,
> But Shakespeare's magic could not copied be.
> Within that circle none durst walk but he.

This, at any rate, was generous praise. The wretched Shadwell, then popular, we know, still adored and exalted Jonson, and copied his humours. He was of his métier. He emulated him in manner, as he did in person. Indeed, in attacking Dryden, he said that "Ben was the man of all the world he most passionately admired for his excellency in dramatic poetry."

Between this date and 1678, when the Laureate translated Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" into colloquial English of the common sort, for vulgar or quasi-fashionable minds, under the title of "All for Love," the progress of the Society Poet's education was advancing. He had now wholly enfranchised himself from that supremacy which Jonson had bullied the world into believing was

his due, and he dared to think a little more for himself. He styles his predecessor "the divine Shakespeare." If he thinks himself the greatest poet of his country and race, he concedes his noble exemplar is second. This is, indeed, a supreme panegyric. The Laureate's "Antony and Cleopatra," I regret to add, modernised up to date, is a very lamentable performance. The personalities no longer talk like Romans, but like the Ethereges and Sedleys of the day. They have ceased to be national, individual, or natural. Cleopatra becomes a very second-rate strumpet, a modern wit's mistress, of the Duchess of Cleveland's cast, with a great deal of past, which she is willing to unkennel to her present keeper on very easy terms. Antony is no longer the triple pillar of the world, a mighty soldier, an heroic voluptuary, the orator of Tully, the darling of the people, vast, heroic, grand even in his vices and his pleasures, a great captain and commander of men, but a Rochester in a toga and laurel crown, who,—

> In Isis' Temple, lives retired,
> And makes his heart a prey to black despair,

quite in Achilles' fashion, and who thus proves his valour ;

> I come from Phlegrean plains,
> Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my sword,
> And mountain tops pared off each other blow
> To bury those I slew.

This is more in Ancient Pistol's vein than in that of the antique Roman. Why these excised mountain tops should blow to bury the dead, except it was warm work, I fail to comprehend. In his defence of the Epilogue the Court Poet still enlarges on the superiority of the new Poetry borrowed "from the example of a gallant King and prightly court, and the attained tone of light discourse and raillery," in supercession of Jonson. And in accordance with this, Dryden thought "The Winter's Tale" and

"Measure for Measure" so "meanly written that the comedy neither caused your mirth, nor the serious part your concernment." Later, Nahum Tate, another Laureate, had a strange and utterly obsolete play brought to his notice—"Lear," and ascertaining it contained some useful rough material, that by genius might be made useful, proceeded to adapt it for the stage.

Apropos of these vagaries of taste Mr. D'Israeli has remarked: "The vicissitudes of the celebrity of Shakespeare might form a chapter in the philosophy of literature and the history of national opinions. Shakespeare was destined to have his dramatic faculty contested by many successful rivals, to fall into neglect, to be rarely acted and less read, to appear barbarous and unintelligible, to be even discarded from the glorious file of dramatists by the anathemas of hostile criticism, and finally in the resurrection of Genius (a rare occurrence) to emerge into universal celebrity." This the author naively suggests "is an incident in the history of the human mind, as singular as the Genius which it relates to." To this sentiment and conclusion I at once demur. My views are, that the mutations of taste are various and versatile as mind itself, as whimsical, contradictory, and repugnant to reason and intelligence, as those of fashion or the wind, and as wholly inexplicable. No doubt the recovery of a reputation, that had once wholly fallen into oblivion, would be rare.

But Mr. D'Israeli has overstated his case. There never was a moment of time when Shakespeare's name was discarded from the glorious file of dramatists even when most discredited, never an instant when his reputation ceased to live and breathe and have its being. There could consequently be no resurrection. Thus the singularity of a merely revived form loses all semblance of wonder as a phenomenon.

But to show how variously different minds draw conclusions from the same facts, Mr. Saintsbury, in his "History of English Elizabethan Literature," refers to what he terms "the strange and constantly-disproved but constantly-repeated assertion that England long misunderstood or neglected Shakespeare, and that foreign or German aid was required to enable her to discover him." He then proceeds: "Six generations have passed between Shakespeare and the Battle of Waterloo. During these six generations Ben Jonson, John Milton, John Dryden, Alexander Pope, Samuel Johnson, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge lived and flourished. These men all admired him, all eulogised his works; so that it is a curious reckoning which, in the face of such a catena as this, would suggest that England wanted Germans to teach her to admire him."

Surely this is a proof of oppressive ignorance; but could any better proof be advanced than this diverse opinion of two critics respectively of the caprices of taste? One discovers that Shakespeare's fame was not merely eclipsed but extinguished; the other insists that since the Poet's death he has never needed a eulogist among the noblest and wisest of the various ages, and was neither misunderstood nor neglected. Which is correct? In spite of Mr. Saintsbury's suggested facts, his logic, scorn, and overwhelming demonstration, I suggest that his declaration is ineffable nonsense, and that the earlier critic was more accurate and sound in his conclusions. Shakespeare never lacked panegyrists or patrons. They worshipped without belief, they saw through a glass darkly, and reverenced without intelligence; they had much fervour but no discrimination; they praised without sense and censured without knowledge; and were of those who only encumbered with help and discredited by their too fervid admiration.

Ben Jonson, John Dryden, Pope, Samuel Johnson, and the National Poet's editors—Hanmer, Warburton, Johnson, and Steevens, paid eulogists all—conspicuously praised and as conspicuously despised him. They one and all, with one cry, declared "he lacked art," and, as Wordsworth pointed out, considered he was greatly praised when he was pronounced "a wild irregular Genius, in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties." They pronounced him ignorant and unlearned, and they fondly construed their own bookish ignorance to be learning, though it was not learning at all, but mere school cram, a formal ignorance masquerading as wisdom. They had no perception of Selden's insight, when he said: "No man is wiser for his learning. It may administer matter to work in or objects to work upon, but wit and wisdom are born with a man."

Wedded to their narrow conceptions of scholasticism, relying with superstitious reverence on the Unities, they passed over the noblest merits of the wisest and most learned man of his time, whom Hurd declared "the most original thinker and speaker since Homer," and who undoubtedly is so, to go no further back. They all "admired," all "eulogised," but with a difference. They lamented his "ignorance," his "want of polish," his "obscenity," as "born in a rude age," and what not. They discovered—these eulogists—that he "servilely worked from translations," because he "wanted Greek and Latin," as if that were not known before, as "spoiling plots from lack of judgment," as "writing in an obsolete tongue," as "guilty of numerous anachronisms," and of not knowing a thousand things which he knew well, but which they did not—all out of sheer stupidity. And this was criticism, so called. His editors and commentators did not neglect him—would that they had—but they

thoroughly misunderstood him. Mrs. Montague, who discovered Macbeth to be "full of bombast speeches," said, in the Poet's praise, "Shakespeare redeems the nonsense, the indecorum, the irregularity of his plays." Yet Mrs. Montague was considered a famous critic in her day, who rescued the Poet's fair fame from the assaults of the great Voltaire, and is a typical example of the Bard's admiring disciples, from Ben Jonson to the rector of a church in the neighbourhood, who has recently written an essay to show how faulty Hamlet is, and how much better he (the rector) could have done, if he had only "had the mind."

Pope was another appreciative admirer of the Poet, and said some handsome things of him, viz.: that "he, if any author ever deserved the name of being original, was the man;" that "his Poetry was indeed inspiration;" that "his characters are so much nature itself that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her." Yet he, too, summarises the Bard thus: that "he certainly had written better," but that "he had also written worse than any other Poet," and then, by way of praise, he expresses his regret at his "incurable obscurity"—and this of the author the most easy to be understood, the plainest, most lucid, and simple of all poets. Theobald, another admirer, thought he needed "much indulgence," and that "his clenches and false wit [this is Dryden's thunder] were unpardonable," and "were a deference paid to the then reigning barbarism." The Georgian Era, he thought, was so much more enlightened and polished than that which produced Bacon, Marlowe, Spenser, Raleigh, Buckhurst, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Thomas Bodley, Coke, Ellesmere, Essex, Burleigh, and the rest. Lord Shaftesbury sums up the matter compendiously: "Our dramatic Shakespeare and our epic Milton are among the venerable bards, rude as they were, according to their time and age."

This cry of superior refinement and advanced intelligence of the most barren epoch of our history, raised by the fashionable world, really originated, as we have seen, with Dryden; and Shaftesbury and Mrs. Lennox, and Dr. Farmer and Pope were but reiterating and re-echoing a parrot cry of the preceding century. Evelyn, in 1661, saw Hamlet and condemned it: "It was vulgar." "The old Plays begin," he remarked, "to disgust this refined age, since his Majesty has been so long abroad." And this was not intended sarcastically. Pepys, another courtier, was a great patron of the drama. He, in his diary, notes in 1665: "Went to see 'Volpone'—a most excellent play; the best, I think, I ever saw. To the King's, where we saw the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that I ever saw in my life." Like Polonius, he wanted a play of bawdery. And again he writes: "Saw 'Romeo and Juliet' [March, 1667] the first time it was ever acted, but it is a play of itself the worst I ever heard, and the worst acted." Yet he considered "The Mad Lovers" a very good play, and thought "Every Man in his Humour" displayed "the greatest propriety of speech that ever I read in my life," which, considering its brutal coarseness, vulgarity, and even filthiness, says little for his general reading. This odd commentary on the fashionable tastes of the time, and depreciation of moral plays, long prevailed. Theobald admired and praised the National Poet, but considered "his style depraved and infected with the barbarism of Elizabeth's day." Bishop Warburton, a very superior person indeed, conceived that "the public taste which admired him was then in its infancy," that "he was born in a rude age," and discovered that the Poet's allusions were "far fetched." The historian Hume, we know, thought "Douglas" superior to all Shakespeare's works, as

by a Scot, and declared the English Bard to have been "born in a rude age, without any instruction in the world or from books." Sam Johnson, a mighty critic, autocratic, learned, imperious, and positive, discovered that "the Poet whom the English so admired had no nice discrimination of character," and, descending into details, that "Cymbeline was foolish as a fiction," that "its events were impossible, and its conduct absurd;" that "the play's distinction was that its faults were too evident for detection and too gross for exaggeration."

These are some of the opinions of the authorities in literature whom Mr. Saintsbury would have us believe were "wisely appreciative, discriminating, and just," and that "the Poet was at no period since his death undervalued or misunderstood." Well has Johnson said—

> **Hard is his lot that, here by fortune placed,**
> **Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste,**
> **With every meteor of caprice must play,**
> **And chase the new blown bubbles of the day.**

How often must these lines have incontinently and impertinently obtruded themselves in the cogitations of every man who has attempted to form an honest opinion, a just and unbiassed judgment, on the popular Poet, the popular Statesman, the popular Hero of the hour. The homely proverb says "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," and Shakespeare adds "That rats do ravin down their proper bane"—in other words, feast on that which poisons them, which makes one wonder whether humanity does not do so also, although it is permissible to declare the slander as against rats but not as against the rats' masters. I am inclined to think, speaking generally, all criticism rank poison; yet men consume it greedily because it is some other man's poison—the poison as of the serpent, of the critic stinging, or of the unhappy creature stung.

And yet, after all, if a man be a philosopher, what poison is so harmless? What man, woman, or child was ever harmed or benefited by it? It is perfectly innocuous. No man was ever written or stricken down by it. Many have been made wretched; this was their infirmity, due to their weakness, not to the efficacy of the virus. Be patient, and it exhausts itself; it bears its own sweet, oblivious antidote within, for the caprice of one hour succeeds and demolishes the caprice of the preceding time, and nothing is but what is not.

What is criticism?—air, wind, foul breath. What man was ever injured by it? though at the moment he might believe he was; but when the whiff has passed, why straight he is a man again. Let us, however, compare criticism as it is with criticism as it ought to be, and endeavour to set up an ideal standard, even while chronicling the silly vagaries and caprices of nominal censorship. We will take a modern instance. What has that great dictator in all literature, all art, all science, who knew everything, and of whom it was written—

> What I know not, is not knowledge,
> I am the master of this college—

Dr. Jowett, the master of Balliol, said of a modern poet? He thus writes to Tennyson about "Maud": "No poem since Shakespeare seems to show equal power of the same kind, or an equal knowledge of human nature." Poor Milton! poor Wordsworth! poor Dryden! Again, "I do not know any verse, out of Shakespeare, in which the ecstasy of love soars to such a height." Oh, dear! Poor Burns and Keats and Byron, how I pity you! But why except Shakespeare? Mr. Saintsbury's "admirers," already cited, would have made no such exception. Mr. Froude, in 1894, wrote to the present Lord Tennyson: "Your father, in my estimate, stands and will stand, far away by

the side of Shakespeare, above all other English poets, with this relative superiority even to Shakespeare, that he speaks the thoughts, and speaks to the perplexities and misgivings, of his own age." This is mere flattery, or fashion. It is the mode now to place Shakespeare first and all the rest second, but this is modernity. A hundred and fifty years ago, Mr. Pope, Mr. Cibber, Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve would have assigned the Poet a back seat, and placed themselves on the box. These are "the wild vicissitudes of taste." "The thing [to use Carlyle's phrase] called English poetry" has witnessed some strange reverses: Pye, Shadwell, Nahum Tate, Alfred Austin as laureates, for example.

Ben Jonson, in 1607, when "Julius Cæsar," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Henry V.," "Henry VIII.," and "Romeo and Juliet" were on the stage, and, indeed, all Shakespeare's best comedies, proposed himself, as being the Atlas of the stage, "to raise the despised head of Poetry, and to strip her of those base rags wherewith the times have adulterated her," his elevation being by producing "Epicene," "Bartholomew Fair," "Sejanus," and "Catiline," and yet, on the whole, he thought, in his magnanimity, there was "more in Shakespeare to be praised than pardoned."

In 1693 appeared another critic and reformer not less dauntless and self-satisfied than brave old "Ben." Thomas Rymer, known honourably to fame as the editor of "Fœdera," published his "Short View of the Tragedies of the last Age; Its Original Excellency and Corruption; With Some Reflections on Shakespeare and other Practitioners for the Stage." 8vo. Rymer was deemed a scholar, and had a like ambition with Jonson, to bring all Art into conformity with his own views. He desired to mould English Comedy on the canons of Aristotle. Greek thought and Greek manners only were to prevail. "Our

Poetry was as base as our Architecture." He was fully equipped as critic and reformer. He had illimitable ignorance and conceit. He had written a play and lamentably failed.* Hallam and Sir Walter Scott cite him with respect, but Macaulay dismisses him as "the worst critic that ever lived," which was an opinion, I believe, shared and expressed by Sir T. N. Talfourd. He wielded authority nominally, as a Greek scholar and dramatist, and had for a time the ear of the town. His absolute want of taste, his dulness, his narrowness of mind, his deficient sense of humour, and his incapacity to discover in what the elements of genuine Tragedy and Comedy consist, all qualified him in a high degree for the magisterial position of censor and critic. He had no sympathy, no intelligence, no knowledge, and was thus armed cap-à-pie. Let me present a few of his views. He passes Othello under review, and considers that Shakespeare violated all decency and all propriety by making Othello a Moor, and also a Venetian general, and says profoundly: "With us a Blackamoor [for so he prefers to style him] might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench; Shakespeare would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord and Privy Councillor. With us a Blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter, but Shakespeare would have him not less than a lieutenant-general." He was too ignorant to know, and too idle to discover, that Shakespeare had adopted the historic story as he found it. He acutely remarks of Desdemona, "There is nothing in the noble Desdemona that is not below any country kitchen-maid with us." He must have lived in an intellectual atmosphere. And again, "No woman bred out of a pig-stye could talk so meanly."

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* "Edgar, or the English Monarch."

Had this man eyes? Could he read? Yes, he was a a critic. With Iago he demonstrates his scholarship. He says of that super-subtle Venetian, that, "being a soldier, he should be like other soldiers, yet never in Tragedy, nor in Comedy, nor in Nature was there a soldier with his character. Horace describes a soldier otherwise: 'Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.'" So that Horace having summarised his view of Achilles as a soldier, no other form of warrior is ever to be conceived or tolerated, mankind being ever the same, in all countries and ages, and fashioned in the same mould. This is by a once-renowned professional critic, claiming to be and styled, "The critic of Shakespeare." Dryden admitted his claim, and thus refers to him—

> To Shakespeare's critic he bequeathes the curse
> To find his faults, and yet himself make worse.

Yet Pope has praised Rymer as "a learned and strict critic," and as on the whole "one of the best that we have ever had." Such is the superstition of so-called scholarship with a credulous and ignorant people, or could you doubt his qualification, his fitness on such testimony? He was a classical and French scholar—had mastered Aristotle's poetics; and although destitute of every natural and acquired accomplishment for the office, was the accepted self-appointed arbiter, judex, and censor for the British people. His tragedy, "Edgar, or the English Monarch," in rhymed verse, being as imbecile and contemptible in every aspect as we might assume, and as his judgments would indicate, constitutes the critic, nobly planned and nobly framed, proper to a confiding people. Rymer was a courtier, and profited by his courtiership. He was appointed Historiographer Royal. Thus he proves his fitness for that advancement: "We are to presume

the greatest virtues where we find the greatest rewards [contrary to the fact], and though it is not necessary that all heroes should be kings, yet undoubtedly all crowned heads by poetical right are heroes." This was after William III. was crowned. "This character is a flower, a prerogative so certain, so indispensably annexed to the crown, as by no poet, or parliament of poets, ought ever to be invaded." This was the "violation of decency" in making Othello a hero; and without wearying you with further extracts, all marked by the same acumen, discretion, and taste, he thus concludes in favour of the noblest tragedy the world has known, according to Macaulay: "There is in this play some burlesque, some humour, and ramble of comical wit; some show and some mimicry to divert the spectators; but the tragical part is clearly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour." Let me place in apposition with this judgment some few remarks from Lord Macaulay in reference to the same tragedy. He writes: "Othello is perhaps the greatest work in the world." "Highest among those who have exhibited human nature by means of dialogue stands Shakespeare. . . . . Shakespeare has had neither equal nor second." Elsewhere he refers to him as "the prince of poets," and couples him with Bacon, the prince of philosophers, and adds, "these two incomparable men, who have made the Elizabethan age a more glorious and important era in the history of the human mind than the age of Pericles, of Augustus, or of Leo."

Having so far pointed my moral and adorned my tale of criticism with reference to some of the vagaries of its application to Shakespeare, which scarcely scratch the surface, so innumerable are they, I would desire now to turn my attention to other phases and other examples.

> "If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
> There are, who judge, still worse than he can write,"

or Byron's—

> "A man must serve his time to every trade
> Save censure; critics all are ready made."

The ideal critic is as an arbitrator or judge. If like Lord Bacon in his somewhat Thrasonic boast, he has not taken "all learning to be his province," he should be thoroughly equipped and accomplished. In virtue of his office, he should have no leanings or prejudices, he should be wise and wary, cultured in learning, resourceful in breadth of scholarship and worldly knowledge, experienced, prudent, patient, free from ordinary vanities and weaknesses, of generous and restrained sympathies, and skilled in maintaining his mind in equilibrium, until his decision is given. Pope tells us that no such man exists, and I believe him. Aristotle, the greatest critic of antique times, of all time, was as philosopher, poet, statesman, scientist, and logician, completely appointed. He assumed his judicial and regal duties only when he had trained himself, in all arts, all sciences, all law, in civil polity, in the arts of government, in ethics, morals, natural philosophy, rhetoric, oratory, history, dialectics, physics, and metaphysics, and in all those arts presided over by Apollo and the Muses, as well as those of which Minerva had special cognisance. Such a censor, if self-appointed, we may confess was also, if just, heaven-accepted. He indeed presented himself for nomination as such a judge, with a due sense of his responsibility. He knew that the functions he desired to wield, even if but self-assumed, were those of judicial dignity, of imperial power, and if duly performed, of eternal record. The very title assumed or assigned to him, based on κρίνο to judge, κριτης a judge, primitively indicated his acknowledged duties. This was

the antique mode. A modern Saturday Reviewer presents us with the new standard. He says the critic "is at the best, but a policeman of the arts and sciences." This is the last ideal. He executes the duties of and is a censor. But he is only a policeman. We are in the arts in future as in much else to ask a policeman. We delegate much to these useful and already overburdened functionaries, but to nominate them judges in literature, with perpetual succession and a common seal; to appoint them to administer justice, not on acknowledged qualification, but by the mere light of nature, without fear or favour, may be the approved modern manner, but is not reason.

Venturing thus to suggest what a critic should be, I do not propose to do more than discursively present some instances of the modern mode in which the new policeman appears at some disadvantage. Let me offer an example or two of the characteristics of the new art as usually practised and understood. Lady Hamilton, the celebrated beauty—Lord Nelson's and Romney's Lady Hamilton—was an undoubted ideal. Sir William, writing to his nephew about her, said (I assume it was before his marriage): "She is, I think, about as perfect a thing as can be found in all Nature." And yet, again, at another time: "She is better than anything in Nature. In her particular way, she is finer than anything that is to be found in Antique Art." His nephew, Greville, who had expectations, dutifully replies: "I don't think even Art has done anything so good"; and afterwards adds: "She is naturally elegant, and fits herself easily to any situation." Here is the candid and honest opinion, as we must believe, of two accomplished men of fashion and of the world, written in confidence, as critics, with a cultivated sense and perception of beauty and grace and all their conjunctive attributes. They may have been partial,

but then who is not; certainly not a policeman. The Poet Goethe, two years after, in 1787, writes: "She is very handsome, and of a very beautiful figure. One beholds in her perfection of movement, in ravishing variety, all that the greatest artists have rejoiced to be able to produce." The commander of the Petrel, where she was a guest on the Prince of Wales' birthday, says: "She threw herself into such a variety of bewitching attitudes that no mortal soul could refrain from believing her to be an enthusiastic angel from Heaven, purposely sent down to celebrate this pleasant, happy festival." This was an old sea-dog, who had somehow contrived to transfer his enthusiasm to the wrong place, as angels are not ordinarily credited with enthusiasm, and a wholly candid opinion. Here, however, in contrast, is a more temperate feminine view, a little later in time: "Lady Hamilton is bold, forward, coarse, assuming, and vain. Her figure is colossal; her feet are hideous; her movements in common life ungraceful; her waist is absolutely between her shoulders; she sings out of tune. I think her bold, daring, and stamped with the manner of her early life. Her ruling passions seem to me to be vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table." This is, at any rate, compendious. About the time when the commander of the Petrel was so fascinated, a dear and bosom-friend, Lady Malmesbury, wrote to another friend: "She [Lady Hamilton] really behaves as well as possible, and quite wonderfully, considering her character and education." This is popular criticism in a nutshell.

Shall we transfer our sphere of observation to literature? The *Spectator*, in reviewing Mr. Saintsbury's "History of Nineteenth Century Literature," says: "Mr. Saintsbury's generous criticism and the extent of his knowledge will be seen in the notice of minor poets and prose men." The

Saturday Review remarks on this: "He is fond of affecting familiarity with the lives and works of the minor writers, but betrays the superficiality of his knowledge by blunders and misrepresentations, which would have been impossible to a writer who possessed what he really only affects." I have offered you Professor Jowett's and Mr. Froude's notions of Tennyson, addressed to his family. Here is a view not so addressed:—

> Sweet singer of the madrigal melodious,
> Why did you make King Arthur's story odious,
> Turn Vivien harlot, Merlin sensual fool,
> And send these noble figures to a modern school?

And again, in a summary:—

> Soft flows his rhymeless verse, constructed well,
> And sweetly matched each soothing syllable;
> But where's the passion a great poet knows
> When the hot blood in every artery flows?
> Not his the satire even fools can feel,
> When each strong line is a swift blade of steel.
> Not his the lyric love, that has unlaced
> The cestus warm from Aphrodite's waist;
> But, if you like, a smooth Virgilian style,
> A very proper moral, free from bile;
> Ethics of Dr. Watts, Colenso's creed,
> These nice green volumes give you all you need.

These examples are presented as instances of differing conclusions arising from diversity in taste. But it may be urged these are not examples of true criticism, only of its spirit. Yes, I may answer, but where is the genuine criticism to be found? They are of the usual texture. Shall we go to Scotland for an appreciative estimate of any English author, who is not also an advertiser? Shall we accept Jeffrey's estimate of Wordsworth or Southey, or Carlyle's of Lamb or Coleridge, or Macaulay's of Croker, or Giffard's, Croker's, or Blackwood's of Keats, or Ben Jonson's of Marston, Daniel, and Drayton? It may be urged that

these judgments were not delivered from the tribune, that Rhadamanthus here was without his sceptre and robe and wig. Shall I ask if Jeffery's criticisms delivered in full panoply in the *Edinburgh Review*, being of a Scot upon Englishmen, say of Wordsworth or Southey, are fairer or more dignified? Was Carlyle, when he said of poor Charles Lamb and his loving and much loved sister, "a very sorry pair of phenomena. Insuperable proclivity to gin in poor old Lamb. His talk contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness." But this generous, gentlemanly, dignified estimate, by the sage of Chelsea, was by no means limited to poor old Lamb. De Quincey, no mean judge as I would suggest and Englishmen generally would affirm, summarised Coleridge as "This illustrious man, the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, in my judgment, that has yet existed among men." Dr. Arnold so far confirmed him as to say "He was more of a great man than any one that has lived within the four seas in my time or memory." Carlyle thus epitomised the same Genius: "A puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest. I had never on my own strength had much esteem for him." Wordsworth, we most of us know something about; he needs no character from his last place. Carlyle, with graceful patronage, remarks of him: "His works I know, but never considerably reverenced, could not on attempting it." "A rather dull, hard-tempered, unproductive, and almost wearisome kind of man, not adorable by any means." Finally, his conversation with Wordsworth revealed to him the Poet's belief—"That of transcendant unlimited," there was probably but one specimen known, that of "Wordsworth himself." Carlyle, it need not be

said, did not share this belief. Carlyle was the original "transcendant unlimited." He was a self-made man, and from manhood until his death did nothing but worship his maker. Moses saw the burning bush and believed it to be God. Carlyle saw himself as the burning bush and had the same belief.

When the *Edinburgh Review* wrote of the "occasional vulgarity, affectation, and silliness of Wordsworth's lyrical poems, and that their childishness, conceit, and affectation were not of themselves very powerful or attractive;" or, again, when it described "The Ode to Immortality" as beyond all doubt the most illegible (with a fine ignorance of English), and unintelligible part of the publication, viz., the volume in which it appeared, and Blackwood spoke of "The calm, unsettled, drivelling idiocy of Endymion," or with not inferior delicacy and taste told poor Keats "To go back to his plasters, pills, and ointment boxes." Rhadamanthus was not the less robed, though probably not in his right mind. But dismissing these mean, malignant, jealous, and clannish examples of spite, misnamed criticism, I pass to some more amusing instances of discordance in the Arts, and also to the more exalted examples, due to "our superior refinement and cultivated intelligence." Voltaire declared "Cato" the "finest English Tragedy," and also said that Addison was "the first Englishman who wrote with elegance." The French savant obviously was unacquainted with Hooker, Sir Philip Sidney, Fuller, Bacon, or Milton. The Rev. John Lloyd (1724) was kind enough to affirm of Addison's "Cato," with a suspicion of clerical blasphemy, that "God had never appeared so glorious in any work but his own;" but then Addison had praised Lloyd in a manner he was little accustomed to, and far beyond his deserts, so the reverend commentator also added that the Essayist represented "the biggest word of fame," no

matter what that might be. Pope thought "Cato" better fitted for the closet than the stage. Mr. Blair censured the Essayist for his redundancies, and thought that, although the "graceful harmony of his periods" might palliate some negligences, that his style would have been much more perfect had it been less prolix. This might be more than paralleled from the *Saturday Review.* In commenting on that filthy novel "Jude the Obscure," which was comprehensively summed up by the *Fortnightly,* in June, as "all lechery and lasciviousness," the *Saturday* anticipated such censure by suggesting that "it ennobled the year as a masterpiece, being free from all lasciviousness." Voltaire on Dante was hardly less amusing than on Shakespeare or Addison. With the lucidity of a Frenchman, he said "the fame of the great Italian would go on increasing because no one ever reads him." That was as intelligent and intelligible as his summary of our National Bard, that he was a "sauvage ivre, soins le moindre étincelle de bon gôut, et sans le moindre connaîssance des regles." Even dear Oliver Goldsmith, wise and witty as he was, usually, when pen in hand, considered that the Florentine "addressed a barbarous people in a manner suitable to their apprehensions," and that Dante was "a mixture of good sense and absurdity," besides considering our admiration of our national poet, wholly absurd, exaggerated, and misplaced.

Rymer, the Shakesperean critic, so far agreed with him as to declare Brutus and Cassius were "above the Poet's conversation," and that he made them "Jack Puddings in fools' coats," and that Portia in the same play was of "the same impertinent, silly flesh and blood as Desdemona, and only one remove from a natural." Also that "in the neighing of a horse or the growling of a mastiff there is a meaning and more humanity than in the tragical flights of

Shakespeare." He further pronounced Othello's noble speech to the Senate "tedious Bedlam buffoonery"; and it may be mentioned *en passant* that the *Saturday Review*, under its new régime, aspires to the same enlightened form of commentary. The young lions having become old, or being dead, curs, apes, and jackasses wear their skins.

To offer a few of the more amusing dissonances, in a science which is nothing if not exact, uniform, and settled, let me point out, that a modern reviewer in the *Saturday*, anxious to become notorious, and even infamous, as he cannot otherwise be known, after abundant sneers at the poet's ethics, which he naturally cannot understand, in characteristic manner described Cassius, in "Julius Cæsar," as "a vehemently assertive nonentity," thus unconsciously describing himself.

Heine, a Jew, thought the "Merchant of Venice" one of the noblest of Shakespeare's plays, and paid a glowing tribute of the most exalted kind to Shylock. Douce, also an admirer, declares his "abhorrence of its professed design." Warton thought Shakespeare "read little." Webster, in his preface to the "White Devil," refers to the "right happy and copious industry of Mr. Shakespeare;" and Mr. Gilchrist, the apologist of Gifford, says that Shakespeare was "a diligent reader." Southey thought the "Basil" of Miss Baillie superior to "Romeo and Juliet," and Swinburne says of the same tragedy that it was "difficult, if not impossible, to construct a Tragedy out of the paddling of hot palms and the interchange and play of lascivious bites and bruises." Yet Tennyson died with a volume of Shakespeare in his hand, and saturated his very life and being with his works. Indeed, his sympathy and community of feeling was such that it became an intellectual fellowship or partnership with the author, and not merely a spiritual concord. Swinburne saw himself only in the

Bard, and ascribed to him his own method of love-making.

Let me present a few of the purely whimsical aspects of modern criticism in conclusion. One critic declares of a new work "he is expectant in an atmosphere of intermezzo," whatever that may mean. Another, reviewing Le Gallienne's "The Quest of the Golden Girl," a more or less prurient and nauseous book, describes the author as having "a Greek soul and an artist's touch," and says that the book's "essential purity and individual delineation," together with its personal aloofness, "confer a certain indefinable charm which is not to be resisted." Another, praising a very mediocre set of verses, suggests that "it is an epic in the rush and swirl of its objective action." Here is a distinguished Harvard Professor of Literature (who eschews this "high-faluting" style) exhibiting his comprehensive view of some of Milton's works. Lecturing to his class in the refined familiar manner, he said: "To my thinking, 'Comus' isn't in it with the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' A fellow like Milton, that has bored me with 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Samson Agonistes,' I have absolutely no use for. He makes me tired." This is not æsthetic, and assuredly is not too enthusiastic. Here, however, is a more appreciative notice of a local poet in Cincinnati where they have more fervour and "culchaw." Dilating on a new ode, the critic thus proceeds: "It goes pecking at your think centre, and fluttering through your imagination like a birdic dreamlet. It does this with irrecusable periodicity. Through his wingful little pet he cheeps lowly and collusively, chucks in fritinant expostulation, twitters impeccable idylls, chants sacro sanct canticles, and sings ganglionic epoes. Between the jejune insanity of Bookish exploitation, and the hectic apex of decadent ribaldry, there is a mean

native to rectilinear thought." If the American Professor grows languid over Milton it is quite otherwise when the Censors of the Press are dealing with a fashionable dancer. After commenting on Antony and Cleopatra, in which the writer critically notes that "Cæsar's nose was good and Calpurnia's bust was worthy of her," and adds, "In such parts Garrick and Siddons could have achieved no more." He thus flies to the danseuse: "The gyration of Carmencita may open the pores of ordinary folk, but she is in no sense a surprise or stimulant to the Narragensett critic. She only vibrates, Narragensett* women undulate, and unfold. The blasé New Yorker may be vulnerable to the soft snap of Carmencita's body, but the wise habitués of this salt blown Paradise can only be fanned into ardour by such revelations of the feminine figure as our ladies offer so readily when coquetting with the main. The Spanish dancer has but one interesting movement, our girls can show twenty. Her dress is much too long. We are a colony with clear views about beauty and its uses, and when a lady is too prudish to warm the gaze of man with a sight of her knee pan she cannot command our favour. Had she not permitted the ruffle of her skirts to now and then disclose the mysteries of her undercrust she would have been hissed, but as she moved with the music she allowed the really familiar parts of her to appear through the cloud of lace, and the audience became calmer. But in summarising the performance we must say that the Spanish woman, beside any of our regular prize beauties, is no better than an iron hydrant. They have only to tumble over a wave of ordinary size to show man the perfect plan and reality of all that is feminine, and disclose to him all that makes the seaside world a paradise."

* Narragansett, I may mention, if we may compare great things with small, is the watering-place and resort of cultured Boston, the Trouville of New England.

These examples of criticism it may be objected are not sufficiently solemn for notice, but they might be easily surpassed in extravagance and obscurity by many recent examples of the English Academic, Æsthetic, and Cultured school if space allowed, or by some of our local theatrical reviews, for naïve ignorance and fatuity. They are, at any rate, neither as mischievous nor malignant as many of those of the *Saturday Review* of the past year, of the dead, which are not a ground for action of libel. The magazines of the early part of the century, before the law of defamation was placed on its present basis, and vicious calumny was rendered actionable, were of the same complexion. But I merely proposed to offer you "Some Caprices of Criticism," without warranty that they would be serious or profound, and I now present them.

THE STORKS OF MÉRIDA.

BY CUTHBERT E. TYRER.

ON the banks of the Guadiana, some forty miles to the east of Badajoz, lies the little city of Mérida. Beside it, through a waste of yellow sand and brushwood, the shrunken river darts and ripples along like a flash of blue light, while around on either hand stretch the vast brown undulating wastes of lonely Estremadura. To the north, the white road to Madrid mounts the low uplands till it is lost in the horizon; southward the route to Andalusia and Portugal vanishes amid the thin-sown olive-yards which clothe the rising ground beyond the river, and though Mérida is now a railway junction of some little importance, as such things go in Spain, it may be safely assumed that a traveller along either of those roads would soon find a condition of things as remote from modern civilisation as the heart of man could desire.

Modern Mérida is a poor little place of ill-paved streets and low houses, brown-roofed and whitewashed. The glaring whiteness of the houses is one of the first things which strikes a traveller in Spain, and I asked the polite *caballero*, who took me to see a small collection of antiquities temporarily housed in a suppressed convent, why the people, living under the glare of that fiery sun, made their houses so white. They do it, said he, because they think it makes them prettier—*mas bonito*. I have never seen such white little towns as those of southern Spain.

They surpass in that respect even the whitest of Cornish fishing villages. There is little traffic in the streets of Mérida; the people seem to be for the most part miserably poor, and yet this silent and decayed little city occupies the site of one of the most famous cities of Roman Spain, the capital of the entire province of Lusitania named Emerita Augusta, from the great Emperor who, in the pacification of Spain shortly before the beginning of the Christian era, granted this district to his *emeriti*, or veterans. The considerable remains of its past greatness which have survived the wrecks of time have conferred upon Mérida, on the part, doubtless, of patriotic Spaniards, the title of the Rome of Spain, a comparison about as just as that implied in calling Alonso Cano of Granada the Spanish Michel Angelo, apparently for no better reason than that he did a little in many great arts, being at once a painter, an architect, and a sculptor. Still, Mérida well deserves a visit, both from the professed archæologist and from the unprofessional tourist who takes a melancholy pleasure in contemplating the relics of an illustrious past, and in saying with the Italian poet, "Com' è caduta la città superba!" Mérida continued to be a place of importance until the Moorish invasion in the beginning of the eighth century, which in a few years reduced nearly the whole of Spain beneath the sway of the Crescent, and of its greatness in the fourth century we have a striking picture in Prudentius ("Peristephanon" III.),* where he exalts the youthful martyr-saint, Eulalia, who is still the *patrona* of Mérida:—

Nunc locus Emerita est tumulo
Clara colonia Vettoniæ:
Quam memorabilis amnis Ana
Præterit, et viridante rapax
Gurgite mœnia pulchra lavit.

* M. Aurelii Clementis Prudentii Carmina: Roma, MDCCLXXXVIII, Vol. II., p. 956 et seq.

Hic, ubi marmore perspicuo
Atria luminat alma nitor
Et peregrinus, et indigena,
Relliquias, cineresque sacros.
Servat humus veneranda sinu.

Tecta corusca super rutilant
De laquearibus aureolis,
Saxaque cæsa solum variant,
Floribus ut rosulenta putes
Prata rubescere multimodis.

The existing remains—many of them scattered about on the slopes and in the depressions around the modern town—include a magnificent bridge over the Guadiana, built by Trajan, and still almost intact, another smaller bridge, the imposing ruins of several aqueducts, a fairly well-preserved theatre, and the scantier relics of an amphitheatre or, perhaps, naumachia, several temples, a circus, and a forum; and it was to inspect these that I set out on the morning after my arrival under the guidance of the *mozo* of the inn, whom I had engaged, or rather who had engaged himself, for that purpose. Passing through an arch of brown stone, ascribed to Trajan, and said to have been at one time encased in marble, which spans one of the narrow streets, we came out shortly into the open country, and in a few minutes I looked upon a scene which has impressed itself deeply upon my memory. The valley on this side of the town is crossed by the pillars of an enormous aqueduct, such as the Romans so often left behind them to testify alike to the splendid solidity of their architecture and their regard for the health of the citizens. There are thirty-seven piers in all, mostly perfect, though of the arches in three tiers which supported and connected them, only about ten remain. They are composed of stone and rubble, intersected at intervals by narrow horizontal courses of red brick, and when we consider that the height of the

individual pillars in the centre is not less than ninety feet, they have a perilously slender appearance. On the top of each pier is a single stork's nest, the straw or sticks which compose it often projecting over the edge; and the singular outline of the birds as they stood by their frail nests on perilous eminences, or careered wildly, and with a strange resounding clangour, in the sky above and around, with their white breasts, black wings, and brilliantly red beaks and legs, strongly drawn against the blue—seeming, indeed, to consist chiefly of beaks and legs—is a thing not to be forgotten. We are told by the Psalmist: (Ps. civ., 17) "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house," and Milton doubtless followed him when describing the fifth day of Creation in the Seventh Book of the "Paradise Lost"—

> The eagle and the stork
> On cliffs and cedar-tops their eyries build.

That may well have been true in Paradise, and is even the case to-day in those countries which are only sparsely occupied by man, or where his architectural works are small or few. But if suitable buildings are to be had, the stork, I believe, always prefers them even to the highest trees, and in those buildings chooses the highest and most inaccessible points on which to make his nest and rear his young. The stork does not shun the neighbourhood of man—indeed, he is evidently capable of being tamed if treated with kindness, and in some countries of Europe he is welcomed and protected as almost a sacred bird, and performs in return very successfully the office of a scavenger. But it would appear that he is very jealous in his domestic habits, and resents any intrusion in his home and his nest either on the part of man or of other birds, and hence his partiality for these inaccessible heights. The stork, never seen in England in a wild state, is, of

course, frequently to be met with in other parts of Europe, such as Holland and the Rhine country, but, as it happened, I had never seen a stork or its nest until I entered Spain at Badajoz, where I saw several isolated storks' nests on church belfries. Many more, too, I was destined to see in Andalusia; but this colony at Mérida is, I should fancy, unique, or nearly so, in Spain, and may very possibly be one of the most considerable stork communities in Europe. These isolated piers must long ago have attracted the storks, and I am inclined to believe that the storks I saw had made a permanent home there; at least, early in February they were fully domiciled. The stork is well known as a migrant, often traversing enormous distances on those strong and enduring pinions, which supplied an image to the Prophet Zechariah,* on his journeys from his winter to his summer haunts; but of the stork of southern Spain, though some pass over to Africa in the winter, others, according to Mr. Abel Chapman in his "Wild Spain," never leave the country, passing the cold season in the great marshes at the mouth of the Guadalquivir. Possibly, therefore, these storks of Mérida are permanent denizens of the piers of the Roman aqueduct.

It is not surprising that a superstitious people should find something strange and mysterious in those piers and arches, erected in the dim past, still surviving comparatively uninjured, and crowned year by year by the nests of these singular birds, and that they should have named them *los milagros*—the miracles. Age after age and generation after generation have passed away, and still the Emeritenses have looked up to those lofty and seemingly so frail pillars, unshaken by the assaults of

* Zechariah, v. 9.

time and the storms of winter, and have seen above them, perched on their nests of straw or filling the air around with their strange clangour, those solemn and mysterious birds. The great Italian poet, who delighted to draw his imagery from the sights and sounds of nature, and particularly from the life of birds, compares the soaring and circling of the mystical eagle above him, after the eagle has satisfied his (the poet's) hunger of knowledge, to the female stork hovering over the nest after she has fed her young, and himself to the storkling looking up in love to that good mother*—a picture which must often be present to the eyes of the dwellers in the cities of Spain ; and in a very different connection likens the chattering of the teeth of the sinners, fixed eternally in the ice in the lowest abyss of Hell, to the note of storks.† Of another image drawn by Dante from stork life I was forcibly reminded shortly afterwards at Jeréz de la Frontéra. I found in the courtyard of the pleasant little inn, amid the fruit-laden orange trees and gaudy-flowered shrubs, a poor little stork, one of whose wings had been broken in the effort to fly from the paternal nest on some lofty tower or spire, and which could now do nothing but hop about with earth-dimmed plumage and dejected air, or stand on one leg, peering up with a wise solemnity into the heavens through which it was for ever denied to it to soar. It had been less prudent than the storkling of which Dante speaks‡—

> E quale il cicognin che leva l'ala
> Per voglia di volare, e non s'attenta
> D'abbandonar lo nido, e giù la cala ;
> Tale era io, con voglia accesa e spenta
> Di dimandar.

Still, this poor lame, storkling had, perhaps, as happy a lot as could fall to a bird whose impulse to soar and sail the

* Paradiso, xix., 91 et seq. † Inferno, xxxii., 36. ‡ Purgatorio, xxv., 10 et seq.

air, the very life of its being, was for ever foiled; it roosted with the fowls, while a blackbird and a cat—evidently of exemplary morals—were also members of the same friendly *ménage.* A Spanish gentleman walking round the pleasant *cortile* with the amiable host, who had directed his attention to the harmony in which these creatures lived, remarked very naturally, "I think the animals are better than we are."

Mérida has left many agreeable memories. I found a pleasant inn with civil people, though the religious pictures in my *habitacion* were certainly of an appalling and terrifying character; and I saw many interesting sights, both those I have named, and also others. But when my thoughts travel back to that corner of beloved, romantic Spain, they dwell less on the contrasts afforded by the insignificant present of the little city and the remains of its majestic past; less on the great bridge and the bright blue river flashing arrow-like through the lonely waste of its bed, which forms a natural highway for the scanty traffic of these regions; less of the groups of *arrieros* gathered in front of the ventas beside the bridge at sunset, than of those strange birds with their wild clamour and long ungainly forms, perched on their nests above the pillars of the aqueduct in the valley, or soaring and circling around them, as they showed their gaunt outlines against the clear pale blue of the Estremian heaven.

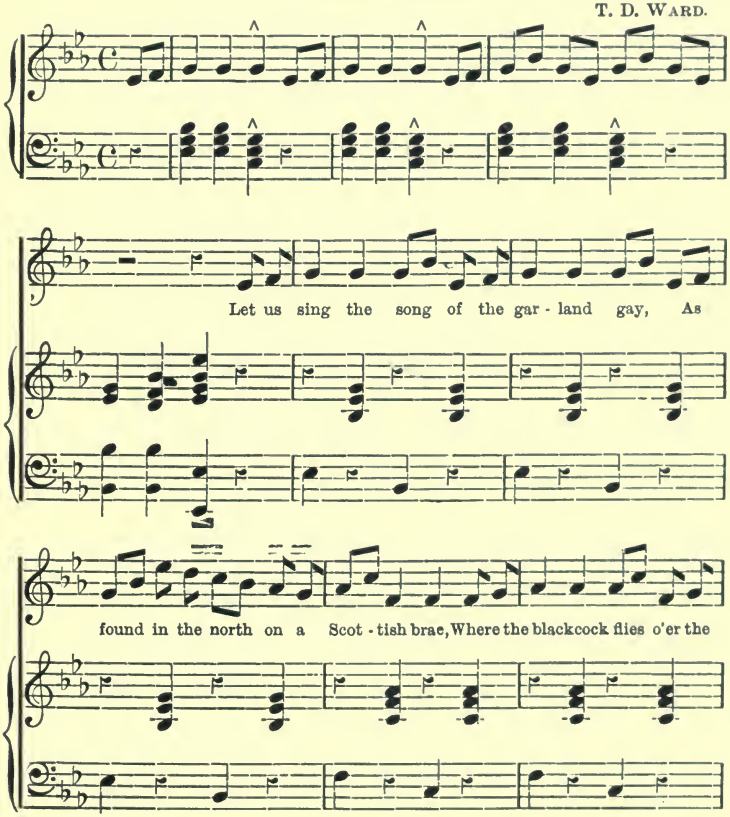
IN THE CLOUDS

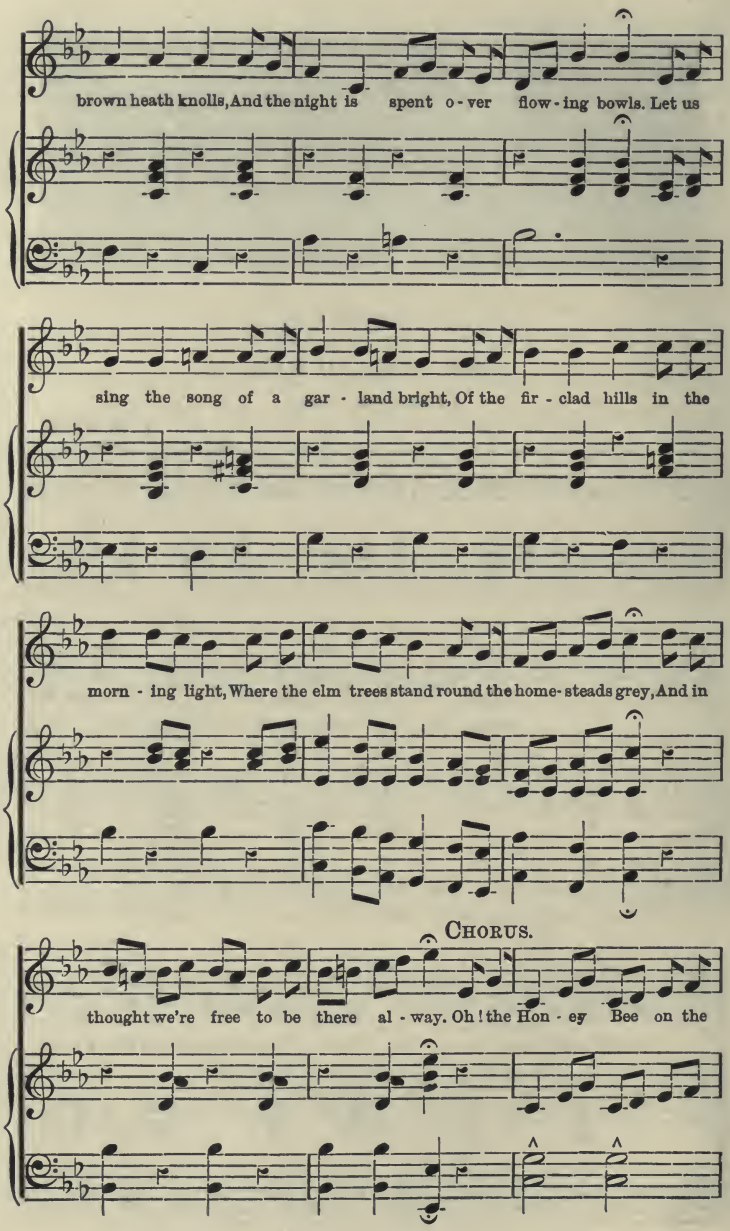
BY THOMAS KAY.

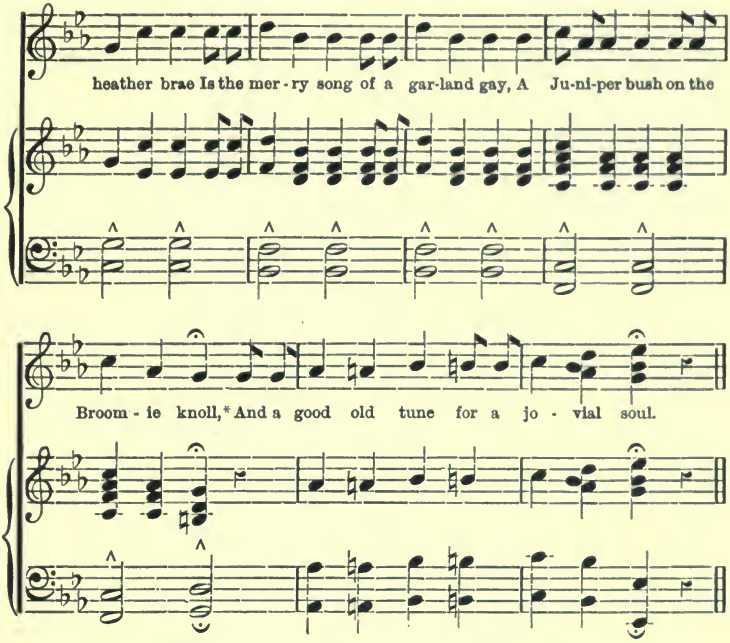
THE GARLAND GAY.

(A Sporting Lay.)

T. D. WARD.




brown heath knolls, And the night is spent o - ver flow - ing bowls. Let us
sing the song of a gar - land bright, Of the fir - clad hills in the
morn - ing light, Where the elm trees stand round the home- steads grey, And in
CHORUS.
thought we're free to be there al - way. Oh! the Hon - ey Bee on the



* Whereby is intended to signify ye grog blossom.

Let us sing the song of a garland sweet
Of dewberries red at the sportsman's feet,
And the cock grouse crows his last on the day
When the shooters pass on the moors that way.
Let us sing the song of a garland great,
When the strath is filled with a raging spate,
And the sea trouts rise in the ruddy wave
To the well-cast fly of a fishing knave.

CHORUS :—Oh! the Honey Bee, etc.

Let us sing the song of a garland round,
In a gloomy glen, to the roaring sound
Of the tumbling falls o'er the moss-clad stones,
Where the salmon lurks and the wild wind moans;
Let us sing the song of a garland ripe,
With the dance and skirl of the Hieland pipe,
Near the flowering gorse and the blushing maids,
So to make life gay before it fades.

CHORUS :—Oh! the Honey Bee, etc.

August, 1897.

IT is often as interesting to see a few words in verse at the head of a chapter as it is to consider the text when listening to a sermon. Good plays, too, are frequently started with a prologue; and an important opera without an overture lacks the leading theme which is to attune the mind unto a proper appreciation of it.

So I have ventured to offer you this new song of a "Garland Gay" *in preludia.*

When one is kept indoors day after day by persistent rain, perhaps he may be pardoned for indulging in lugubrious parodies. This is one :—

O' a' the airts the wind can blow,
  I dinna love the west,
For thence the dripping rain clouds come—
  The clouds that I detest.
The wild woods grow, the rivers flow,
  The swamps are filled full well;
Both day and neet it's cold and weet,
  We'd rather be in—a warmer place.

Pegasus was not on high Olympus on that day or the next, but galloping down the back stairs of literature when the following was produced :—

Ye Highlands wet! ye Highlands wet!
  Which Burns' sweet muse both loved and sung,
How often do our spirits get
  Like wand'ring harps, a bit unstrung;
Continuous showers wet them, yet
The whisky's good, ye'll no forget.

With such dubious offspring, begotten of slush and rain, mist and cloud, dulness and despair, we whiled away one August time when there was never twenty-four hours without rain during its whole term.

The gods of high Olympus, looking down on the Trojan plains, and the wind-flicked orient seas, could not have

been devoid of charity when they "breathed the breath" of poesy on the

> Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> This land of mountain and the flood.

Indeed, some claim from the last line that Ararat was in Scotland at the time of Noah, and not in Chaldea.

Assuredly some Scotch poet died in this August, 1895, making

> Mute Nature to mourn her worshipper,
> And celebrate his obsequies.

Scott marks the signs of a defunct poet by these words:

> The mountains weep in crystal rill,
> The flowers do tears of balm distil,
> And rivers reach their rushing wave
> To murmur dirges round his grave.

It could not have rained more had Burns himself been just called to his fathers, or had Tennyson dropped his laurel wreath into the bosom of Father Thames.

The Southrons are invited, in consideration of a money payment, to foray in Scotia's glens for the holy grail of St. Grouse, *i.e.*, health, and are free to pursue and capture the superabundance of game which the beneficence of Nature and the game laws provide for them on the lonely mountains and in the secluded valleys of Bonny Scoteland.

It is to the tillers of the soil and the herdsmen of the hills, who possess the instincts of Jacob rather than those of Esau, that we owe much of the spiritual or literary cloud life of Scotland. To them every mountain is an Olympus; every burn an Alpheus or an Ilissus; every battle-field where they were victorious a Marathon; and their only capital is the modern Athens.

From my window I gaze through the dull mist after a rainy day, and there is just visible the squares and formation of the English camp on the eve of Bannockburn, as planted in trees by a patriot upon an opposing hill beyond the banks of Carron Water.

The planter earnestly desired to purchase the other mountain, to place the Scotch forces in their true order anent them, but he died before it could be bought, or the visitor might gaze upon the battle array of Wallace and his caterans, as now only he may see the English forces standing as Scotch firs on the brae side, ready for annihilation.

As I said before, it is not to the Esaus of Scotland that we are indebted for its literary cloud life, but to the Jacobs of the land. The modern Esaus, the hillsmen, are quite ready to sell their birthrights of the autumn for a mess of pottage, but it must be served in a bowl of gold. And why not? Local genius requires hot porridge, and may be, a "wee drappie" is, as it has been aforetime, conducive to the canter of Pegasus by purling streams or "Rigs of barley," in search of "Bonnie Marys" and other seductive beauties of the poet's imagination.

And where would he get the mental stimulus, with the exciseman on the one hand, and raw grain on the other, were it not for the power of the precious metal to diffuse itself, like ambient air, in the pockets of the peasantry, and through them into the tap-rooms of the hotel.

Even as late as the present day, the shrine of a cloud god of this nature is to be found in a "public" open to pilgrims of Scotch descent from all nations, and other races are not excluded from this god of streams—the poet Burns —whose verses have lauded beauty, lashed hypocrisy, and blessed humanity as ne'er another either did or may.

It is a long drive to our lodge in the far wilderness, and e'en our "children of the mist" found it so, on a dark, moonless night.

If you will lay your hand flat on the table and mark the creases of your knuckles inclining up and down the valleys of the fingers, which latter are water courses, you

will, by imagining the principal crease a road, be able to form an idea of their experience in crossing the vertebræ of Scotland. The trusty horses and trusted driver, however, brought them safely through to a haven of rest, just in time to partially escape a cloud burst, which, full of wrath, encompassed them like sin.

The weariness and dreariness of the ride in the darkness, as the horses splashed through burns, and the carriage rolled over braes, with whisperings of unseen wings as the scared grouse took flight from beside them, is a memory not to be forgotten.

The next day opened with an unstinted downpour, just allowing them in the afternoon to glance at the green hills, each knoll crested with bleached waving grasses, like an old Highland beastie whose shaggy hair, devoid of nutriment, lies grey and grizzled on its sides.

The morning of the twelfth, sacred to St. Grouse, opened with the same aspect, but, defiant of Jupiter Pluvius, the sportsmen started with dogs, gillies, guns, and game bags to breast the brae. They formed in two parties of two guns each. Two were in the fifties and two in the twenties of age.

Dogs were soon found to be of no use, as the birds and heather had been so wet and wind-blown for a month that the grouse were wild and alert. They were difficult of approach and had to be walked up—coming upon them with surprises, and so bagging them.

The older party continued the sport through the drizzling rain, until, returning to the lodge at lunch time, they found the two young ones had returned at 10 a.m., not caring to endure the dampness.

The afternoon saw the two parties out again with finer weather, and the result was appended in the following

report sent to a sporting paper (which sends out enquiries) and briefly summarises the day and its events :—

> It rain'd and drizzled,
> The young ones mizzled,
> The old ones fizzled.
>
> Afternoon mended,
> Shooting perpended,
> Hundred head ended.

Shot over shanks, dogs not needed. No disease. The bag was exactly 47½ brace grouse, and five hares.

August 20th. Black game shooting opens.

An English poet has written of "a land of streams where it is always afternoon," but it took an Irish one to sing about the charms of an "Old Bog Hole." It will probably require a Scotch one to make a bog the fascinating topic of poetry unless he has two or three of Burns' lassies with him.

In simple prose it is only beautiful when well drained, and hardly visitable except in fine weather. But it is the haunt of black game.

> When duty calls, we hasten to obey,
> And curse the clouds which us betray.

This rushy part through which the River Carron flows is the Mecca of snipe, teal, wild duck, and black game, and covers about a hundred acres, which is called *par excellence* "the Bog." For its more efficient drainage a series of deep channels are cut through it. These channels become overgrown with rank herbage, and are invisible to the ignorant in weed-craft; they are to be known by their smooth, bright, green surfaces in places most beautiful and inviting to the eye, with plants such as duckweeds having broad leaves spread upon the water invitingly for a seeming pathway. The rushes and bog-bean require solid earth, and hence afford some foothold to those who know it.

This was the scene to which these four "children of the mist" started by a long walk over the shoulder of a grass-grown mountain, at the base of which lies "the Bog." As they descended the slopes in line, a few black game arose from amidst the rushes in noiseless flight, and some were bagged. The others headed in long-necked flight to a clump of trees, where a few more were added to the store. A line of guns and beaters was formed along the marsh by the Carron stream, where snipe arose, and a cry of "mark" with the report of guns followed. A few black-game were also killed, and a couple of hares missed by our junior hand. The young ones waded the river, for when the boots are full of water a few inches more or less matters not. There a flight of teal got up, and one was bagged. Snipe arose every few yards; a few were taken, but many went away, and a rest was called at the river side, where two gillies held up a short plank for the elders to walk and jump.

They then adventured the bog proper; a line was formed, and the beat began. A couple of barrels missed the first snipe, and at the sound a flight of ducks arose out of range with their long necks craning eagerly for the distant lakes over the mountains.

The elders had the harder ground allotted them, and the lighter weights, with the gillies, took the bog amidst its oozy channels. In one of them a young one was soon floundering up to the waist, unable to rescue himself. He first gave up his gun, and was dragged out by the attendant gillie. The beat proceeded, and game rose abundantly, but was difficult to kill from the uncertainty of one's steps through flags, rushes, and watery slime, as also it was difficult to find when killed.

A wheel round at the upper end brought them again into the troubled waters and more walking through wet and spongy grass, and across the Carron once more.

After about six or eight miles of tramping they came to a welcome lunch in the parlour of a kindly farm mistress, where she lamented the condition of the sportsmen, and would receive no apology for flooding her dainty boudoir with the outpouring of breeks and boots. It seemed that it would not become her to admit "the gentlemen" to the kitchen where they desired to be. She seemed really delighted to be disturbed out of the serenity of a quiet existence, and to be able to administer to the sportsmen's requirements.

It was a long walk by the opposite shoulder of the hill, past the miserable looking ruins of the castle of a Sir John Graeme, with the moat pastured by sheep brought down from the mountain and bleating for their lambs, like "Rachel weeping for her children, for they were not." This was the day for the weaning of them, and their plaintive cry was saddening, as, harassed by dogs, they were driven away to southern shires. The keeper says at the cry of their lambs he has seen a flock swim a lake over a mile wide to return to them. Who can refuse to place such parental love above instinct?

THE Sir John Graeme of this Castle was the great friend of Wallace. In some lines by the Rev. G. Murray, called the "Lament of Wallace," he is thus alluded to. Wallace loquitur :—

Of all that faced that Southern host,
In freedom's battle bravely lost,
And found a death of fame,
Thou wert the bravest of the brave
That ever filled a hero's grave,
My good, my gallant Graeme.

In all probability it is to a descendant of this same Sir John Graeme that the ancient and anonymous ballad of "Barbara Allen" in the Scotch version applies.

> It was in and about the Martinmas time when green leaves were a-falling,
> That Sir John Graeme in the west countrie fell in love with Barbara Allen.
>
> —"Songs of Scotland." Fol. 49. Royal Edition.

This grass-clad hill overlooking the Carron River brings to our mind the weirdly picturesque tragedy of "Comala," which is located hereabouts, celebrated by Ossian (the Celtic or British Homer) in the poem of that name.

COMALA.

The scene is at night, the northern lights play in the heavens, the moon peeps occasionally through swift-flying clouds.

The bards are below, and Comala with two weird sisters stands aloft looking over the valley, wailing and waiting for the return of Fingal, the chieftain of the people, who has gone out to fight Caracalla, the son of the Emperor Severus—the "King of the World"—as he is called. Caracalla has invaded Caledonia, north of the Great Roman wall of Antoninus, built some seventy years previously.

Comala is the daughter of Sarno, King of Inistore (in the Orkneys); she had fallen deeply in love with Fingal, and followed him to the wars, disguised as a boy. Fingal had discovered this, and had a great affection for her. He left her on the hill and promised to return, if alive, the same night. Her sisters foretell disaster, they see his ghost in the clouds, and blood in the stream; and fill Comala's mind with despair. Hidallan, a rejected lover, is sent by Fingal to explain his absence. Hidallan revenges himself upon Comala by declaring Fingal to be slain.

> "The bands in battle are scattered, the sound of his steel affrights not,
> O Carun! run thy streams of blood, the chief of the people lies low."

Comala's lament on hearing this is singularly fine in poetic imagery. Hidallan tells her that heroes build his tomb on the mountains, and in a fine passage Comala invokes the sons of the grave to stop until she beholds her love. A sound of troops is heard, and bright armour is seen in the vale like the glitter of a turbulent river in the light of the moon. Comala believing her lover dead, and that these are the troops of Caracalla, pierces herself with her own arrow. Fingal appears, Comala dies, then follows his regret, Hidallan's despair, the sister's lament, and the wild coronach of the bards.

There is a strange fascination about this old poem, for its pathos and purity, and its wild gloomy surroundings. It is like a ray of the moon coming through a rift of dark cloud to dimly illumine that period of the Roman occupation of Britain, which has been held to be almost sacred to that mythological figure, King Arthur, and whether written by Ossian or Macpherson, it is a fine piece of dramatic literature.

GROUSE DRIVING.

August 27th.—The persistent rain having rendered the grouse unapproachable, an attempt was made to have them driven over the guns. On a neighbouring moor the shooters (I do not call them sportsmen) were flying a kite, the shape of that predatory bird, to frighten the grouse, so that they should hide themselves in the heather. This seems a cowardly course of procedure. The rule of sport is to give every animal the free use of its faculties to preserve its life, and most of them are so keen of sight and hearing that much precaution is needed

to get them within reach of the guns. After being driven a few times, the bob of a head or the removal of a stone from a wall is sufficient to cause them to swerve in another direction.

On the Scotch moors of this party there were no properly-appointed butts to afford concealment to the sportsmen; hence they had to crouch behind stone walls or seek cover in some oozy peat drift, and send men unaccustomed to the work around a stretch of moorland to drive the birds in.

The miserable nature of this kind of sport is only compensated for by the time given, when waiting on the top of a mountain, to observe the grandeur of the cloud effects upon the landscape, and the constant changes which are rapidly effected by the moving masses.

The sportsman sees a flight of grouse coming towards him, and he gets ready to salute them. Alas! they settle some hundred yards away from him in front, and he knows they will be of no use; for somehow these birds which settle near a hidden sportsman always seem to discern his presence by some faculty, and when put up again are sure to take a course away from him. Soon a few more join them, and a vast chattering arises in their midst, for grouse can talk to each other as well as you or I.

Now the drivers appear on each side; the pack takes wing, and sails away out of range. Some few which have not previously flown so far come sailing over, and their polls are taxed according to the skill of the shooter.

The First of September, sacred to partridges, opened at the full of the moon with strange atmospheric phenomena —the valleys were filled with a black mist, and a dead calm reigned; above, the sun had a burning brilliance, and it was as if the smoke of London with its blistering

heat, or the radiating caloric of a great forge, was concentrated about the valleys within the mountains.

Was it glooming for heat or for rain? It proved to be for heat. On the long hour's walk the junior party had not found a partridge, where, previous to the First, they had usually found sixty or more birds. It seemed as if the mountain's stock had been swept by a long net, and were being sold in the market while they were being looked for at home. The party went for some known to be by the roadside, and having put them up again, followed them up the mountain until only four were left, and these were to form the breeding stock for next season. Six brace were thus bagged before lunch.

After lunch the writer started up the mountain to look for the birds which were known to have been there a few days previously. The weariness of it, the heat, the perspiration, and—no birds; as he trudged on through rushes, climbed over stone walls, jumped an occasional watercourse—allowed the dog to run anywhere—and at last sat down to soothe his disappointment with that common sedative—"smoke." It is not a happy recollection. Then the walk home in disgust and despair, but to be thankful that after a good dinner he could still cry "Resurgam."

What does the sportsman get for all his trouble? Hope, expectancy, patience, endurance, success, despair, or disappointment ring their changes upon his spirits, and bring out qualities valuable in other walks of life. Besides this, he acquires health and geniality begotten of less pressure atmospherically upon his body, and spiritually upon his mind.

The oxygenating of his blood, the opening of his skin pores, the muscular effort, the meagre lunch by the burn side or a mountain spring—one of those which ooze up

with a centre as clear as an uncut gem in a setting of the most vivid green, a colour which shames the emerald, a picture which is a glory in itself; and on a dry day, when overheated and half-choked with heather pollen, a wee drappie neat, with a kiss of the crystal cold water, taken on bended knees from the pellucid font, is an almost divine enjoyment.

In partridge shooting there is a rule of sport to be observed which cannot be too strongly insisted upon—namely, that of singling out the particular bird which it is intended to kill, and no other. To fire haphazard into a covey, as it rises from the ground, may wound many, and yet none be gathered. It is cruel in the extreme. Hence the practice of "shooting into the brown," as it is called, is strongly to be deprecated.

DON'T SHOOT INTO THE BROWN.

A Partridge Shooting Song.

Allegretto.

Of the glo-ries of Sep-tem-ber, 'tis of par-tridges re-mem-ber That I sing; they're the beau-ties of the day, As they cross the gold-en stub-ble, there's nothing seems to trou-ble Them on wing, re-joic-ing on their way, Or when fly-ing o'er the pas-tures re-mind-ing us of last year's Hap-pi-ness, and the

Slower.

a tempo.

bags we used to fill, When they dropped among the swedes or out-

side the mar-shy reeds, Ne'er the - less, they were there for us to kill.

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

For the par - trid - ges fly o - ver, . . And we mark them down in

clo - ver, . . To flush them one by one, And the mer - ry sound-ing

gun, Marks a wel - come to a fine Sep-tem - ber morn - ing.

2nd VERSE.

You may shoot them on the hea - ther, or in an - y kind of

weather, If it's fine, . . and you kill them on the wing; You must

take the out-side bird, and a second, or a third, But not

Slower.

mine. . . Each gun must have its fling—Don't you shoot in - to the

rit. *a tempo.*

co - vey, or be off to A - ber - do - vey, Up and down—you will

meet with ev - 'ry frown, Wound-ing many, kill - ing few — you are

not a sportsman true, Go to town— you have shot in-to the brown.

(*Repeat Chorus.*)

3rd VERSE.

The es- sen - tials of pro-prie - ty are the gra - ces of So -

cie - ty, Don't you know? You must needs when on the go, 'Tis in

fight - ing, lov - ing, court-ing, or in an - y kind of sport-ing That it's

Slower.

so. . . You must un - derstand al - so Not to spoil an - o - ther's

rit. *a tempo.*

game — the re - gard for your good name Is a crown in

coun - try or in town, Let each one have his fling, from the

peas-ant to the king—Town or gown, nev - er shoot in-to the brown.

(*Repeat Chorus.*)

CONCERNING ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

BY JOHN MORTIMER.

THE volume of poems which I have taken down from my shelves, for the purpose of making these notes, is a memorial gift, and bears upon its title page the autograph of a friend, who, though not himself a poet, resembled Clough very closely in certain mental peculiarities, but especially in the simplicity and honesty of his nature, and who held the volume dear, "perchance as finding there unconsciously some image of himself." In the personal and friendly relationships with which the book is thus associated, I find, as it were, the key note of my mental disposition towards Clough.

Though the author of "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich" has his own devoted circle of admirers, an "audience fit though few," to the outside reading public he ranks among the obscurer poets. He cannot in any wide sense be regarded as popular, and yet there are unquestionable evidences that his influence is not of the ephemeral kind. From time to time, and in various ways, he has found that "resurrection in the minds of men" which all men crave. Among his personal friends the desire to keep his memory green has been especially strong, finding its early and supreme

manifestation in the "Thyrsis" of Mr. Matthew Arnold, and its latest in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of Mr. Thomas Arnold, a survivor of that famous reading party which figures so picturesquely in the "Bothie." Though it comes less directly, I think it will be found, too, that Clough's influence upon those who know him only by what he has left to us is almost from first to last a personal one. Everywhere the poet is individually present in his work. In reading him, it is not the artist one has so much in mind as the man, not so much the workmanship as the character and quality of the work in its essence. One's disposition is not to be critical in a literary sense, but rather to be impressed by a strong personality. Regarded in this way, the poet's life and work become inseparable. We have to take both together to get at the estimate. Clough's poetry is largely the rhythmical expression of his inner life, a sort of criticism of it in the sense that Matthew Arnold uses that term. It has an illuminating quality, revealing, among other things, "a sad lucidity of soul" in its introspective subjectiveness.

It is not necessary to the purpose in view to deal with Clough's life in detail, but the salient features may be briefly noted. One does not usually think of him as a Lancashire poet, and yet by the circumstances of his birth he may be claimed as such. He was born in Liverpool in 1819, and, inasmuch as his father is described as a cotton merchant, the poet is, in this remote and unpoetical way, associated with our staple industry. When he was four years old the family removed from Liverpool to Charleston in South Carolina. Four years afterwards, in 1828, they returned to England for a brief period, and Clough was sent to school at Chester. In the following year he went to Rugby, and found Dr. Arnold there, and along

with him in that nursery of noble minds, influences and conditions which were to work powerfully in the shaping and moulding of his subsequent life. It was the time when "Tom Brown" was there, and so, from a famous book relating to that period, one is able to realise certain features of the schoolboy life of that eventful period. The famous Doctor found in Clough a singularly sympathetic and receptive pupil, so much so that he has been described as typically representative of the best features of the school in his time. He was an all-round boy, vigorously alive both intellectually and physically, with susceptibilities eminently adapted to Arnold's educational purposes. He was quickly responsive to that call for a deep seriousness in relation to the problems of life which the Doctor was so fond of inculcating. That this was eventually good for a boy of his temperament at least one of his friends has taken occasion to question. Mr. Walter Bagehot says: "Dr. Arnold was almost indisputably an admirable master for a common English boy—the apple-eating animal whom we know. He worked, he pounded, if the phrase may be used, into the boy a belief, or at any rate a floating, confused conception, that there are great subjects, that there are great problems, that knowledge has an indefinite value, that life is a serious and solemn thing. The influence of Arnold's teaching upon the majority of his pupils was probably very vague, but very good. To impress on the ordinary Englishman a general notion of the importance of what is intellectual, and the reality of what is supernatural, is the greatest benefit which can be conferred upon him. The common English mind is too coarse, sluggish, and worldly to take such lessons too much too heart. It is improved by them in many ways, and is not harmed by them at all. But there are a few

minds which are very likely to think too much of these things. A susceptible, serious, intellectual boy may be injured by the incessant inculcation of the awfulness of life and the magnitude of great problems. It is not desirable to take the world too much *au serieux*—most persons will not, and the one in a thousand who will, should not. Mr. Clough was one of those who will. He was one of Arnold's favourite pupils, because he gave heed so much to Arnold's teaching; and exactly because he gave heed to it, was it bad for him. He required quite another sort of teaching, to be told to take things easily; not to try to be wise overmuch; to be something beside critical; to go on living quietly and obviously and see what truth would come to him. Mr. Clough had in his latest years what may be noted in others of Arnold's disciples, a fatigued way of looking at great subjects. It seemed as if he had been put into them before his time, had seen through them, heard all which could be said about them, been bored by them, and had come to want something else." In connection with this matter of the tired intellect, it may be remarked that Mr. Hutton says—"It was of Clough, we believe, that Emerson was thinking (though knowing Clough intimately, as he did, he was of course speaking mainly in joke) when he described the Oxford man of that day thus: 'Ah,' says my languid Oxford gentleman, 'nothing new and nothing true, and no matter.'"

At Rugby, Clough distinguished himself beyond his fellows, and at seventeen won a scholarship at Balliol. In his Oxford career he did not at first fulfil the expectations of Rugby, and there is a story of his coming back to his master after the examination for honours, and frankly telling him, with bowed head, that he had failed. This missing of his First Class was, however, quickly redeemed by his election to a Fellowship at Oriel, a proud distinc-

tion, as it was then esteemed. Later he became a Tutor of his College, but he did not sit easy in the professorial chair. There were thorns in the cushion. He had a Hamlet-like disposition to self-questioning, and his soul was troubled with problems relating to the bases of belief. The deep seriousness of the Rugby teaching was making itself manifest under new conditions productive of unrest regarding matters of faith which need not be dealt with here. Oxford at that time was in a state of spiritual turmoil, with souls in it swayed hither and thither by winds of doctrine and speculations as to what constituted the true faith. Clough, however, was not much influenced by the main directions of the controversy. He had matters of conscience of his own to deal with. In accepting the position he did, it had of course been necessary to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, but this had been done with much hesitation and grave misgivings; for Clough had not that easy, accommodating habit of mind of the man who offered under similar circumstances to sign forty articles if it would oblige anybody. This declaration of belief was a source of inward discomfort. There was a sense of being in bondage—of being spiritually "cribbed, cabined, and confined." So much is evident from the sequel, for, after holding his post for six years, he resigned, and his feeling in doing so is expressed in a letter to Mr. Thomas Arnold, wherein he says: "I have given our Provost notice of my intention to leave his service (as Tutor) at Easter. I feel greatly rejoiced to think that this is my last term of bondage in Egypt, though I shall, I suppose, quit the flesh-pots for a wilderness, with small hope of manna, quails, or water from the rock." Again, he says, "One may do worse than hire himself out as a common labourer; 'tis, at any rate, honester than being a teacher of thirty-nine articles!" What concerns one in this business is the

impression it gives of Clough's obedience to the dictates of his conscience, regardless of pecuniary considerations. He evidently felt, as Tennyson puts it, that

> Because right is right, to follow right
> Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence.

The freer area of work which he sought was supposed to be found when he became Principal of University Hall, London. Before commencing his duties in that sphere there was an interval of travel, during which he visited Italy, and found himself shut up in Rome during the siege, saw the French enter the Capitol, and had other experiences which were afterwards to bear poetical fruit.

Clough did not long remain at University Hall, and we next find him crossing the Atlantic in search of new occupation. In America he met again his old friend Emerson, and found congenial society among the most distinguished men in Boston. The author of "The Bothie" was fêted, and found himself in company with Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, and other illustrious personages. Tutorial work he found at Cambridge, Massachusetts; he gave lectures, too, and contributed to the *North American Review.* He stayed less than a year, however, for the climate was affecting his health seriously, and so when Carlyle wrote to tell him that his friends had obtained an appointment for him as Examiner to the Educational Department he set out again homewards.

In general outline there is little left to tell of the residue of his life, which lasted only about eight years longer. After his return from America he got married, and two years after was appointed secretary to a Commission to Report on Military Education on the Continent. Later his health gave way, and travel failed to restore it. By one of the Italian lakes he was attacked with malaria, and

with difficulty made his way to Florence, where, at the age of forty-two, he died, and was buried in the cypress-shaded cemetery at Fiesole.

In view of these bare facts of his life one may now turn to the consideration of Clough as he shapes himself to us in his poetical self-revelation. Poetry, as we have seen, was not the business of his life. As tutor and examiner his work was educational, and only on occasion was there a flowering season of poetry. The poetical instinct, however, had been in him from the beginning. At school he contributed verses to the *Rugby Magazine*, of which he was sometime editor, and his latest poems dropped, as it were, unfinished from the hand of a dying man. Still there were long intervals, sometimes extending over several years, during which his muse was silent. Along with this recurring indisposition to write, there was also an indisposition to publish. Those who knew him well tell us of a certain inertia that was in him, inducing hesitancy and associated with shyness. One remembers that at Crabb Robinson's parties he was referred to by that great conversationalist as "the young man who never says anything." He never cared to rush into print. Of his "Amours de Voyage," Mr. Hutton says that "he kept it nine years in MS., and published it apologetically at last only in an American magazine, the *Atlantic Monthly*." We see therefore that he did not pose as a poet in the professional sense, but rather used poetry as a divine recreation, or an aid to more perfect expression regarding those "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things," of which he was so sensitively and almost morbidly conscious.

One of Matthew Arnold's definition's of the functions of poetry is to the effect that it is the interpretress of both the natural world and the moral world. In these two

ways, he says, it interprets, on the one hand "by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movement of the outward world," and, on the other hand, "by expressing with inspired conviction the ideas and laws of the inward world of man's moral and spiritual nature." In his degree, Clough used it in both ways, but with a bias towards the moral and spiritual side. His attitude to Nature was that of a lover keenly alive to the sensuous beauty of the world, but his love had in it a large admixture of the reflective element. So, of the poets who influenced him, Wordsworth was apparently pre-eminent. Nature in its beautiful manifestations was not enough. There must always be a human reference; always present "the still sad music of humanity." In dealing with the relations of man and nature he brought to the consideration a keen and subtle-edged intellect, and it happened as a consequence that the intellectual quality predominated in the result. The abstract problems of life are dealt with in his most serious and personal poems, and to an extent which limits his circle of admirers and renders him attractive only to "attentive, audient, and beholding souls" with similar tendencies. Moreover, though having much music in him of the subtler kind—that by which the inner spirit sings—he was not uniformly melodious in his expression. In rhythmical utterance he is unequal, but for the rightly tuned ear there is often a haunting, latent sweetness in spite of the halting metre.

As I turn over the pages of my volume in certain marked passages I find the poet's peculiar individuality revealed to me in many reflective gleams and flashes, with evidences everywhere of the rich soil from which these flowers of poetry have sprung. In his earlier poems there is a note struck which is expressive of a sense of loss and change, and which you come across again and again in succeeding

pages. Clough was but twenty-two when he wrote in this strain :—

> Come back again, my olden heart!
> Ah! fickle spirit and untrue,
> I bade the only guide depart
> Whose faithfulness I surely knew:
> I said, my heart is all too soft.
> He who would climb and soar aloft
> Must needs keep ever at his side
> The tonic of a wholesome pride.

Mr. Hutton says the last four lines of this stanza express the man in a very remarkable manner, as he appeared to his friends, in his attractive, proud simplicity. Of this date too is the next poem, which seems to show that the poet hoped to find in Nature a more faithful constancy than our changeful human nature yields.

> When soft September brings again
> To yonder gorse its golden glow,
> And Snowdon sends its autumn rain
> To bid thy current livelier flow:
> Amid that ashen foliage light,
> Where scarlet beads are glistening bright,
> While alder boughs unchanged are seen
> In summer livery of green:
> When clouds before the cooler breeze
> Are flying, white and large; with these
> Returning, so may I return,
> And find thee changeless, Pont-y-wern.

In regarding Nature Clough, as I have said, took the Wordsworthian view, sympathetic, reflective, and with the human reference, but there is a subtle subjective element of the questioning kind in a poem like the following which is not usual with the more confident calmer-souled poet.

> O stream descending to the sea
> Thy mossy banks between,
> The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,
> The leafy trees are green.
>
> . . . .

O life descending unto death,
  Our wasting eyes behold,
Parent and friend thy lapse attend,
  Companions young and old.

. . . .

O end to which our currents tend,
  Inevitable sea,
To which we flow, what do we know?
  What shall we guess of thee?

For the characterisation of a group of his early questioning poems Clough could find no better text than a Wordsworthian quotation which describes them as "Blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realised." Under this heading we have these lines:—

Like a child
In some strange garden left awhile alone,
I pace about the pathways of the world,
Plucking light hopes and joys from every stem,
With qualms of vague misgiving in my heart
That payment at the last will be required;
Payment I cannot make for guilt incurred;
And shame to be endured.

Truly the weary weight of all this unintelligible world rested heavily on the poet's heart. Doubt, change, loss, sometimes irretrievable, but often accompanied by a hope of ultimate renovation and restoration, these are themes of the poet's lays. How expressive is this of the despondent mind!—

My wind is turned to bitter north
  That was so soft a south before;
My sky that shone so sunny bright
  With foggy gloom is clouded o'er;
My gay green leaves are yellow-black
  Upon the dark autumnal floor;
For love departed once, comes back
  No more again, no more.

Of the separations which come in life, Clough discourses with pathetic sweetness. Many such separations in belief he must have had, finding, as he did, how widely his

spiritual path diverged from those of many of his dearest friends; hence, such an appeal as this :—

O tell me, friends, while yet we part,
And heart can yet be heard of heart,
O tell me this, for what is it
Our early plan of life we quit,
From all our old intentions range,
And why does all so wholly change?
O tell me, friends, while yet we part.

. . . .

O tell me, friends, while yet we hear—
May it not be some coming year,
These ancient paths that here divide
Shall yet again run side by side;
And you from there, and I from here
All on a sudden reappear?
O tell me, friends, while yet we hear.

. . . .

Still further separation, and in the same vein, does he give us this :—

As at a railway junction, men
Who come together, taking then
One the train up, one down again,

Meet never! Ah, much more as they
Who take one street's two sides, and say
Hard parting words, but walk one way.

. . . . .

Yet seldom, surely, shall there lack
Knowledge they walk not back to back
But with an unity of track.

. . . . .

Each other yet again shall meet.
Ah, joy! when, with the closing street,
Forgivingly at last ye greet!

With quite other figures of illustration does he deal with this sad separation theme, when he likens the separated ones to ships at sea :—

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side.

. . . . .

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

Still again does he sing hopefully of possible reunion of hearts, in lines which are perhaps more familiar than much else of his verse—

Some future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot;
And thought of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again, upon some future day,

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above;
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

. . . . . .

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed—ye winds and waters say!—
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

The likening of a man's life to a ship at sea with a vast unknown encircling it, comes up frequently in cases suggested in his Atlantic voyaging, as thus—

Where lies the land to which the ship must go—
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

. . . . . .

With Clough's spiritual strivings, one would rather not deal. They are to be found here with many questionings of the gravest kind, but always with the strongest desire to get at some sure resting place. He could never be satisfied with untested unproved doctrines. As Mr. Bagehot says, there was in him a strong realism. "He

saw what it is considered cynical to see—the absurdities of many persons, the pomposities of many creeds, the splendid zeal with which missionaries rush on to teach what they do not know, the wonderful earnestness with which most incomplete solutions of the universe are thrust upon us as complete and satisfying." As an illustration of a mood which suggests a humorous cynicism, but which has in it an underlying seriousness, we have this :—

"There is no God," the wicked saith,
"And truly it's a blessing;
For what He might have done with us
It's better only guessing."

. . . . .

"Whether there be," the rich man thinks,
"It matters very little;
For I and mine, thank somebody,
Are not in want of victual."

. . . . .

But country folks who live beneath
The shadow of the steeple:
The farmer and the parson's wife,
And mostly married people.

. . . . .

And almost every one when age,
Disease, or sorrow strike him,
Inclines to think there is a God,
Or something very like him.

Of his own views regarding man's attitude to things seen and unseen, one may take these words :—

Hope evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought
So are the things that thou sees't, e'en as thy hope thy belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? They rise to provoke thee against them.
Hast thou courage? Enough; see them exulting to yield.

. . . . . .

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself: It is good; and yet is there better than it.
This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it.

Of this soul-stirring aspect of Clough one may take leave with some hopeful words regarding the issue of the struggle where truth and duty are the watchwords :—

> Say not, the struggle nought availeth,
> The labour and the wounds are vain,
> The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
> And as things have been they remain.
>
> . . . . .
>
> For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
> Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

It may be that, with some sense of relief, the reader will turn from these poems which have in them so much of the intellectual quality to others of the *ab extra* kind—the wayside songs of a less serious traveller. Important as may be such problems as Clough chose to deal with, one could wish that he had given us more poems like that anent the prentice and the maid, of which these are the opening stanzas :—

> On grass, on gravel, in the sun,
> Or now beneath the shade,
> They went, in pleasant Kensington,
> A prentice and a maid.
> That Sunday morning's April glow,
> How should it not impart
> A stir about the veins that flow
> To feed the youthful heart.
>
> Ah, years may come, and years may bring
> The truth that is not bliss,
> But will they bring another thing
> That can compare to this ?

Clough's first published poem was "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and it appeared after he left Oxford, being regarded as his farewell to the "home of lost causes and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names and impossible loyalties," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has been pleased to

describe it. There is nothing in the "Bothie," however, which has anything to do with Clough's withdrawal. It is full of the spirit of the joyous Oxford days,

> When wits were fresh and clear,
> And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames.

One well remembers the first appearance of it—this "Long Vacation Pastoral," with the oddly sounding title; how it came as something new and strange, bringing with it a sense of vigorous, healthy Highland life, acting upon one's jaded spirit like a wholesome tonic. The metre, perhaps, was also a little strange, though one had already become accustomed to it in Longfellow's "Evangeline," which had suggested it to Clough as a fitting vehicle for his sturdier story. Not easy to handle effectively is the long drawn out hexameter, but he managed to get the true grip of it with Homeric force, as some maintain, and working with such rapidity, too, that the whole Pastoral was written within a month. In it you have displayed the humorous side of his nature, though mingled with the fun there is ever cropping up some social problems to be shown in cross lights of argument. In the grave man nicknamed Adam, the leader and tutor of the young barbarians, we recognise the poet himself, who tells how he and his pupils dwelt together, and read and roamed in heathery Highland.

> So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets,
> So they read and roamed, the pupils five with Adam.
> What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from the westward,
> What if on browner sward with yellow leaves besprinkled,
> Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gemming,
> Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly beads of hoar-frost,
> Duly in *matutine* still, and daily, whatever the weather,
> Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with the Glory of headers
> Hope. Thither also at times, of cold and of possible gutters
> Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes, or e'er they departed,
> Come, in heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk enfolding,
> Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs displaying,

All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man revealing.
Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or the trio,
Where in the morning was custom, where over a ledge of granite
Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended.

. . . . . .

So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen and forest;
Far amid blackest pines to the waterfalls they shadow,
Far up the long, long glen to the loch, and the loch beyond it,
Deep, under huge red cliffs, a secret: and oft by the starlight,
Or the aurora perchance, racing home for the eight o'clock mutton.
So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery Highland;
There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets.

In the "Bothie," as you know, there is told the love-story of Philip and Elspie, and along with it there is a discussion relative to the true charm and grace of womanhood, which is evolved in the true Wordsworthian rendering of "a creature not too wise or good for human nature's daily food," for the conclusion arrived at is that, rightly considered,

Beauty must ever be useful; what truly is useful is graceful.

Thus does the pastoral tale go on, the narrator sometimes having his mind

Half buried in some weightier argument,
Or fancy borne, perhaps, upon the rise
And long roll of the hexameter.

One must turn over the pages of one's book very rapidly now, for the limits of space are almost reached. The "Amours de Voyage" was written while Clough was shut up in Rome during the siege. In the concluding words, the book is made to say of itself—

I was writ in a Roman chamber
When, from Janiculan heights, thundered the cannon of France.

It is a love-story told in hexameters, and through the medium of correspondence. Claude, the hero, has said to himself, setting out on his travels—

Come, let us go—to a land where the gods of the old time wandered,
Where every breath even now changes to ether divine.

This land is Italy, and the chief attraction Rome. Arrived there, he sends letters to his friend Eustace, giving his experiences and impressions. He is a student-traveller, observant of Nature and human nature, with a taste for architecture and the fine arts. These things occupy his mind largely, and his first confession to his friend is that Rome from an architectural point of view disappoints him. It is a rubbishy place, incongruous in the make-up of it. More interesting is an English family he has come across—the Trevellyns—and among them none so interesting as Mary, a maiden of that name. As the correspondence proceeds, among graver reflections and criticisms on things ancient and modern, references to this damsel and the doings of her family crop up :—

"Papa is in business," Mary informs me;
He's a good, sensible man, whatever his trade is. The mother
Is—shall I call it fine?—herself she would tell you refined, and
Greatly, I fear me, looks down on my bookish and maladroit manners;
Somewhat affecteth the blue; would talk to me often of poets;
Quotes—which I hate—"Childe Harold," but also appreciates Wordsworth;
Sometimes adventures on Schiller; and then to religion diverges;
Questions me much about Oxford; and yet in her loftiest flights, still
Grates the fastidious ear with the slightly mercantile accent.

In a furtive way, this Claude hovers about Mary, but says nothing definite :—

So it proceeds: *Laissez faire, laisser aller*—such is the watchword;
Well, I know there are thousands as pretty and hundreds as pleasant;
Girls by the dozen as good, and girls in abundance with polish
Higher and manners more perfect than Susan or Mary Trevellyn;
Well I know, after all, it is only juxtaposition;
Juxtaposition, in short; and what is juxtaposition?

This juxtaposition question occurs again and again in the letters, as thus—

Juxtaposition is fine; and what is juxtaposition?
Look you, we travel along in the railway carriage or steamer,
And, *pour passer le temps*, till the tedious journey be ended,
Lay aside paper or book and talk with the girl that is next one,
And, *pour passer le temps*, with the terminus all but in prospect,
Talk of eternal ties and marriages made in heaven.

Those who watch the game come to the conclusion that Eustace is a shilly-shallying young man, and so it proves. Meanwhile stirring events are abroad. One morning Eustace can get no milk for his coffee at the Caffè Nuovo, and he finds that the French are at the gates. Incidents of the siege are introduced, and among the figures are Mazzini and Garibaldi. Likewise we have views and opinions upon politics. The Trevellyns don't like the unsettled condition of Rome, and flee from the fighting to Florence. Eustace cannot make up his mind to follow Mary—he would and would not—and lets his opportunity go by. Then in time he relents, and the story goes on to show how at last he goes to Florence to find the lady gone, how he goes in chase, hot-footed now, but ever to find the object of his search elude him. Mary, who confides her feelings to a friend, is anxious that he should find them, but they meet never again, and in this unsatisfactory way the love-making comes to an end. The main interest of this story is that, though not specially personal in incident, it reflects some peculiar features of the poet's nature, its inertia, its hesitancy, and to some extent its inconclusiveness.

To "Mari Magno; or, Tales on Board," not published until after the poet's death, I can only allude slightly. Mr. Hutton has said, that while Matthew Arnold's poetical ancestor dated no further back than Wordsworth, in Clough's case he is as remote as Chaucer. In these tales Clough presents himself to us as a kind of modern Chaucer, but his pilgrims are not on horseback nor bound for Canterbury, but are passengers on an Atlantic liner bound for Boston. The tales are told by a lawyer, a clergyman, and the author. They cannot be particularised here, but one may quote Mr. Hutton's opinion regarding their Chaucerian resemblance. He says: "The oftener I

return to Clough's unfinished but striking poems, the more I am struck by something in their fresh natural handling, and a certain lustre of sunlight on their surface which suggests to me a modern and intellectualized Chaucer, and I think the same homely breadth and simplicity were strongly marked in his countenance. Of course the whole essence of such genius is changed by the intellectual condition of Clough's age, and the still higher intellectual conditions of his personal career. But the characteristic is only the more strongly marked for such striking and fundamental variations, and had he lived to fill more completely with his individual genius, and to complete the beautiful fragments of tales which are entitled 'In Mari Magno,' every one would have noticed not merely an external resemblance in structure and scheme, but a very close analogy in genius between the 'Canterbury Tales' by the father of English poetry and the series by this late representative of our academic school."

And now, with a sense that I have told you nothing new, and, save for my own recreation, need never have set down a word, let me, before I close my book, turn to the preface and read again the tribute to the poet's worth which is there inscribed by his friend, Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave. It is only one of many such tributes, all singularly unanimous in their testimony to the nobility, tenderness, simplicity, and high-souled honesty of the poet's nature. In his lifetime he shrank from the praise of his fellows as from something which contained an element of moral danger, but after he was gone no such risk was incurred. So we read many words in his praise, and learn how "he was free from the last infirmity of noble minds," how "he lived in the inner light of a pure conscience, the healthfulness of duty fulfilled, the glorious liberty of absolute unworldliness." But of all tributes to

Clough's memory, perhaps none will be so abiding as "Thyrsis," wherein, like Milton, with his Lycidas, Matthew Arnold has preserved the memory of his dead college friend in imperishable verse, and endowed it with the same sweet pastoral grace.

You remember how the sad poet, revisiting the scenes of his pastoral wanderings with Thyrsis, says :—

> Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
> But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick ;
> And with the country-folk acquaintance made
> By barn in threshing time, by new-built rick.
> Here too our shepherd pipes we first assay'd.
> Ah me ! this many a year
> My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday !
> Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
> Into the world and wave of men depart ;
> But Thyrsis of his own will went away.
>
> It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest ;
> He loved each simple joy the country yields,
> He loved his mates ; but yet he could not keep,
> For that a shadow lour'd on the fields
> Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
> Some life of men unblest
> He knew, which made him droop and fill'd his head.
> He went ; his piping took a troubled sound
> Of storms that rage outside our happy ground :
> He could not wait their passing, he is dead !

Of what Clough has left to us of his own it will, perhaps, be the breezy Highland "Bothie" with which he will be more prominently connected, but of himself, the poet, who "lived his own poem," it will be as the Thyrsis of the green meadows and uplands that lie around Oxford or by fair Thamesis' side that one best loves to think of him, in close companionship there with the Scholar Gipsy, and possessing withal his shy elusive charm.

M. DE LA SIZERANNE ON CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH PAINTING.

BY J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN.

IN M. de la Sizeranne's estimate of Ruskin we get a more accurate analysis, and, at the same time, a more vivid portrait of our own writer than from any of Ruskin's writings, or those of our own countrymen. And in the work by the same author, now before us, we have an equally illuminating survey of the aims and methods which distinguish contemporary English Painting from the art of the rest of Europe. For this we are indebted in part to the individual skill of the writer—in part also to his nationality. We look to the French for logical clearness, for the drawing of distinctions wherever there are differences. We do not look to them, however, for insight into the importance for practical life of the differences thus distinguished. Rightly or wrongly we believe ourselves to have developed, by long traditions of self-restrained liberty, more genius than our neighbours in the practical conduct of affairs. Indeed, M. de la Sizeranne grants this to us. We play, he says, a part in the world entirely inimitable. And we have achieved this, we think, by avoiding pedantry and accepting compromise, by taking,

at every turn, a practical point of view, by asking of any proposal, not is it the ideally best, but will it work, or even, will it pay? So also with respect to art. In France art appeals to the cultivated few, it submits to a logical limitation of its sphere. In England, on the contrary, as our author tells us, "Art has to be at once lofty and popular, it must teach the most philosophical truths, and teach them to all. It must raise him who produces it, that is to say every one, because every one ought to join in producing it, and it must elevate him who enjoys it, that is to say every one, because every one is called to enjoy it." He quotes William Morris, who says: "It is a disgrace for a true artist to keep what he has produced for his own enjoyment alone, as it would be a disgrace for a rich man to live and eat luxuriously in a besieged fort where the soldiers were dying of starvation."

This want of singleness of aim in English Art can be gathered, we are told, even from the studio conversation of our artists. Says our author: "One is struck, in talking with these English painters, by the superiority of their culture to that of the majority of our French artists. All the questions which trouble the world are intelligently echoed in these studios. All the gusts which sweep over the crowd make these sensitive artists' souls to tremble. Such artists can play upon all our faculties, because all theirs are in full play, and teach us much because they have themselves learned much." But is this the legitimate sphere of Art? Not according to our severe logician, and he warns his fellow-countrymen from imitating what, though a glorious error, is none the less an error—the confusion of the spheres of Painting and Literature: "The intellectual artist, the psychological artist—in a word, the artist with a purpose," he says, "takes infinite pains to express in ten years, on a big canvas, the sentiments which his brother,

the poet or the novelist, will give us in ten lines, more vividly and more profoundly." We are reminded here of Hamerton's comment on Ruskin's theories as to the meaning of Turner's Liber Studiorum: that all the meaning could be put into a couple of sonnets, and then would not be of any great importance. But we may venture to say that the whole of life may be well-nigh summed up in even less than two sonnets. When we have said that one generation goeth and another cometh, but the earth abideth for ever; that man goeth forth unto his labour until the evening, that he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, that no man liveth unto himself, that it is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment—we need not add many more short sentences to say all that matters much about life. And the books which take years to write are only variations on these great simple themes, and often less effective in their elaboration than these in their simplicity. And if a painter takes twenty years to realise to our sight but one of these great commonplaces, so that at a glance the eye carries the vast purport of it into the very depth of our being, with new conviction, because in another form, he has not lived and toiled in vain. And such and similar service our painters are of a truth constantly endeavouring to render to us. Now, this fact leads our author to say: "The anecdotal rebus of Hogarth on the one side, and the psychological rebus of Brown-Jones on the other—all English painting oscillates between these two extremes which meet, however, if we consider how far apart they both are from the normal view which should be taken of a plastic subject," which errs in seeking to do other than express the Beautiful, "the Beautiful without phrases, the Beautiful without intentions, the Beautiful without a mission—as if there were anything in the world good

enough for Beauty to become its servant, its interpreter, or its herald." This, then, according to our author, is the golden rule—beauty of line, of form, of colour; everything in art is to be subordinated to this. The subject of the picture must never so far occupy the painter's thought as to interfere with his primal aim of visible beauty; the critic or connoisseur must never allow the interest of the subject to excuse any merely æsthetic defect. But is there this radical antagonism between the two things? Is it inevitable that what a picture gains in meaning it will lose in beauty; or, to leave ourselves, if possible, a legitimate alternative, if either beauty or expression has to be sacrificed, must it always be expression that has to go? These, which are our author's contentions, are, of course, the crux of the whole question. How shall we decide them? Our author takes the course of experience and examines the works of our English painters in order to come to a decision; and we will follow him into some of the details of this examination before considering what answer we shall make to these main questions.

He informs us that up to 1848 English painting, though it affords reason for admiration, affords none for surprise. Reynolds and Gainsborough are great masters, but do not paint differently from the rest of Europe. Neither does Lawrence. Only the landscape painters Turner and Constable do anything original. But Turner, we are told, remains alone, unfollowed, and no more belongs to England than a comet to any particular part of the sky. Surely our Frenchman is neither so perspicacious nor so ingenuous here as usual. This is a very summary way of depriving us of our greatest genius. Would he say the same of Shakespeare? Nor is he much fairer with respect to Constable, who, he says, "was so quickly followed and overtaken by the French that he has rather the glory of

creating a new movement in Europe than the chance of assuring a national art to his own country." But if we have taught Europe the art of landscape painting, does that make it less or more a national art? If landscape painting in England had come to an end with Constable, then our author's phraseology would have been justified; or, of course, it is justified if by "national" he means "exclusively national." But we are not to be robbed of a claim to a national art because, in the action and reaction of the nations upon each other, we sometimes overtake and are sometimes overtaken by, sometimes teach and sometimes learn from, our neighbours. Is cricket less an English game, because, at the moment, we have something to learn from the Australians? When our author is speaking of French influence upon European art, he does not speak thus. He says that if an æsthetic map of the world were prepared all countries but the British Isles would have to receive the colour of France, as colonies of French art. But, so far as landscape at any rate is concerned, why not the colour of England if England colonised France? It is interesting to note that many French writers make just the same extravagant claims. Take Gothic architecture. M. Corroyer, for example, unhesitatingly claims the best English Gothic of the 12th and 13th centuries as French in origin—the east end of Lincoln Cathedral and Lichfield Cathedral, for example. We fear that our author, like many others of his countrymen, is more than a little of a Chauvinist, and that the egregious national vanity, which drove Napoleon into the mad idea of subjecting the world to French dominion, puts a note of monomania into the theories and deductions of the critic. And we find that now, when English Art is threatening to invade Europe again, he makes his criticism upon it a regular game of French and English; says that

our English painters and critics are largely moved by antagonism to all things French (because they are French, that is, not because they are believed to be narrow and incomplete), and takes his illustrations from our old rivalries, as when he says that Napoleon found the English did not know when they are beaten, and that "the assaults of realism and impressionism are broken upon English æstheticism like the squadrons of Ney upon the squares of Wellington." Shall we also go back to Waterloo for an illustration, and here as there win our victory with the help of our kinsmen, the Germans? Yes, in due time, but meanwhile let us, as at Waterloo, first exhaust the French attack; the power of Napoleon was broken before Blücher arrived on the scene.

This earlier English painting then, we are told further, was followed by Haydon, Wilkie, Landseer, Ward, Eastlake, Etty, Mulready, Maclise, Egg, Webster, Leslie, who "do, with more or less skill, the same kind of painting as is done everywhere. We are interested for a moment in their dogs, their horses, their village politicians, in all these little scenes of genre, of kitchen interiors, which they do not nearly so well as the Dutch, and we pass on." But *we* may note, in passing, that these men did not paint for M. de la Sizeranne, but for their contemporaries, and that their contemporaries did more than merely glance at their works and pass them by.

But a new epoch begins in 1844 with the return to England, from Antwerp and Paris, of Ford Madox Brown, to whom M. de la Sizeranne attributes that important influence in the Pre-Raphaelite movement which is becoming more commonly recognised in this country, and it is in that movement and its results he finds the change which has made the art of England different from the art of all the rest of Europe. His story of the movement is

interestingly told, but does not come within the scope of this paper. It is enough for us to quote a passage in which our author sums it up. "Seen in its entirety," he says, "from Madox Brown to Millais, and from Watts to Rossetti, from the Westminster Cartoons to the 'Last of England,' and from the 'Lorenzo and Isabella' to the 'Huguenot,' as from 'The Annunciation' to the 'Dante's Dream,' the movement of 1850 was this: new men, seeking for a new art, substituting expressive unusual gesture for common and commonplace gesture, and pure, dry colour, simply laid and brilliant in contrasts, for colour broken, and strengthened by super-position—in a word, expressive line for decorative line, and vivid tone for warm tone. This, plainly stated, was Pre-Raphaelitism The rest is mere logomachy."

The dust and the smoke of the Pre-Raphaelite battle have long been laid, and, as so often happens, both sides have won. The Pre-Raphaelites have settled in the Academic domain, and there has been the usual action and reaction as when, after bitter conflict, two races agree to live together. But the new strain imported into the artistic blood has made the English art of to-day wholly different from the English art of fifty years ago and earlier. Force of gesture, freedom of colour have found their way within the Academy. To illustrate this development, M. de la Sizeranne examines in detail the work of seven English painters—Watts, whom he associates with mythical art; Holman Hunt, with Christian art; Leighton, with academic art; Alma Tadema, with history; Millais, with genre; Herkomer, with portraiture; Burne Jones, with legend. These men he considers our chief masters. He finds that though they choose very different subjects and draw their inspiration from very different sources, they are all peculiarly English in that they can never do without a

subject. They care nothing for mere beauty of modelling, of reflections, of lines. The painting of "bits" says nothing to them or to their countrymen. That a mouth should please is not enough for them, it must also speak. The result is that, always seeking to tell a story, they sacrifice beauty for expression; our thought, but not our sight, is satisfied. And this is intentional. These men could compose and design well if they would, but they consciously put beauty under subjection to dramatic force. "At last," says our author, "we seize the distinguishing trait of an English picture: suggestion, to which everything else is subjected. Not gaiety, but nobility; not agitation, but calm; not grouping, but juxtaposition; not sprightliness, but purpose; rarely reality and life, always desire and thought. The idea that art is a serious thing penetrates and surrounds us. Entering an English gallery and seeking for distraction from life, we have only escaped that in it which is futile and empty; its sadness grows upon us in spite of ourselves. Coming to the painters, we looked for the decoration; they give us a drama. Looking at a statue, we thought quietly to enjoy its changeless form; it opens its mouth and delivers a sermon. We are like the wedding-guest of Coleridge: he was going to a festival—a festival for the eyes, for the heart—but he met the ancient mariner, with his piercing glance, who forced him on the stone bench and told him the terrible story of the Albatross. We have heard this gloomy tale, and we come from the gallery if not entertained, at least richer in thought, at least more disposed to self-examination, and, like the wedding-guest, sadder but wiser."

This criticism, then, resolves itself into little more than the old complaint that we English people take our pleasures sadly. And it would be useless to quote exceptions, to

point to the gaiety of Madox Brown and Millais, for example. Our author would only tell us that wherever we find this quality it is not peculiarly English, as he tells us that whenever we resemble the French we merely imitate them. His generalisation that our great masters never dispense with a subject is far from accurate, if he means by this that the subject, as story or drama, is of primary consideration. Much of Leighton's classical work is mainly decorative. In such a picture as Millais' "Autumn Leaves" there is, properly speaking, no subject. Rossetti never sinks the design in the subject; and what of Albert Moore, George Mason, and much of Fred Walker's work? And so we might go on. Again, the defects of design and composition which are dwelt upon are rarely necessitated by the nature of the subject. And if we turn to the pictures of the French, or any other school, do we find that, considering them as a whole, they are free from grave defects of composition and design, and that the subject as a rule is severely subordinated to æsthetic effect? He would be bold who ventured to reply in the affirmative. The truth is rather that no school of painting has given more varied and intense expression to life and thought and emotion than the English school, and the sacrifice of beauty to expression has been much less than might have been expected. There is, in fact, nothing to suggest that, in future, the force of expression will not be retained, and any loss of beauty not be recovered. The perfection of painting is the balance of beauty and expression. The art, in its higher developments, has a dual not a single aim. The drama is even more complex still. It requires from us even more varied exercise of thought and emotion. The play as literary form, as truth to life, the actor's success or failure, the scenery and general stage effect, and, in opera, music, are at one and the same time

making their appeal to us. Our critic's logic is too narrow in its premises. Our English logic is more practical, and not less correct in form. Painting, when once representation of living form is admitted in frank realism, inevitably gives freedom to the strongest expression. It is, then, all a question of degree. But let the living form be conventionalised or abandoned, and we seek for nothing but decoration; and in this purely decorative art we in England are not to-day found wanting. Does M. de la Sizeranne say nothing of William Morris? O yes! "William Morris," he tells us, "is a decorator, a maker of carpets and furniture, a master in stained glass, a typographer, a poet, a sociologist, a club-orator rather than a painter, and it is painting we are considering here." A decorator! And we have been told that going to the painters we looked for the decorative! We have the logic on our side here. When we need expression we know how to make beauty subserve it; we know, also, how to balance the two; and, further, how to secure decoration chiefly or alone. If our English art be taken as a whole, it will not be found behind the art of France in any essential quality. Differences there will be, but no absolute inferiority in pure æsthetic content, and, admittedly, a higher power of expression.

M. de la Sizeranne further discusses the peculiarities of English colour and handling; but the utmost result we can arrive at, after reading his pages, is that, in the main, English painters prefer one kind of colour and handling, and French painters another. There is nothing to show that, æsthetically, the one is absolutely wrong and the other absolutely right; there is only the expressed assumption that in so far as English art differs from French art, and from what the Frenchman holds to have been the best period of the Italian and other older schools, the

English art *must* be wrong. He holds to the logical, and wholly misses the historical, point of view. Italian art did not at once reach a perfect balance of form and expression, a balance so perfect that, according to your temperament, you may be wholly engrossed by either quality or equally impressed by both. But the Frenchman's temperament leads him practically to ignore the purpose in the finest Italian art. Do the statues of Donatello and Michael Angelo, then, never open their mouths and preach? Do Masaccio, Raphael, and Lionardo tell us no stories? Most assuredly they do. And may we not now answer the questions we put to ourselves earlier on by saying there is no absolute antagonism between beauty and expression, but only the friendly rivalry of a different contribution to a common result? If this be so, and I maintain that it is, our author is wrong in concluding his volume with the advice—"The English painters are great experimenters: let us admire them, but not follow them." French life to-day seems threatened in some directions with stagnation, or worse, for lack of practical common-sense. And if the above advice be followed, French art may well find itself in similar case. What English art has striven to do is to express English ideas and emotions and the English sense of beauty. Nor has it, being thus living and energetic, failed to assimilate much that had life and energy in French and other art. In this it may well be followed. It is not experiment that will destroy art, but slavish adherence to tradition.

It is time for this conflict to cease. The reader is, like Wellington, praying for night or Blücher. They came well-nigh together at Waterloo; so shall our German help at the close of this paper. If we turn from M. de la Sizeranne to Herr Muther, from Paris to Breslau, what shall we be told? Let me give you a string of quotations.

"As figure painters, as well as landscape painters, the English in the eighteenth century started in an original way, and it was not long before the other nations turned into the same road." In the early years of the nineteenth century "there reached the Germans from Denmark, the French from England, a revelation of nature which might be beautiful even without arrangement, without classical ruins and mythological accessories." "In draughtsmanship and caricature England holds the first place beyond dispute." "England is the land of *genre* painting." "While English painting, from the days of Hogarth and Wilkie, embraced rustic and middle-class life, the victory of modernity on the Continent could only be accomplished slowly and by degrees." "The impulse . . . which brought French landscape-painting to its highest perfection was given by England. The most highly-gifted work produced in this province between the years 1800 and 1830 is of English origin." "The Pre-Raphaelites were the first in Europe who reared against the yoke of tradition, flung aside all the conventions of form and colour, . . . the first great champions of the liberty of modern art. . . . Even in England . . . art was no longer an instrument for expressing ideas; it had become an end in itself, and had discovered colour as its prime and most essential medium of expression." "To English painting the acquisitions of the French could now give little that was radically novel, for the epoch-making labours of the Pre-Raphaelites were already in existence." In the new idealism "England" has "taken the lead." "English new Idealism is probably the most remarkable form of art upon which the sun has ever shone." "Rossetti borrowed nothing from his contemporaries, and all borrowed from him." "Burne Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, Gustave Moreau, and Arnold Boeckin are the four-leaved clover of modern Idealism." "Watts

is, perhaps, the only master who can support an approach to them [the old masters] in every respect. . . . There is the mark of style about everything in Watts. . . . That is what makes him a master of contemporary painting and of the painting of all times." These are our Prussian guns opening fire on the French right. Are the intolerant and intolerable Napoleonic art claims already in full retreat on Paris? If not, it is the French, not we, who do not know when they are beaten—when they *are* beaten—and only another St. Helena would force into submission those to whom no experience can bring conviction home.

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REPORT AND PROCEEDINGS

FOR THE SESSION 1897-98,

WITH

RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS.

REPORT AND PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

Manchester Literary Club

FOR THE

SESSION 1897-98,

WITH

RULES AND LIST OF MEMBERS.

COUNCIL FOR 1897-98.

President:

GEORGE MILNER.

Ex-President: JOHN H. NODAL.

Vice-Presidents:

WM. E. A. AXON.
ALDERMAN SIR W. H. BAILEY.
JAS. T. FOARD.
RICHARD HOOKE.
SIR H. H. HOWORTH, M.P.
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THOS. NEWBIGGING.
JOHN PAGE.
CHARLES WM. SUTTON.

Treasurer:

CHARLES WM. SUTTON.

Honorary Secretary:

W. R. CREDLAND.

Honorary Librarians:

WALTER BUTTERWORTH. | THOMAS DERBY.

Other Members of Council:

J. D. ANDREW.
EDGAR ATTKINS.
J. F. L. CROSLAND.
WILLIAM DINSMORE.
REV. A. W. FOX.
HENRY GANNON.
B. A. REDFERN.

Manchester Literary Club.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL ON THE THIRTY-SIXTH SESSION.

THE Council of the Manchester Literary Club have again the pleasure of being able to congratulate the members on the completion of a successful, instructive, and enjoyable Session. The work submitted during each half of the Session has not only equalled in quality and interest that of recent years, but its quantity, owing to the formation of a special section, has been largely increased. The more solid contributions were pleasantly diversified by the charming productions of the musical members. The papers submitted have continued to attract the attention of readers when printed in the MANCHESTER QUARTERLY, and many favourable references to the magazine have appeared in the press. The Council mentioned in their report on the last Session that an effort was being made to increase the circulation of the QUARTERLY, and it is with regret they have to report that their action has not been so successful as was expected. The matter, however, is still engaging their attention, and they are not unhopeful of achieving considerable improvement in the desired direction.

Twenty-two ordinary meetings have been held, at which twenty papers were read, and forty short communications made.

The following is a list of the papers :—

1897.			
Oct.	11.	Catullus	Rev. A. W. Fox.
,,	18.	French Estimate of Ruskin	J. E. Phythian.
,,	25.	Poetry and Philosophy	W. V. Burgess.
Nov.	8.	Dante and the Scaligers	C. E. Tyrer.
,,	15.	A Night with John L. Hatton	N. Dumville.
,,	22.	The New Psychology	John Angell.
,,	29.	Geraldine E. Jewsbury	Ed. Mercer.
Dec.	6.	Hartley Coleridge	John Wilcock.
,,	13.	In the Clouds	Thos. Kay.
1898.			
Jan.	10.	Henry Peacham	Rev. A. W. Fox.
,,	17.	Book Illustrations of Sixty years Ago	H. Thornber.
,,	24.	Ivan Turgenieff	Wm. Stern.
,,	31.	Art Institutions of Manchester	J. E. Phythian.
Feb.	7.	Opera	Robt. Peel.
,,	14.	The Arthurian Legend	G. A. Shaw.
,,	28.	Recent Opinions on Art	W. Noel Johnson.
Mar.	7.	Arthur Hugh Clough	John Mortimer.
,,	14.	Friendship of Northcote and Ward	Ernest Fletcher.
,,	21.	Edward FitzGerald and Omar Khayyam	Tinsley Pratt.
,,	28.	Caprices of Criticism	J. T. Foard.

The short communications were as follows :—

1897.			
Oct.	11.	Voices from Sea and Shore	W. Noel Johnson.
,,	18.	A Night and Day on English Waters	John Stirling.
,,	18.	Labour: a Poem	John Walker.
,,	25.	An Idyll of Lakeland	John Walker.
Nov.	1.	An Italian Fairy Tale	Walter Butterworth.
,,	1.	Hatton's "Dagger and the Cross"	J. J. Gleave.
,,	1.	Pleasures of Cycling: a Poem	Rev. A. W. Fox.
,,	1.	Hostilities at Mossbrook	B. A. Redfern.
,,	1.	Music to Songs by Geo. Milner	N. Thamsen.
,,	1.	An Evening at the Club	James Brierley.
,,	8.	Our Contemporary Forefathers	Rd. Newton.
,,	8.	Translation from the Italian	W. E. A. Axon.
,,	15.	On Mr. T. Mostyn's Picture, "The Agony in the Garden"	Geo. Milner.
,,	22.	Sir Henry Wotton	Rev. A. W. Fox.
,,	29.	Grundy's "In the Days of his Vanity"	Edgar Attkins.
Dec.	6.	Hall Caine's "The Christian"	J. D. Andrew.
1898.			
Jan.	10.	Ode on New Year's Eve	Tinsley Pratt.
,,	10.	Another Night at the Club	James Brierley.
,,	10.	A Travel Picture	Edmund Mercer.
,,	17.	The Wilberforce Papers	C. H. Bellamy.
,,	17.	The Storks of Merida	C. E. Tyrer.
,,	24.	Ludwig Holberg	Alfred Schumacher.
,,	24.	John Ludwig Runeberg	J. F. L. Sandbach.

1898.

Feb.	14.	Henry Nutter	ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.
,,	21.	Poetry of Stephen Phillips	TINSLEY PRATT.
,,	21.	Story of the Word "Calepin."	ED. MERCER.
,,	21.	Music to Three Songs	N. THAMSEN.
,,	21.	"Lewis Carroll"	B. A. REDFERN.
,,	21.	"A Sprig of Thyme"	JOHN MORTIMER.
,,	21.	Prescott's "Scarlet and Steel"	J. J. GLEAVE.
,,	21.	That Awters th' Case: Verses	HY. GANNON.
,,	21.	Wordsworth on a Bicycle: Verses	REV. A. W. FOX.
,,	28.	Reminiscences of Rhoscolyn	GEO. MILNER.
,,	28.	Up and Down the Great Pyramid	SIM SCHOFIELD.
Mar.	7.	On Making the Best of It	J. D. ANDREW.
,,	7.	Literal Translation of Poetry	ALFRED SCHUMACHER.
,,	14.	Sizeranne on Contemporary English Painting	J. E. PHYTHIAN.
,,	21.	Thomas Carew	REV. A. W. FOX.
,,	21.	Two Sonnets on Leo H. Grindon	ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.
,,	28.	Novels of T. L. Peacock	WALTER BUTTERWORTH.

The papers and short communications, numbering 60, may be thus classified : Art and Music, 10 ; Bibliography, 3 ; Biography, 12 ; Criticism, 10 ; History, 1 ; Poetry and Drama, 9 ; Science, 1 ; Travel, 9 ; Humour, 5.

LIBRARY.

The Library contains 570 volumes, consisting principally of books by members of the Club, with the addition of some works of reference, and a number of volumes by local authors or of local interest.

Amongst the donations to the Library have been Mr. John Walker's "Spanish Idylls," Mr. Tinsley Pratt's "Wordsworth at Rydal and other Poems," Mr. Richard Lawson's "History of Flixton," Mr. John Mortimer's "Samples from the Note Books of an Uncommercial Traveller," Mr. Edgar Prestage's "Translation of the Letters of a Portuguese Nun," Mr. Thomas Batley's "Programmes of Sir Charles Hallé's Concerts, 1858-95."

EXCURSIONS.

The Annual Excursion of the Club took place on Saturday, July 10th, 1897, the locality selected for the visit being Lichfield. The Birthplace of Dr. Johnson, the Museum, the Cathedral, and other attractions received due attention. The day was full of

sunshine and of interest, and was much enjoyed. A half-day excursion to Disley and Lyme Hall was made on Saturday, May 29th. The inspection of the hall and its valuable contents gave great pleasure to the members present.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

An important addition to the activities of the Club has been made by the formation of a section devoted to the study of foreign, especially European, literatures. The section was established under Rule 6 of the Club, which provides for such purposes. Officers were appointed, and the work entered upon with much energy and interest. The following is a list of the papers which have been read before the section during the Session :—

1897.			
Nov.	10.	Ivan Turgenieff	WM. STERN.
Dec.	1.	Ludwig von Holberg	A. SCHUMACHER.
,,	15.	J. H. Runeberg	J. F. L. SANDBACH.
1898.			
Jan.	12.	Ivan Vazoff	JOSEPH ANGELOFF.
,,	19.	J. H. Wessel	A. SCHUMACHER.
,,	26.	Octave Mirabeau	A. SHAKLIAN.
Feb.	2.	Novelists of Finland	J. F. L. SANDBACH.
,,	16.	Gabriele d'Annunzio	WALTER BUTTERWORTH.
Mar.	2.	Charles Baudelaire	K. H. FUNDUKLIAN.
,,	16.	Turgenieff's "Fathers and Children"	R. H. SELBIE.
,,	30.	Byron	EDWARD HULME.

PROPOSED ABERGLASLYN RAILWAY.

On February 7th, 1898, the Club passed a resolution strongly protesting against the proposal that a light railway should be run from Portmadoc through the Pass of Aberglaslyn to Beddgelert. This action was communicated to the persons engaged in opposing the project, and the Council report with much satisfaction that the scheme has been, for the present, abandoned.

CONVERSAZIONI.

The Session was opened on Monday, October 4th, 1897, by a Conversazione being held in the Club's rooms. An interesting collection of drawings and paintings was exhibited, and an enjoyable programme of music, singing, and recitations provided, under the direction of Mr. John Wilcock. A pleasant feature was the

introduction into the programme of several original contributions by members of the Club. After welcoming the members, the President spoke on the outlook for literature in England.

The Session was brought to a close by a Conversazione held in the Club's rooms on Monday, April 18th.

In addition to the Conversazioni three papers were read which admitted of the musical members of the Club adding greatly to the enjoyment of its proceedings. These papers were—Mr. N. Dumville's "A Night with John L. Hatton," Mr. Thomas Kay's "In the Clouds," and Mr. Robt. Peel's "Opera; its Rise and Development."

CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

The Annual Christmas Supper was held on December 20th, 1897. Mr. Geo. Milner was in the chair, and the gathering of members and their friends was larger than on any previous occasion. The usual ceremonies were observed with even more than the accustomed elaborateness and attention to detail. Father Christmas was represented by Mr. B. A. Redfern, and the Jester was Mr. Edmund Mercer. Several original pieces of verse were contributed which added considerably to the delightfulness of the proceedings.

IN MEMORIAM.

The losses by death during the year have been Zachary Mellor, Town Clerk of Rochdale; Ernest Mulliner, Henry Nutter, J. B. Shaw, and W. I. Wild.

MEMBERSHIP AND FINANCE.

The Club has lost 22 members by death, resignation, or being struck off the roll, and 26 new members have been elected. The number now enrolled is 224. The Treasurer's statement shows an income of £237 0s. 6d., and an expenditure of £206 17s. 5d. being a balance of income over expenditure of £30 3s. 1d.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT, 1897-8.

CHARLES W. SUTTON, *Treasurer, in Account with the Manchester Literary Club.*

Dr. **Cr.**

INCOME.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance from 1896-7				10	15	0
To Subscriptions received:						
	£	s.	d.			
1 for 1893-4 ...	1	1	0			
2 for 1894-5 ...	2	2	0			
2 for 1895-6 ...	2	2	0			
8 for 1896-7 ...	8	8	0			
176 for 1897-8 ...	184	16	0			
C. M.'s:						
4 for 1897-8 ...	2	2	0			
1 for 1898-9 ...	0	10	6			
24 Entrance Fees...	25	4	0			
				226	5	6
				£237	0	6

EXPENDITURE.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
By Administration:—						
Rent	21	5	0			
Postages, parcels, and sundries.	11	13	10			
Printing	12	2	0			
Advertising ...	5	8	0			
				50	8	10
By Publications:—						
Annual Volume.....	104	0	0			
Authors' Reprints	14	6	0			
Fee for editing Transactions.	5	0	0			
				123	6	0
By Conversazioni Expenses:—						
Refreshments..	15	0	0			
Hire of pianos...	3	10	0			
Collecting pictures and other Expenses.....	2	0	6			
				20	10	6
By other Expenses:—						
Christmas Supper	5	11	9			
Excursions	2	6	6			
Books	3	2	10			
Insurance	0	17	6			
Album	0	13	6			
				12	12	1
By Balance in hand				30	3	1
				£237	0	6

April 1st, 1898. Audited and found correct,

W. H. DEAN, ED. MERCER, } *Auditors.*

Proceedings.

EXCURSIONS.

DISLEY.

Saturday, May 29, 1897.—On the afternoon of this day a half-day excursion to Disley and Lyme Hall was participated in by a goodly gathering of members of the Club. An enjoyable stroll through Lyme Park took the visitors to the hall, which was inspected with great interest and pleasure, especial attention being attracted by the ancient armour, wood carvings, and portraits which form so rich and extensive a portion of the treasures of the hall.

LICHFIELD.

Saturday, July 10, 1897.—The annual excursion of the members was made on this date. The place selected for visiting was Lichfield, and the party left Manchester in glorious weather and high spirits, and after a pleasant run through some of the most delightful sylvan scenery anywhere to be found arrived at their destination about half-past twelve o'clock. Following luncheon at the Swan Hotel, the Cathedral was visited. The lovely structure was duly admired, and much interest shown in the magnificent fourteenth century architecture, the beautiful stained glass, the many monuments of prelates, warriors, literary men, and others, and the treasures of the library. The birthplace of the Great Cham of Literature was also inspected with peculiar interest, and the room in the Three Crowns where Dr. Johnson and his cronies ofttimes met, was deemed a fitting shrine wherein to do homage to the Lichfield ale, so justly praised in "The Beaux Stratagem." The

Johnson relics in the Museum received their meed of attention, and after five o'clock tea at the Swan the party returned, reaching Manchester at half-past eight o'clock, having heartily enjoyed a day full of sunshine and of associations dear to the lover of literature.

OPENING CONVERSAZIONE.

Monday, October 4, 1897.—The Thirty-sixth Session of the Manchester Literary Club was opened by the customary conversazione, held in the Club's Room, at the Grand Hotel. The room was uncomfortably crowded, and only the early comers had the privilege of inspecting the small but interesting collection of oil paintings and water-colour drawings brought together for the occasion. The exhibitors included Miss Isabel Dacre, Miss Amy Haworth, Mr. Byron Cooper, and Mr. George Milner. The contribution of Mr. Milner comprised several sketches in water-colours of scenes on the coast of Anglesey. Mr. John Wilcock had charge of the musical and literary arrangements for the evening, and carried them through with satisfaction to all present. Those who took part in the programme included Miss Lillie Wormald, Messrs. A. S. Kinnell and Walter Lawley (singers), Miss Edith Robinson (violin), Mr. Herbert Yates (pianoforte), and Mr. Thornley Dodge (humorist). Short original literary contributions were given during the evening by Messrs. B. A. Redfern, J. D. Andrew, Thomas Kay, and Tinsley Pratt. There were also sung "A Ballad Melody" and "Self Knowledge," songs written by the President, and set to music by Mr. N. P. Thamsen. Mr. Redfern's contribution took the form of a playful rhyming on the syllabus of the coming session.

The President (Mr. George Milner) took the chair at half-past seven o'clock, and delivered an address. After referring to the syllabus for the first half of the session, and the work done by various members during the recess or in progress, he went on to say that death had recently removed three old members, namely, Messrs. Morgan Brierley, Zachary Mellor (the old Town Clerk of Rochdale), and W. I. Wild, of Stockport. For some time considerable attention had been paid in the Club to foreign literature, and many papers of importance had been submitted to them. He might mention that Mr. Butterworth's paper on the Italian poet Carducci had attracted attention abroad, and notices of it had appeared in prominent journals, both in Italy and Germany. It would be admitted that such excursions beyond the limits of our own literature were desirable, and he was glad to announce that during the present session it was

probable that a section would be started for the special study of foreign literature.

In a club which devotes itself specially to the study of literature it is natural to ask, What is the present outlook for literature in England? No great genius now dominates the field. In poetry no one takes the place of Tennyson or Browning, but many writers are producing verse of a high quality, though not of the highest. Out of the ranks of these one or two men may yet emerge and produce work which will take away reproach from the closing century. Probably the very fact that there is so much good verse of the second order being produced makes it the more difficult for one man to reach pre-eminence. It is to be regretted that most of those who might otherwise be producing prose of a high character are completely absorbed by fiction. The "tyranny of fiction," as it has been called, is indeed becoming a question of grave import for both writers and readers. I think the time has arrived when those who care for the highest interests of English literature should make this protest against the ever-rising deluge of fiction. Of course I am not speaking against the novel itself, but only regretting its undue and disproportionate predominance. Within a certain area, a contracted area I admit, the love of good literature is increasing. The continued production of the best books at a low price may surely be regarded as some indication of this. To name only a few out of hundreds, and those the most recent, Kingslake's Eothen, at a shilling; a novel of George Eliot's, for sixpence; the "Old Dramatists," in dainty form, for a shilling; and a complete and readable Boswell's "Johnson," extending to nearly 800 pages, for three shillings and sixpence, must certainly mean that readers are found for such books. On the other hand, one cannot but recognise that the ignorance of their own literature and their indifference to it, on the part of the middle-class and well-to-do persons, is deplorable and appalling. My own experience, and it is considerable, leads me to think that there are more serious readers of good literature among working men and women than among the class above them. I have spoken of the tyranny of the novel. I will venture to say that the tyranny of what may be called athleticism, good thing as it is in itself, has also gone too far. Among things that are hopeful I note with gratitude that the idea of it being impossible to teach literature is being gradually dispelled. Those who have experience in the teaching of it have known all along that this was a stupid and illogical fallacy. The time is not far off when even the structure of English verse and the laws of English prosody will receive as much attention as those of Latin and Greek. In other words, we shall have the good sense to give as much care and study to a living language, and that our own, as we have for

centuries given to languages that are dead. It seems almost ridiculous to have to say this, but it needs saying, and in the saying of it no depreciation of the great classic masterpieces is implied.

Monday, October 11, 1897.—The first ordinary business meeting of the Session. Mr. George Milner, the President, took the chair, and directed attention to the section for the study of foreign literatures about to be formed, and from which it was anticipated much good work of a desirable character would emanate.

Mr. Walter Butterworth referred to the death of Pasquale de Guyangas, the Spanish author and translator of Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature."

Mr. W. Noel Johnson read a short paper entitled "Voices from Sea and Shore."

The Rev. A. W. Fox, M.A., read the principal paper on "Catullus."

Monday, October 18, 1897.—The President, Mr. George Milner, took the chair.

Mr. John Walker presented a copy of his "Spanish Idylls," and read an original poem entitled "Labour."

Mr. John Stirling read a short paper styled "A Night and a Day on English Waters," in which he described the incidents and adventures of a stormy voyage in the English Channel.

Mr. J. E. Phythian read the principal paper, having for title "A French estimate of Ruskin."

Monday, October 25, 1897.—The chair was taken by Mr. George Milner.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt presented a copy of his "Poems."

Mr. John Walker contributed a short paper entitled "An Idyll of Lakeland."

Mr W. V. Burgess read the paper of the evening on "Poetry the concomitant of Science."

Monday, November 1, 1897.—The President, Mr. George Milner, occupied the chair.

REVIEW NIGHT.

This meeting took the favourite form of a "review night," on which occasions short reviews of books, original essays, poems, stories, and other literary miscellanies are provided.

Mr. R. S. Chrystal began the proceedings by drawing attention to a new magazine, *The Quill-Driver*, whose extremely facetious introduction he read.

Mr. John Stirling followed with an original recitation entitled "Human Life."

Mr. Walter Butterworth contributed a translation of a quaint Italian fairy tale.

Mr. J. J. Gleave read a warm appreciation of Joseph Hatton's novel "The Dagger and the Cross," the scene of which is laid at Eyam, in Derbyshire.

The Rev. A. W. Fox read an original poem, entitled "The Pleasures of Cycling."

Mr. B. A. Redfern contributed a humorous sketch in the Lancashire dialect entitled "A Bit o' Coortin'."

Two songs by Mr. George Milner, set to music by Mr. N. P. Thamsen, a member of the Club, were sang by Mr. John Wilcock, and one of them, "Self Knowledge," elicited an enthusiastic encore.

Mr. T. C. Abbott laid on the table and described two recent books, James L. Allen's "The Choir Invisible" and the "Letters and Journals of William Cory Johnson."

Mr. Edmund Mercer described the work of a new American humorist, Mr. John K. Bangs, whose "Houseboat on the Styx" was published last year.

Mr. James Brierley contributed the following verses:—

AN EVENING AT THE MANCHESTER LITERARY CLUB.

When first I saw the Muses they were standing in a row,
But that was in the distance, and it's twenty years ago;
Yet, from recent information which a critic gave to me,
He had no doubt, he said, about their true identity.
And how the long estrangement came I never could divine;
I know not if the fault was theirs, I care not if 'twas mine.
Invocation, inspiration, rythmic rapture, jingling rhyme,
All their aids and ambling antics I shall not require again,
Now I draw my inspiration from the stylographic pen,
And here I take a sweet revenge on all the tuneful nine,
Here goes for matters metrical and stylographic rhyme.
Sing, Muse, O sing. No, not at all; why, Stilo, thou'rt a lubber,
There are no muses in the case—now, where's my indiarubber;
Out goes the muse, in comes the theme, an evening at the Club,
With charming Milner, President, to occupy the tub—
That should be chair; but, never mind, I've got my india-rub.

'Tis seven o'clock, in comes a flock
  Of young Teutonic waiters;
For members drink to make them think,
  And so digest their papers.

One thinks a tot of something hot
  A mental lubricator,
While some prefer, unless I err,
  The coolness of the crater;
There's faith in stout, that fact will out,
  I think, a little later.

I'm glad to say that many may,
  Nay do, the thing they oughter;
They do the right, and drink the bright,
  The blessèd sparkling water.

They want no dash or little splash
  To give the brightness flavour;
But scorn the art that does impart
  The aromatic flavour.

We wish them health, long life, and wealth,
  With joy to make them frisky;
They check advance of fiz in France,
  And keep down Irish whiskey.

At length we find three boys behind
  Some liquor on a tray;
But where these gang, if they must hang,
  The waiters cannot say.

This came about, I ordered stout—
  "Dot's vishkey, sixpence pay."
The English oath is ever loth
  To travel far astray,
And German bands and Fatherlands
  Are sometimes in the way.

The thing that's made in Germany we now dismiss with pleasure,
And sing about our Dublin stout, but in another measure.
Now, I held a foaming tankard in my hand, in my hand,
And I heard articulations from the foam, you understand,
Which arrested my attention, and I saw the bubbles wink,
As these words were evolutioned by the foam upon the drink—

WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE.

Would you like to be a critic, and to run the "City News"?
Would you like to save a city by the weight of all your views?
Would you like to regulate the world by two or three reviews—
World of letters, all your debtors—two or three reviews?

Would you like to be the President, and carry all his care,
And wear his gay placidity, and never, never stare
At the ranting and the rhyming, at the wisdom and the twaddle,
At the soaring of the poets, at the flound'ring of the addle?—
Would you like to be the President, and carry all his care,
Without the blessèd privilege of knowing how to swear?

Would you like to be a Mortimer, and scale the mountain cap,
Be on terms with Madam Flora, and recline upon her lap,

With your head among the daisies, in your hand a graceful quill,
Telling all the holy sweetness of the valley and the hill?—
Would you like to be a Mortimer, and hear the sheepdogs' bark,
With your feet fast in a puddle on the mountain in the dark?

In a little semi-circle would you like to have a share,
Where the flashes of the intellect are shining in the air,
Where the ripples of the laughter and the cackling of the fun
Are making deep impressions like the bursting of a gun,
Where they smoke the vile tobacco, germinate the viler pun?—
In that little semi-circle would you like to have a share,
On the right below the President then carry up a chair.

Would you like to be a Milner, and wear the famous shoes
That cracked the Laureatic bones when Alf got half his dues
For jumping on the Pegasus a Tennyson should use
Instead of mounting spavined hack from London City Mews?
Would you like to be the Laureate, and feel his blacks and blues?

Would you like to be a poet, and to feel celestial fire
Flashing straight from out the heaven to your fingers on the lyre,
As you fill the world with harmony and songs that never tire,
Then to hear it counted cackle, and your harpstrings rusty wire,
Would you like it—would you like it when your soul was all on fire?
Would you like to be a poet on a pedestal, you know,
That had satisfied the nation for a century or so,
And then be smashed to atoms with iconoclastic toe—
Would you like it, that's all I want to know?

All these questions emanated from the spirit of the foam,
And one can't be held responsible for language not his own.
Now the spirit that had spoken was expiring in the shock
Of the unexpected tapping of the Presidential knock,
When I heard a feeble whisper: There's John Milton in the dock,
And that's the great detective who has got him in his grip,
But he'll soon be back in paradise if Andrew lets him slip.

The charge was read, to wit, that one John Milton, now in court,
Had written sundry washy lines, according to report,
At Forest Hill, in Oxfordshire, in sixteen sixty-four—
That is to say, about that time, just after or before;
And now in court those painful lines our smart detective read,
And claimed John Milton's floral crown for Alfred Austin's head;
Then prayed that Milton might be fined in half-a-crown and costs,
For now his reputation and his paradise were lost.
Had he not writ those painful lines, why, Milton might have been
A poet; but he wasn't now, and so God save the Queen.

Man never made a statement yet, in any kind of weather,
In city, town, or country-side, or on the upland heather,
But other men would controvert such statement altogether;
So in a Club where minds were bent by graces academical
Where members sat who from their birth had always been polemical,
How could a form of words escape the true as holy writ,
The hammers of the intellect, the fires of learnèd wit?

John Walker was a leader in a bold and grand defence,
And the way those darned detectives had to suffer was immense;

He blamed their abstinence from pills, their love of bilious strife,
But Andrew held he never had been bilious in his life.
That contradiction seemed to turn the edge of Walker's knife,
For, bowing, he apologised, like all impulsive men,
Then flashed his dagger in the air, and struck for blood again.
Well, no, there were no daggers drawn, no blood to quench the ire,
In those confabulations on John Milton's want of fire;
But something will interpolate those words of sham sublimity,
Upsetting Stilo's apple-cart, and all my equanimity.
It never rains except it pours, converting dust to mud—
Now Stilo's ink is all run out, and he lies a piece of wood.
Come, Stilo, drink, there's fame in ink, and thou'rt an unknown pen:
Come, fill thy barrel to the bung, and spiflicate again.

Now, Walker's eloquence was rich with Milton to inflate him,
And not the Blarney Stone itself, I'll take an oath, could bate him.
Then hold your breath, be still as death, and hear a voice repate him;
Now Stilo's barrel's filled with ink he'll give the speech verbatim.
(That line is wrong, and Stilo says we'd better just undo it),
And Walker's speech, he intimates, we've just been running through it.

At length Judge Milner slowly spoke, and measured every word—
To give precise dimensions now would be a thing absurd—
He said these questions now arise, and wait elucidation,
Is Milton or is Milton not a credit to the nation,
And who has saved for centuries that poet's reputation?
Does language grow effeminate and weak by time's effluxion?
Have critical absurdities submitted to reduction?
Or, are the critics more insane, and all the poets saner?
If all were critics, would the world be very much the gainer?
These questions I shall now remove from further disputation,
And send them to be settled by a court of arbitration.

Meanwhile, John Milton, you return once more to Father Thames,
And when your case is all complete you'll hear from Andrew James,
Who keeps you under surveillance all by the River Thames.

But stay, said Milton; let me grasp that sempiternal cus,
And stay thine hand, O Milner, dear, nor sign my mittimus;
Remember how I have restored to thee a paradise,
Then do not sign that mittimus, I ask thee once and twice.

The deed was done, the case adjourned by Milner, *sine die*,
But Milton slipt away unseen!—James Andrew, don't you cry.
In Andrew's throat a lump arose, and, asked the reason why,
Those pearls of great dimensions would keep falling from his eye;
But ere that lump had been resolved, or pearls been swept away,
He rushed forth on a pilgrimage from weary day to day:
To tombs and graves and monuments where Milton's ghost might stray,
And oft he telephones the Club a message just to say
That Milton's ghost is still at large, and he is still at bay.

Monday, November 8, 1897.—Mr. George Milner, the President, took the chair.

Mr. W. E. A. Axon sent a translation of Morelli's "La Vecchia al murello di S. Francesco a Fiesole," which was read by Mr. C. E. Tyrer.

Mr. Richard Newton read a short paper entitled "Our Contemporary Forefathers." He pointed out that many men, though living in the midst of modern civilisation, are by the bent of their minds really representative of different centuries. In support of this contention he enumerated various modern events and phases of thought bearing close resemblance to others of past times.

Mr. Cuthbert E. Tyrer read the principal paper on "Dante in Verona."

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

Wednesday, November 10, 1897.—The section held its opening meeting this evening. Mr. George Milner was in the chair.

Mr. Wm. Stern read a paper on "Ivan Turgenieff, the Russian Novelist."

An interesting discussion followed in which Messrs. Angeloff, Butterworth, Funduklian, Needham, Sandbach, and Selbie took part.

Monday, November 15, 1897.—The chair was taken by Mr. George Milner, the President.

The President read a short paper on a recently completed picture painted by Mr. Tom Mostyn, a Manchester artist, the subject being "Gethsemane."

GETHSEMANE.

Mr. Milner said: I call attention to Mr. Mostyn's picture because it is a remarkable work from a Manchester man, and we are concerned with the reputation of Manchester in art as well as in literature. The subject is "The Agony in the Garden." The canvas is of great size, some 15ft. by 12ft. To attempt such a work is a bold thing, "boldly daring," and even not to fail conspicuously is to succeed conspicuously. But the picture goes further than this; it does not fail at all. It fulfils the idea of the painter. There is but one figure—that of the Christ. He is alone in his agony. The back-ground is the garden with its great gnarled olive trees. Solemn moonlight is successfully represented. The landscape fades into blue distance, a faint indication of a road being given. The trees are solidly painted, and their texture and articulation are rendered with great fidelity. There are no accessories, if we except a spray of thorn which appropriately twines round the foot of the olive tree, where the figure is sitting. This absence of other figures, and of acces-

sories, gives the picture unity and simplicity, and concentrates attention where it should rest—on the great figure of Christ. In all pictures of this kind the crux is the face of Christ. We can all remember pictures where that face fails to satisfy, and even disgusts us. Sometimes it is commonplace. Sometimes feeble. Sometimes repulsive. Sometimes fantastic. Mr. Mostyn escapes from each of these. I have not seen a more satisfactory face. It is infinitely sad, but the expression is one of resignation, not of conflict. The struggling and the wrestling are passed, but the traces of the agony remain. It is also the head of a Man in whom the intellect is as conspicuous as the spiritual nature. This is as it should be. The subject is the supreme tragedy of the world. It should not be touched except with reverence and with power. To an inferior man we should say, "Hands off." I repeat—not to have failed is a great thing. To have succeeded is an honour of the highest kind, and Manchester is to be congratulated on having produced a painter who can give us such a picture.

JOHN LIPTROT HATTON.

Mr. Nathaniel Dumville read a paper on John Liptrot Hatton, who was born at Liverpool in 1809. As a child he picked up the rudiments of music from his father, but all his subsequent high attainments were gained by dint of self-application. His compositions consist of the church service, anthems, opera, part-songs, ballads, and songs. His songs are said to number over 150, of which perhaps the most popular are "Simon the Cellarer" and "Good-bye, sweetheart." He was the first in England to draw attention to the beauties of Pergolesi, Palestrina, and Bach. In Manchester he was known both as a singer and a pianist. At a concert at the Free Trade Hall, when the principals were Mario, Alboni, Gassier, Dragoni, and Herr Formes, the latter was suddenly taken ill. Almost at a moment's notice Hatton took his place and sang the music assigned to him. As a companion Hatton was the soul of wit, humour, and jollity. One of his friends says, "Hatton's merry, contented nature is reflected in his music." He died suddenly at Margate on September 20, 1886.

The paper was illustrated by a selection of songs, part-songs, ballads, and glees composed by Hatton, and rendered by a choir under the leadership of Mr. Dumville. The programme covered nearly two hours, and was greatly enjoyed by the large gathering of members present. Messrs. N. and W. Dumville, Stafford, Alcock, Booth, and Kershaw formed the choir, and they were accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. W. D. Booth. Solos were also sung by Messrs. Ireland, Mercer, Derby, Wilcock, and Dinsmore, members of the Club.

A hearty vote of thanks to the singers was passed.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1897.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. J. E. PHYTHIAN suggested that a meeting of the Club might be devoted to the consideration of the institutions existing in Manchester for the art education of the people, and offered to read a paper on the topic on an early date in the next half session.

Mr. C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN exhibited some designs by Julius Schnorr and Gustave Doré, the subjects being illustrations of Scripture scenes. His object was to show the divergence of view between the German and French artist when dealing with the same subject.

The Rev. ARTHUR W. FOX, M.A., read a short paper on "Sir Henry Wotton."

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

When the same man at the same time is courtier, politician, philosopher, scientist, poet, scholar, and man of letters, a high degree of excellence in each of these varied attainments is not to be expected, and their possessor must be deemed accomplished rather than great. That Sir Henry Wotton was accomplished, none will deny; that he was truly great, none save a few partial friends like Dr. Donne and Izaak Walton have ventured to assert. He was the youngest son of Thomas Wotton, of Boughton Malherb, in Kent, by his second wife, Eleanora, widow of Robert Morton, and he was born on November 9th, 1568. The aforesaid Thomas, when his widower's thoughts turned once more to wedlock, laid down three essentials for his future bride: First, she must be childless; secondly, she must not be one of his own kindred; and thirdly, she must be involved in no law-suits. She fulfilled none of these requirements; for it was in one of his own law-suits that he met the young widow whom he made his wife, though she was both connected with him and blessed with children.

Their only son was Henry, who was first trained by his mother, and who, after the intermediate discipline of a tutor and Winchester School, was entered as a Commoner of New College, Oxford, in 1584. In his eighteenth year he removed to Queen's College, where he remained till 1590. By his father's death in 1588 he came into possession of the younger brother's meagre allowance of one hundred marks a year, on which he maintained himself at home and for nine years on the Continent (1590-9). Here he spent one year in France and Geneva, three years in Germany, and five in Italy. He thus obtained a sound knowledge alike of the life and language of the countries in which he spent so much time, while he made many distinguished friends such as Theodore Beza and Isaac Casaubon. On his return, in 1599, he attached himself to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, but withdrew to France to escape the storm which arose upon his patron's ill success in Ireland.

At this time many Jesuit plots were formed, not only against Elizabeth, but against her possible successor, James VI. of Scotland. One of these infamous designs was discovered by Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Florence, when Wotton was in that city. Disdaining so mean a method of ridding himself of a national foe, Ferdinand, by the advice of his secretary, Vietta, sent Wotton disguised as an Italian, and bearing the name of Octavio Baldi, to Scotland to warn the King. He discharged his commission with great skill, and only a secret whisper revealed his nationality to James. As an Italian he came to Scotland,

and as an Italian he returned to Florence to receive the thanks of the chivalrous Prince who had sent him upon his mission. When James came to the throne of England, Wotton made his way back to his native land in confident expectation of preferment. On one occasion his half-brother, Lord Wotton, Controller of the Household, was with the King, who, struck by the name, asked him, "If he knew one Henry Wotton, that had spent much time in foreign travel?" On learning the relationship the King bade him send for his brother, and when Henry made his appearance he slobbered over him with a truly royal welcome, calling him by his formerly assumed name of Octavio Baldi. With such patronage Wotton, who now became Sir Henry, was likely enough to rise, and he became three times ambassador to Venice, once to the Netherlands, twice to the Duke of Savoy, and once at least to the Emperor of Austria.

When he halted at Augsburg on his way to Venice he committed an indiscretion, which, when it was discovered some years later, drew down upon him the wrath of James. One of the *virtuosi* of the place, Christopher Flecamore, asked him to write something in one of those abominations of inanities known as albums, which were then becoming fashionable. Sir Henry wrote, with more truth than prudence, his celebrated definition of an ambassador, "*Legatus est bonus vir peregre missus ad mentiendum republicæ causa,*" which Izaak Walton thus Englishes, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie abroad* for the good of his country." The obvious play of the English words is absent from the Latin, and one of James's numerous theological opponents spitefully used the aphorism to express the King's deliberate purpose in sending out ambassadors. It is needless to say that James was furious, but a timely apology from Wotton calmed the regal wrath. On his final return to England in 1623 he was received with open arms. With his wonted but prospective liberality James gave him the reversion of the Mastership of the Rolls, when death should relieve Sir Julius Cæsar from that august office. But, philosopher and man of science as he was, Wotton had not yet discovered how to subsist upon unfulfilled expectations, when, as gentle Izaak Walton hath it, "It pleased the God of Providence, in this juncture of time, the Provostship of Eton became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray." Izaak does not tell us whether the aforesaid Thomas Murray shared in his opinion of the providential occurrence of his death or not. Wotton obtained this very suitable post, but he had to dun the King for five hundred pounds of his arrears before he could enter upon his duties. A perusal of the Statutes of the College impelled him to take Deacon's Orders, and he devoted himself to study and to the interests of Eton until he passed away in December, 1639.

Wotton's well-known lines show how he spent the "lusty winter of his age," when he thus describes the character of a happy life:—

"How happy is he born and taught
  Who serveth not another's will,
Whose armour is his honest thought,
  And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
  Of public fame or private breath.

Who envies none that chance may raise,
  Nor vice hath ever understood;
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
  Nor rules of State, but rules of good.

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat:
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make oppression great.

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than gifts to lend:
And entertains the harmless day
  With a religious book and friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
  And having nothing, yet hath all."

This little poem shows that Wotton's ardent loyalty was fixed in a Puritan setting, while a quiet air of content breathes through every line, which can hardly fail to captivate the most careless reader.

His attachment to the luckless Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, to whom he wrote almost every week when he was not directly employed in her service, is touchingly shown in the following quaint yet beautiful lines:—

"You meaner beauties of the night,
  That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
  You common people of the skies,
  What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
  That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
  By your weak accents, what's your praise,
  When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
  By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
  As if the spring were all your own,
  What are you, when the rose has blown?

So when my mistress shall be seen
  In form and beauty of her mind
By virtue first then choice a queen,
  Tell me, if she were not design'd
  Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?"

Wotton was a faithful servant to this unhappy Queen, so long as he had any power to help her, and her misfortunes and sufferings sensibly afflicted him in the retirement of his last years.

One more poem may fitly be quoted to show our poet's fondness for fishing. The friend who is mentioned is Izaak Walton, who lived to be his biographer. The lines are entitled, "On a Bank as I sate a-fishing: A description of the Spring"—

"And now all nature seem'd in love;
  The lusty sap began to move;
  New juice did stir th' embracing vines;
  And birds had drawn their valentines.

The jealous trout, that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
There stood my friend, with patient skill
Attending of his trembling quill.
Already were the eaves possest
With the swift pilgrim's daubèd nest.
The groves already did rejoice
In Philomel's triumphing voice.
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow;
Where, for some sturdy foot-ball swain,
Joan strokes a syllabub or twain.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulip, crocus, violet:
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looked gay, and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year."

In spite of one or two prosaic lines, which are, however, sufficiently descriptive, this poem presents a pretty little picture of country life such as Birket Foster could have painted. Wotton had travelled much, but he loved the rural beauties of his native land, and knew how to sing their praise in his own quaint fashion. We can see him with that other gentle and pious soul, Izaak Walton, whipping the stream with the "well-dissembled fly," or "attending of his trembling quill," and we feel that the recreation of fishing was no inappropriate occupation for him who had been a diplomatist of no mean skill.

His "Life of the Duke of Buckingham" is little more than an admirably-written eulogy, which proves the fascination which the Duke was capable of exercising even upon the able men of his day. His letters are conspicuous for the witty polish of their style and the loyal spirit which they reveal. His notes on "Architecture" (1624) are pointed and valuable; his "characters" of the diplomatists with whom he had to deal display every appearance of accurate insight; and his "Survey of Education" (1630) proves him to have been before his time in his wide views of what ought to be and what could be. As a man, he was amiable and truly pious; as a diplomatist, he was so honest that his fellow-diplomatists could hardly believe that he was not acting a part; as a writer of English prose, he was polished and facile; and as a poet, he had drunk, though perhaps not deeply, of the fountain of the Muses. In fine, his epitaph, penned by Abraham Cowley, despite some exaggeration in the main, tells the truth of one who deserved well of his King and his country:—

"What shall we say since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke, all things would silent be.
Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England now returned no more must see;
He's gone to heaven on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travelled often, not to say
He had been abroad to pass loose time away;
For in whatever land he chanced to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.

So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues, that Babel sent into the west,
Spoke them so truly, that he had (you'd swear)
Not only *lived*, but been *born* everywhere.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known;
Who for the world was made, not us alone.
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express;
We say that learning's endless, and blame fate
For not allowing life a longer date;
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
And found them not so large as was his mind:
But like the brave Pellean youth did moan,
Because that art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had passed,
He died, lest he should idle grow at last."

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY.

Mr. John Angell read the principal paper on "The New Psychology." Psychology begins when philosophy and metaphysics proper begin to differentiate, by constituting the study of the human mind a special branch of itself. Its distinctive method of research has been introspection, or looking in upon our consciousness. It is here the new psychology steps in, and, while giving the method of introspection its proper place, claims that truth can only be arrived at by combining therewith the methods of physico-biological research. The protoplasmic cell is really the fundamental element or basis of higher organisms. As the continued evolution of the animal being arises out of and is the result of cell evolution, so the gradual series of higher psychological developments are equally the evolutionary outcome of the basic cell. All sensation and the so-called faculties of memory, reasoning, imagination, and the mind generally, have no true entity; they are simply movements, mere processes, momentary flashes as it were, due to the combustion of nerve and brain cells. By the terms "idea," "memory," "mind," can only be understood, in the light of modern truth, the generalisation of a series of infinitely short processes and sequences.

Monday, November 29, 1897.—Mr. George Milner, the President, occupied the chair.

Mr. W. E. A Axon read and exhibited an autograph letter from Thomas De Quincey addressed to Miss Kelsall, and containing an incidental reference to Miss G. E. Jewsbury.

Mr. Edgar Attkins read a short paper on Sydney Grundy's "In the Days of his Vanity." When the book first appeared in 1876 the author was twenty-eight years of age; a new edition was issued in 1894, in the preface of which Mr. Grundy said the book did "not purport to be a novel, but a passage in the life

of a young man." No plot or "situation" will be found. There is nothing startling or sensational in it. Its title would not suggest an essay which may be opened casually at any page with the certainty that its reflections and insight will arrest and hold the attention until every line be read.

Mr. EDMUND MERCER read the principal paper (the fourth of the series on Lancashire Novelists) on "Geraldine Endsor Jewsbury."

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1897.—Mr. JOSEPH ANGELOFF in the chair.

LUDWIG VON HOLBERG.

Mr. ALFRED SCHUMACHER read a paper on "Ludwig von Holberg, the great Danish dramatist." The essayist gave a graphic account of Holberg's life, the early part of which was an exceedingly adventurous one. He was born at Bergen in 1684, was educated at the High School at Bergen and at the University of Copenhagen, spent two years at Oxford, and travelled extensively on the Continent, tramping through Belgium, France, and Italy on foot, and on the return journey walking from Rome to Amsterdam, crossing the Alps. His first success in literature was his comic epic poem "Pedar Paars," a general satire on everyday people, their small and selfish interests, their narrow and confused notions, their short-sighted and dull conceptions in all relations of life. This was followed later by "Niels Klim's Underground Journey," a kind of Danish "Gulliver's Travels." He also wrote a History of Denmark. But it is by his great comic dramas that Holberg is chiefly remembered. These are thirty-two in number. With the exception of a few of the comedies dealing with literary satire, they have generally been divided into two classes. In the first everything turns round one strongly marked character, representing a comical ideal of old-fashioned or modern folly. In the second there is no single principal character, but a group of persons whose antagonistic relations to each other make up the plot. Holberg died at Copenhagen, in January, 1754. Mr. Schumacher reviewed some of Holberg's more important plays, including "The Busybody," "Jeppe on the Hill," "Jean de France," and "Erasmus Montanus," giving some characteristics of the principal *dramatis personæ* in each.

The discussion which followed was taken part in by the President (Mr. Angeloff), and Messrs. Abbott, Walter Butterworth, K. H. Funduklian, Edward Hulme, John F. L. Sandbach, K. H. Selbie, and William Stern. A principal theme in the discussion was a comparison between Holberg and Molière.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1897.—The chair was taken by Mr. JOHN MORTIMER.

Mr. J. D. ANDREW read a paper on Hall Caine's "The Christian." It is a book, he said, full of errors and absurdities. Dean Farrar has said, "It is a book which makes us think," and he is right. It makes us think what rubbish will be accepted by publishers and seized upon with avidity by a reading public when it comes from the pen of a popular writer. Its characters are caricatures or disjointed puppets, its scenery a succession of coarse daubs, while its moral teaching, when it is not trite or trumpery, is cackle or clap-trap to catch the groundlings. Mr. Hall Caine has done good work, but this is unworthy of him.

Mr. JOHN WILCOCK read the principal paper on "Hartley Coleridge."

MONDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1897.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER was in the chair.

Mr. THOMAS KAY read a paper entitled "In the Clouds; a Sketch Sportive and Sporting." In a pleasantly discursive manner the adventures and mishaps of a party of sportsmen "at the gate of the Grampians" were related, with side glances at the literary and historic associations of the district, and the varying character of the scenery under sunshine and cloud-shadows.

A number of sporting songs written by the essayist and set to music by various composers were sung at intervals by Messrs. R. Wilson, John Lloyd, John Wilcock, T. D. Ward, and Walter Butterworth, who were accompanied on the piano by the composers, Messrs. Herbert Yates, W. Cluley Lord, and C. J. Hall, Mus. Doc. London.

On the motion of Sir W. H. Bailey, seconded by His Honour Judge Parry, a hearty vote of thanks was given to the singers and players.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1897.—The chair was taken by Mr. JOSEPH ANGELOFF, the President.

Mr. J. F. L. SANDBACH read a paper on "J. L. Runeberg, the Swedish poet.

An additional element of interest was imparted to the meeting by the presence of a Swede (the guest of the evening), Mr. J. G. A. Rhodin, late of Upsala University, who gave a short address on "The respective merits of Tegner and Runeberg."

CHRISTMAS SUPPER.

Monday, December 20, 1897.—The usual Christmas Supper, held in the banqueting hall of the Grand Hotel, brought the first half of the session to a joyous conclusion.

Mr. George Milner, the President, occupied the chair, and there was an unusually large gathering of the members and friends. The Christmas ceremonies were observed with the customary elaborateness and truth of historic detail which the Club loves to give to this part of the entertainment. The proceedings opened with the procession of the Boar's Head, the usher (Mr. Thomas Derby) preceding the bearer of the boar's head (Mr. W. R. Credland) and singing the old song, "Caput apri defero." These were followed by a train of minstrels and grandly-attired gentlemen, and the jester (Mr. E. Mercer). After supper the minstrels sang "Non nobis domine," and then, after a brief interval of waiting, which was utilised in drinking the toast of "The Queen," the procession of Father Christmas appeared, singing "The First Nowell." Father Christmas (Mr. B. A. Redfern) was introduced to the company by the Jester singing "Christmas comes but once a year," and he was welcomed by the President with the recitation of verses for the occasion which have been customary, and to which he made the usual reply. Appropriate songs followed, wassail was drunk with much fervour, and Father Christmas, blessing all his children, left the room. An interesting programme of songs and recitations was indulged in, and the toasts "The Club," moved by the Rev. A. W. Fox, and replied to by the President, and "Our Guests," moved by Sir William Bailey, and responded to on behalf of the guests by Dr. Lloyd Roberts, were drank. The Lord Mayor of Manchester (Alderman Robert Gibson)) who is a member of the Club, sent a letter regretting his inability to be present, and bearing his testimony to the excellent work the Club was doing for the instruction of the citizens of Manchester.

Monday, January 10, 1898.—The first meeting of the second half of the session. Mr. George Milner, the President, was in the chair.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt read an original ode on "New Year's Eve."

Mr. James Brierley read a humorous poem entitled "Another Night at the Literary Club."

Mr. Edmund Mercer read the following travel paper.

A TRAVEL PICTURE.

Although I had often seen the place, it was only at the end of the last autumn that I noticed for the first time the particularly charming aspect of the spot. Perhaps I had never before observed it from this

point of view; or, it may be that when I have passed, it did not present itself precisely under the same conditions. On this occasion it forced itself into my memory; and, unlike many things of similar burglarious facility, it is worth house-room; to myself, at least.

The day was brilliant with the ripe yellow light that mellows and harmonises all colours, with the skill that belongs only to the sun during the Indian summer; such a day as made one wish that this very short season would last for at least twelve months of the year. Coming round a corner the picture flashed upon me with the novelty of strangeness. To my idea, I was a foreigner in a far country, and I stood and admired for a little while in all the enthusiasm of unfamiliarity —and longed for photography in natural colours. In the background was the old dark-grey church, with brown doors, and shrubs at its basement; the square, strong-looking tower rising up to a height considerable enough to dwarf the gaily-dressed crowd that passed its foot. An old church, dark with dust and reek and grey with age, that in its youth had looked down on a heterogeneous, curiously-attired, wild-eyed, blood-bespattered horde of uncouth-tongued invaders encamped in the square beneath it—now, in its hoary elder days, peacefully dozed and blinked at the happy, laughing crowds of handsome men and beautiful women who daily—except on Sundays—thronged in its neighbourhood, intent on business that was not business, eager to spend rather than make money; whilst the descendants of that invading army, having deserted the highways of a country they could not conquer by force of arms, now followed the dusty—gold-dusty—ways of commerce, and commanded and officered banks, insurance offices, and other moneyed concerns throughout the land.

As I said before I digressed, the background was this old dark-grey church with brown doors, and green shrubs around it; the pavement, white in the sunlight by contrast, was thronged with women dressed in all the shades of the aniline rainbow, and at the foot of the church tower sat the flower-seller beside a huge mound of flowers, chiefly yellow chrysanthemums. A language that was not English was all that was required to make me imagine that I needed a Baedeker; and that was not lacking, for a familiar voice hailed me from behind with, "Comment va?"

For those who are fond of travel and would like a little change from the cookery and the dull "round and common task" of the Continent-scourer, I can recommend that old church and the chrysanthemum-seller as a novelty. Choose a fine day—preferably in any season but winter—turn from Deansgate into St. Ann Street, walk up a little way, then stop and admire, and be thankful that you are alive, and that you live near a city of such foreign aspect as Manchester.

HENRY PEACHAM.

The Rev. A. W. Fox, M.A., read the principal paper on "Henry Peacham." Peacham was born near St. Albans in 1576, and left Trinity College, Cambridge, with the M.A. degree in 1598. He became master of the Free School of Wymondham, in Norfolk, but could not settle to the routine of a schoolmaster's work. During 1613 and 1614 he travelled on the Continent as tutor to the three elder sons of the Earl of Arundel. On his return he set up as a man of letters. He became acquainted with Michael Drayton, Ben Jonson, John Selden, and other literary celebrities. He could make good Latin verse, and some of his poems in

English are above the average of minor poets. He was a fair botanist, as his works show; his knowledge of heraldry was exact, and it is from the fifth edition of his "Compleat Gentleman," published in 1661, with additions by Thomas Blount, that Dr. Johnson took nearly all the definitions of heraldic terms in his Dictionary. He had a great liking for mathematics; had learned music in Italy from the great master Orazio Vecchi, and, among other accomplishments, was an engraver of considerable skill. He published a number of works, both poetry and prose, with curious titles, his chief work being "The Compleat Gentleman," which appeared in 1622. His ideal gentleman is so fine a gentleman that it can excite no wonder that such a man as John Evelyn had formed his character upon this quaint but delicate pattern. The old scholar passed away in the early days of 1643, suffering the pangs of poverty at the very time when his books were running through various editions and enriching the booksellers. As a schoolmaster he did much to soften the rigours of his day, and as an author he has left behind him treasures of compacted wit and wisdom with snatches of sweet song which do not deserve to be so utterly forgotten as has been their fate. As a man who proved himself a finished gentleman, and who contrived to make some others gentlemen too, but above all as one who could bear a cheerless old age with a cheerful spirit, Henry Peacham has earned a claim to loving remembrance.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1898.—Mr. CHARLES W. SUTTON occupied the chair.

Mr. JOSEPH ANGELOFF read a paper on "Bulgarian Literature and Ivan Vazoff." The early literature of Bulgaria consisted mainly of ballads, which the essayist divided into two groups, heroic and historical; these were similar in idea to the early ballads of other countries, and lately several collections have been made by the Miladnoff brothers, Bogolff, and others. Just prior to the liberation of Bulgaria from the Turkish rule the principal writers were Rakovsky, Karaveloff, Slaveskoff, Ikonomoff, Boteff, Stoyanoff, and Drinoff. The second part of his paper was devoted to a review of the works of Ivan Vazoff. Special stress was laid on his masterpiece, "Under the Yoke." Vazoff is considered the greatest Bulgarian writer.

The discussion which followed was opened by the Chairman, and was taken part in by Messrs. H. Gannon, John F. L. Sandbach, Alfred Schumacher, R. H. Selbie. and B. G. Wilkinson.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1898.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER, was in the chair.

Mr. ED. MERCER presented Vol. II., 1796, of the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

Mr. C. H. BELLAMY read the following short paper.

THE WILBERFORCE PAPERS.

"The third port in the kingdom," as its inhabitants proudly declare Hull to be, has been the birthplace of many notabilities, but perhaps of none greater than William Wilberforce, the philanthropist and champion advocate of African freedom. Hull—or, to give it its correct name—Kingston-upon-Hull, is "no mean city," and boasts considerable antiquity, its first charter having been given by Edward I., in 1299, who desired that its old names of Myton or Wyke should be discontinued, as he wished to dignify the place with the appellation of Kingston, or King's Town, adding the terms *upon Hull*, to distinguish it from Kingston-upon-Thames. This designation was much more correct at that time than it is now, for then the town was built upon the banks of the River Hull, a small tributary of the Humber, whereas now it stretches for a considerable distance along the northern bank of the River Humber.

This full name is now all but lost; even in some of the best and most modern atlases the "Kingston" is dropped, and it survives only in official documents, and in the usage of those who wish to be particularly correct.

The long, narrow, and tortuous High Street of Hull, which runs parallel with the River Hull, is the most ancient thoroughfare in the town, and the advantages of situation which it offered both for residence and business, induced the merchant princes and other principal inhabitants of the town to fix their abodes here, these being in some instances spacious and elegant mansions. The most remarkable and interesting of these houses, now numbered 25, was the residence of Sir John Lister when Charles I. visited the town in 1639. He was entertained at this house for one night. Sir John Lister was twice Mayor of Hull, and was elected to represent the borough in the Long Parliament, though he died before taking his seat. It was in this same house, 120 years later (24th August, 1759), that William Wilberforce drew his first breath. Exteriorly it is a quaint, Dutch-looking, ornamented red brick structure, with a tower in the centre of the front of the building. The interior possesses a massive staircase, and the ceiling above it is richly ornamented, but its quaint panel-cased rooms have long since been converted into merchants' counting-houses. It was the residence of the Wilberforce family, and the business premises of the Russian mechants, "Wilberforce and Smith." The Wilberforces had been in the Baltic trade for several generations, and had acquired immense wealth from it. The family name was Wilberfoss, and they had an ancient seat in the parish of that name, near Pocklington.

An exhaustive life of this great benefactor, often called "The Liberator of the Slaves," written by his sons, was published in 1837. The book which we are now to review, the "Private Papers of William Wilberforce," recently published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, can hardly be said to throw any new light upon the character and career of the greatest philanthropist this country has produced.

It is to the fortunate discovery of a number of letters in a disused cupboard, possibly mislaid by the biographers of Wilberforce, that we are indebted for this book. The book is of a supplementary kind, yet the letters illustrate very clearly the beneficent influence which Wilber-

force exerted upon the public affairs during a critical period. A large portion of the correspondence is with William Pitt, who was continually seeking his advice and guidance. There are also letters from George Rose, the then Clerk of Parliaments; Henry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, and who has been described by Lecky as "the only minister to whose judgment Pitt greatly deferred"; Maria, Duchess of Gloucester; Lord Harrowby, who twice refused the Premiership; Lord Redesdale, whom Wilberforce regarded as having been shamefully used on being turned out of the Irish Chancellorship; Lord Ellenborough; Lord Camden; Lord Chatham; Rev. Rowland Hill; the Duke of Wellington; Marshal Blucher; the Speaker of the House of Commons; and many other notabilities, both political and literary. In fact, his circle of correspondents embraced nearly all the men and women of note during his active career.

In the light of these papers, it may be said with truth that Wilberforce contributed a vivifying stimulus at a period when "Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires," and it were equally true to add, "Unawares mortality expires." He only just missed being the greatest moralist of his century. Yet it is almost startling to recall the fact that the great services which he rendered to humanity would never have been achieved but for the worldly and practical wisdom of Pitt, who, whatever his great qualities, was far removed from Wilberforce's spiritual nature.

In order to rightly understand how this influence came to be exerted by Pitt, we must here take a few biographical details.

At the age of seven years Wilberforce entered the Grammar School at Hull, but on the death of his father, in 1768, he was placed under the care of his uncle, William Wilberforce, thus coming under the influence of an aunt, who was a great admirer of the preaching of George Whitfield. Hearing of his incipient Calvinism his mother recalled him to Hull, and endeavoured to charm away his serious ideas. The habits and society of the town favoured the design, and he soon became gay and thoughtless. At the age of seventeen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, and here he was exposed to many temptations, being introduced to men whose gay society he never relished, and from which, after the first year, he gradually withdrew.

Before quitting the University, he decided upon entering public life, his means being sufficiently ample to enable him to live without the cares of business. In 1780 a dissolution of Parliament gave him an opportunity of offering himself as a candidate for the representation of his native town. After a fierce contest, and against the powerful influence of neighbouring magnates, and also of the Government, he was returned at the head of the poll by an overwhelming majority; but the cost of his election is said to have exceeded £8,000. And now came a critical period in his life. With a large fortune, acceptable manners, conversation sparkling with polished raillery and courteous repartee, he entered into the gaieties of fashionable life. His rare accomplishments, especially in singing (the beauty of his voice having gained him the title of "the nightingale of the House of Commons"), only served to increase his danger. "Wilberforce, we must have you again; the prince says he will come at any time to hear you sing," was the adulation offered to him after first meeting with the Prince of Wales at Devonshire House.

In 1784 he was returned both for Hull and the then undivided county of York. He chose the more important constituency, continuing to represent it for twenty-eight years. Although regular in his attendance at the House of Commons, and ready to take his part in the debates, he lived in a constant round of amusement, dining twice or thrice a week with William Pitt, with whom he had become acquainted at Cambridge,

and for whom he evinced a warm attachment, which in after years grew into a strong and enduring friendship. It has been said that "nothing in history is more creditable and interesting than Pitt's long and brotherly intimacy with Wilberforce, widely as they differed in their views of life."

This difference in their views nearly caused a suspension of their friendship. Wilberforce came under the influence of the evangelical leaders, and a gradual change took place in his mind, begun, there is little doubt, by his intercourse with Isaac Milner, afterwards Dean of Carlisle, and also by a reading of Doddridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul." For a time it appeared as if his newly-awakened religious enthusiasm would lead to his retirement from public affairs; for in his "Life" there is published a letter in which he tells Pitt of the change in his religious opinions and his consequent probable withdrawal into seclusion. Nor is this recoil from the social customs which prevailed at that day at all to be wondered at. Pitt, who drank heavily, and Fox, who gambled habitually, merely reflected the prevailing customs of the time. Wilberforce shrank from mingling with a society which he must have felt he lacked capacity to reform. Had he obeyed his impulses the course of history would have run somewhat differently. He, no doubt, thought that Pitt would fail to sympathise with his altered views, but the man who was "so absorbed in politics that he had never given himself time for due reflection on religion," fortunately came to the rescue with his practical advice, wishing to understand the religious difficulties of his friend, and with the greatest tenderness begged him to open his mind to "one who does not know how to separate your happiness from his own." This is a quotation from one of the most remarkable of the letters published in the present volume. It is dated from Downing Street, December 2nd, 1785. Pitt assures his friend of his affection and friendship, and deplores that they should differ essentially on any great principle. He earnestly urges him not to become a mere recluse, and thus "to render his talents useless both to himself and mankind." "You confess," he says, "that the character of religion is not a gloomy one, and that it is not that of an enthusiast. But why, then, this preparation of solitude, which can hardly avoid tincturing the mind either with melancholy or superstition? If a Christian may act in the several relations of life, must he seclude himself from them all to become so? Surely the principles as well as the practice of Christianity are simple, and lead not to meditation only, but to action." Pitt begged for an interview on the morrow. So the next morning the two friends met, when Wilberforce says he "conversed with Pitt near two hours, and opened myself completely to him. . . . . He tried to reason me out of my convictions, but soon found himself unable to combat their correctness if Christianity were true." To quote Lord Rosebery's preface to these letters, "Surely a memorial episode, this heart-searching of the young saint and the young minister. They went their different ways, each following their high ideal in the way that seemed best to him." In the end Pitt's arguments prevailed, and henceforth the religious fervour of Wilberforce was directed to practical ends. Well it was for the world that the mind which gave "A Practical View of Christianity," instead of withdrawing to the cloister of ecstatic contemplation, brought forth the abolition of slavery.

That his views of Christianity were practical in the highest degree, is evidenced by numerous allusions in his letters. When he quitted Parliament in 1825 his once ample fortune had become shrunk by commercial losses, and during the last few years of his life he was without a home, and lived entirely among his relatives and friends. Inasmuch as he was able to leave considerable sums to his children, this cannot have been done from necessity, but evidently, from a remark in one

of his letters to his son Samuel, afterwards the famous Bishop of Oxford, because "without economy there cannot be sufficient liberality" (p. 225). In another letter (p. 212) to "My very dear Samuel," he distinctly states that he had limited his personal expenditure so as to have larger sums to give away. He says that he had left off giving claret, then a costly wine, and some other expensive articles still exhibited by those of his rank. He speaks strongly against gratifying all the cravings of fashion, thoughtlessness, or caprice. And yet this was the man who regularly gave away one-fourth of his income, and whose private charity, even after his reverses, amounted in one year to £3,000. During his whole career his private munificence was almost boundless.

A few words must suffice for the story of the struggle which ended in the emancipation of the negro. In 1788 Wilberforce gave notice in the House of his intention to move a resolution on the Slavery Question. He had the promise of the support of Mr. Pitt, but at this critical and important moment his health broke down, and, as for some time he was not likely to recover, the question was entrusted to Mr. Pitt, who moved that the matter be considered early in the next session. On the 12th May, 1789, Wilberforce made his motion in an able speech, which Burke commended as "the most masterly, impressive, and eloquent," and said "it had equalled any he had heard in modern times, and was not perhaps to be surpassed in the remains of Grecian eloquence." Of his powers as a debater, there can be no doubt that they were second only to the indefinable moral influence which he diffused in his own political circle. Pitt, who was no bad judge of Parliamentary style, said, "Of all the men I know Wilberforce has the greatest natural eloquence."

His motion roused the bitterest opposition in the House of Commons, and repeatedly do we find in these letters evidences of the hostility with which he was confronted upon his own side. For twenty years the struggle went on, and it was not until after repeated defeats and rebuffs that in 1807 he reaped the reward of his arduous and difficult labours as the champion of freedom for the slave, for, on the 25th of March, in that year, the Royal assent was given to the measure which abolished the trade in slaves, "the sum of all human villainies," as it was well termed. One of the most familiar of quotations is that from the speech of Sir Samuel Romilly, who, contrasting the feelings of Napoleon with those of Wilberforce, remarked that the latter would calmly that day lay his head upon his pillow, conscious that the iniquitous traffic in human beings had received its death-blow. The House of Commons, ever quick to honour pertinacity and devotion to principle, burst forth in acclamations of applause, and when Wilberforce rose to speak his reception was almost tumultuous.

The actual abolition of the institution of slavery he was never destined to see accomplished. As he lay upon his death-bed, in 1833, nearly 74 years of age, the second reading of the Abolition Bill was carried. Before the enactment became law, he passed away, and was accorded a public funeral in Westminster Abbey, a prince of the blood-Royal, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and others of note in Church and State, standing beside his grave. In his dying moments he was enabled to chant his "Nunc Dimittis," exclaiming, "Thank God that I have lived to witness the day in which England is willing to give twenty millions for such a cause." It was thus that the nation succeeded in ridding itself of complicity in a negation of religion and humanity.

On the day that the Emancipation Bill came into force, in August, 1834, his fellow-townsmen of Hull laid the first stone of a monument which still keeps green the memory of the benefactor of so large a portion of the human race.

As we have already seen, Wilberforce occupied quite a unique position among legislators. Both in the House of Commons and without he became (p. 109) "a guide of the religious life of many of his friends." Mrs. Elizabeth Fry (p. 109) asks him, "When thou hast leisure, advise with me as with a child if thou hast any hint to give me," and mentions that she once more looks forward to entering the prisons on her noble mission. Hannah More was a constant correspondent. In one letter she sorrowfully relates that (p. 108) Ladies Waldegrave and Euston had told her that, although acquainted with several bishops, "they could never get a word of seriousness or profit from them." Sydney Smith, in 1807, hopes that "now you have done with Africa, you will do something for Ireland," and (p. 120) urges him to take up the cause of Catholic Emancipation. But it was not to be. It may be suspected that Wilberforce's religion was of somewhat too narrow a type to contemplate that reform, and although he lived to see it accomplished, his attitude towards both the question and the Reform Bill was far from sympathetic. Writing to his son, November 25th, 1830 (p. 258), he announces that he considers the introduction of machinery in agricultural operations, especially threshing machines, to be a retrograde step, and we may be quite sure that he would have been a strong opponent of Free Trade. The truth is, he lived for one great and noble cause alone, and when that cause reached fruition he had reached an age, as he tells us, when he was naturally "more timid and more indisposed to great changes."

In conclusion, we would say that the thanks of all admirers of Wilberforce are due to his namesake, who has collected and edited this book of his "Private Papers," thus affording the country fuller information about one whose life's work is one of its most glorious heritages.

Mr. C. E. Tyrer read a short paper entitled "The Storks of Merida."

Mr. Harry Thornber read the principal paper on "Book Illustrations of Sixty Years Ago." The art of illustrating books had undergone many changes during the last fifty or sixty years. Photography was now responsible for nearly all the reproductions of pictures, and it had practically killed the beautiful art of line engraving. From 1825 to 1840 steel engraving was at its best. The artists, whether in line or otherwise, worked for the love of their art, to produce something that would have more than a fleeting popularity. Much of the popularity of line engraving was due to J. M. W. Turner, who was himself a master of the technique of engraving. The essayist described a number of the "Annuals" and books in which the best engravings of the period appeared, and illustrated the paper by the exhibition of a remarkable collection of rare engravings and books from his library.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

Wednesday, January 19, 1898.—The chair was taken by the President, Mr. Joseph Angeloff.

JOHAN HERMANN WESSEL.

Mr. Alfred Schumacher read a paper on "Johan Hermann Wessel." Wessel was born at Vestby, Norway, in 1742. He was educated at Christiania, and later took his degree at the University of Copenhagen. Like Holberg and other Norwegians, he made Denmark the country of his adoption, took up his residence in the Danish capital, and finally became president of the Norwegian Society in that city. In 1772 Wessel published his comic drama, "Love Without Stockings." No poem in Danish literature since the time of Holberg created such a sensation, and, as happened with that great writer's poem, "Pedar Paars," it was almost learnt by heart and quoted everywhere, and on all possible occasions. In this work, his masterpiece, Wessel points his satire at the follies of the enthusiasts for the French dramatic literature of the period, Brun, Bredal, and others. These writers imitated Voltaire and the French sentimentalists, and endeavoured to introduce their pseudo-classicism into the literature of Denmark, but, thanks to the parody in question, without success. This drama is almost unique in literature, the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal" being, perhaps, the closest English analogue. Wessel produced no other great work. Several of his minor poems have, however, enjoyed considerable popularity, chief among these being "The Fork," "Contentment," "Ode to Sleep," "The Dog's Murder," and "The Smith and the Baker." Wessel died in 1785, at the early age of forty-three.

The essayist gave several characteristic extracts from his own English translation of "Love Without Stockings." A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Angeloff, Walter Butterworth, M. Nahmad, and John F. L. Sandbach took part.

Monday, January 24, 1898.—Mr. George Milner took the chair.

The evening was devoted to the hearing of papers which had been read before the recently-formed Foreign Literature section of the Club. The section, it was stated, had become a large and important addition to the Club, and its members were working enthusiastically.

Mr. Alfred Schumacher read the first paper on "Ludwig von Holberg."

Mr. Wm. Stern sent a paper on "Ivan Turgenieff," which was read by Mr. R. H. Selbie.

Mr. J. F. L. Sandbach read the following paper on "J. L. Runeberg."

JOHAN LUDWIG RUNEBERG.

Johan Ludwig Runeberg was born on February 5th, 1804, at Jacobstadt, a small town of Finland, situated on the Gulf of Bothnia. His father, Lorenz Ulrich Runeberg, was a captain in the merchant service. Runeberg's parents were both of Swedish extraction, though their respective families had been settled in Finland for two or three generations.

Johan Ludwig was the eldest of six children, and his father being a man of small means, was considerably relieved when a younger brother, a prosperous merchant at Uleaborg, offered to adopt his eldest son. He was sent to school at that place, but being unable to pay for his tuition he was forced to purchase his education by giving lessons to the younger boys.

At the time of Runeberg's birth Finland was still a province of Sweden, but the dynasty of the Vasas was already tottering to its fall. The volatile and magnificent Gustavus III., the "grand monarque" of Sweden, had received his death-blow under the most tragic circumstances in the Opera House of Stockholm, and his son and successor, Gustavus IV., "a prim and melancholy bigot, touched with madness," neglected the affairs of State in order to indulge in his favourite pastime—the production of prophetic almanacks. But a great revolution was about to be effected by the Man of Destiny. At a meeting of Napoleon and Alexander I. at Tilsit, in 1807, the French Emperor agreed to sacrifice Finland to the ambition of the Russian Emperor. In February, 1808, three Russian armies entered Finland, but the Swedish sentiment was strong, and the Finns, under their able generals, Adlercreutz and Döbeln, offered the most heroic resistance to the invaders; but the country was doomed. At the Battle of Oravais the Finns were defeated with great slaughter, Finland was lost, and on September 17th, 1809, was formally annexed as a grand duchy to Russia.

To return to Runeberg. In 1822, at the age of eighteen, he entered the University of Abo, and after six years of arduous study, rendered more difficult by his extreme poverty, he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. About this time he made his first appearance in the field of literature. At a party of young people given at the house of Archbishop Tengström, of Abo, a game of forfeits was started. Runeberg was a loser, and, as he was suspected of authorship, the young ladies decided that he should pay the penalty by writing a poem. He immediately composed a "Hymn to the Sun." This production was afterwards shown to Sjostrom, a well-known Finnish poet and editor, who was so pleased with it that he had it printed in his paper.

A few months later a fire broke out in Abo. For two entire days the flames raged; two-thirds of the city was destroyed, the University buildings were razed to the ground, and the noble Cathedral of St. Henry, which contains the tomb of the ill-fated consort of Erik XIV.—a peasant girl before she wore the Swedish diadem—was completely gutted, but was saved from destruction owing to the strenuous exertions of the inhabitants, and its magnificent tower still rises high above the tiled roofs of Abo.

Helsingfors was now made the capital of the country, and the University was removed to that city.

This was a turning point in Runeberg's career, and he accepted a tutorship in a family residing at Saarijärvi, a small village in the interior, situated on the great road between the White Sea and the Gulf of Bothnia. "Here," to quote Mr. Gosse, "he had plenty of leisure to study the primitive life of the country people, among the desolate and impressive scenery of the interior. Saarijärvi lies on the extreme

arm of one of the great winding lakes that seem to meander for ever between forest and moorland, thickly dotted with innumerable islands. Round it stretch in every direction the interminable beech-woods, muffling the air with such a silence that the woodman's axe falls with a mysterious, almost with a sinister, sound. There are few spots in Europe so utterly remote and inaccessible; the solitude is broken only by the farmer's cart, the footstep of some wandering Finn or Quain, or the voice of a Russian pedlar from Archangel singing loudly to keep himself company through the woods. Here it was that Runeberg buried himself for three years. He had a good many books, mainly the Greek poets; he studied hard, whether nature was his master or Homer, and he set himself studiously to unlearn whatever his teachers had taught him of the art of Swedish poetry."

During the period of his isolation at Saarijärvi Runeberg occupied himself with the production of his "Lyrical Poems, Idylls, and Epigrams," the first series of which were published in 1830, and dedicated to Bishop Franzén, himself a native of Finland, and one of Sweden's most illustrious poets. Franzén acknowledged the dedication in the following prophetic words: "When your charming present arrived, I was prevented, by official duties, from bestowing on it a careful study. I had only time to rejoice here and there, in the sight of a violet, or the song of a lark; but even then I learnt, that it was a real poet who was making his appearance in my former fatherland. Now I have given a more careful study to the poems, and know, that it is a great poet which Finland is about to produce." A prophecy which was amply realised.

In 1831 Runeberg wrote and published his first great tragic epos, "The Grave in Perrho," the subject of which related to the late war. For this the Swedish Academy awarded him the small gold medal, and, on the strength of this recognition of his genius, and in the first glow of success, Runeberg married Frederika Charlotta, the daughter of Tengström, Archbishop of Abo, one of the young ladies who—five years previously—had enforced the forfeit which resulted in the production of his first verses. She was a young person of considerable abilities, and made the poet an excellent and devoted wife.

In 1832 Runeberg was appointed editor of the *Helsingfors Morganblad*, a post he retained until 1837, and in the former year he published "The Elk Hunters," the greatest epic Finland possesses after the "Kalevala," and in 1836 appeared "Hannra," a delightful idyll of happy love in the country.

In 1837 Runeberg removed from the capital to Borga, where he was appointed Reader in Latin and Greek Literature, and here he continued to reside for forty years, until his death. Borga is a small cathedral city situated about thirty miles from Helsingfors. It is described as a quaint and dreamy little place, admirably suited to a man of Runeberg's retiring disposition.

In 1839 the Swedish Academy presented him with the large gold medal, thus recognising his position as a leading poet.

In 1841 he published "Nadeschda," a Russian story, written in the style of the Slavonic "bilini"; and in 1844 brought out his great epic poem, "King Fjalar," a cycle of old Norse romances.

In 1848 Runeberg produced his most famous work, and which did more to establish his reputation in a national sense than any other of his great works, "Ensign Stål's Stories," a series of songs and metrical stories dealing with the Russian war. They produced a tremendous sensation; and the opening song, "Our Fatherland," became at once the national hymn of Finland. This grand anthem was set to music by the greatest of Finnish composers, Pacius, and on the 13th of May,

1848, its patriotic strain was taken up by thousands of voices in the Cathedral of Helsingfors. This was the proudest day of Runeberg's life.

In 1851 he for the first and last time visited Sweden. On his arrival at Stockholm he was enthusiastically received by the members of the Swedish Academy, who, through their President, Baron von Beskow, treated the poet to a grand panegyric.

He returned to Borga the same year, never again to leave it for any length of time.

Professor Nybloin, in his biography of the poet, tells a touching little story of this period of Runeberg's life, which I cannot do better than relate in the words of the critic previously quoted: "When he had originally settled in Borga he had rented a very small and humble house in the outskirts of the town; and towards the end of his life he was fond of repeating a story which showed that this prophet at least was not without honour in his own country. For, walking in the streets one lovely moonlight night, he was struck with a desire to go and look at this little lodging where he had spent so many of his struggling days. He found it; there was a light in the window, and, peeping through the shutters, he saw an artizan busy over his work, and singing. He listened attentively; it was one of Runeberg's own songs, and the poet turned away with tears of pleasure in his eyes."

In 1853 the Hymn Book Committee of Finland, of which Runeberg was president, published a Swedish hymnal for the use of the Finnish Lutheran Church, and it is notable that the poet composed no less than sixty-two hymns for this psalter.

In 1864 Runeberg produced his last great work—a tragedy in the manner of Sophocles—"Kings at Salamis."

Soon after this Runeberg was struck with an apoplectic attack, and became a confirmed invalid, until on the 6th of May, 1877, he passed quietly away, leaving a widow and six sons, the eldest of whom, Walter, has since achieved considerable success as a sculptor.

In his private life Runeberg was a model of all the virtues, being a good husband, an affectionate father, and a faithful friend. He very rarely ventured into public life, being shy and reserved in society, and the few occasions that he was called upon to speak in public were notorious failures.

Let us now turn to a consideration of Runeberg's work. The "Lyrical Poems, Idylls, and Epigrams" are simple and charming studies, descriptive of Finnish country life; in these the influence of the great and pure poet, Franzén, is distinctly visible, the themes cover a variety of subjects, and many of them express great originality. The following is a charming little idyll, "The Young Fowler:"—

"When he came into the house at nightfall
She was angry with him, his old mother,
'Son,' she said, 'thou lay'st thy snares each morning,
And each day thou com'st back empty-handed!
Either thou lack'st skill, or thou art idle;
Others can take birds where thou hast ta'en none!'

Thus to her the gay young man made answer:
'Who need wonder that our luck is different,
When the same birds are not for our snaring?
In the little farm that lieth yonder,
Lives a wondrous bird, my good old mother.

'Snares I lay to catch it all the autumn,
Now, this very winter have I caught it;
But till spring I shall not bring it hither.
Marvellous is this bird! for it possesses
Not wings, but arms for tenderest embracing;
Not down, but locks of silky, sunny lustre;
No beak, but two fresh lips so warm and rosy!'"

Here we have another, "The Flower Dealer:"—

"Four years old the boy was sitting
On the strand beside his sister,
Cut of bark a ship with rigging,
Freighted then the ship with flowers,
Hired a crew of ants to man it,
And said to the ants' commander:
'Put to sea, thou dauntless sailor;
Sail off then; return anon and
Sell on yonder strand my cargo,
Some for gold, and some for pearls, and
Some for other pretty playthings.'

Stroked his yellow locks the sister,
Drew a sigh and spoke as follows:
'Child of four years old, thou sellest
Flowers that harmless grace the sea-board,
When to twenty-four thou reachest,
Thou wilt barter faithful bosoms,
Some for gold, and some for pearls, and
Some for other pretty playthings.'"

Our last example from the lyrical songs, "Autumn Evening," is tenderly descriptive—

"How bleak is all, how wasted, withered, dead!
Where is the bloom now, which the summer fed?
The dale is numbed, each woodland sound abated,
And for a grave dull earth is consecrated.

"Yet from the grave in bliss each eye doth ope,
A higher world dawns for the heart's fond hope.
Earth's twilight forth the starlands' sheen beguileth,
A home untransient to the spirit smileth.

"Thus dream I in the autumn eve, and see
How stark the foliage falls down from the tree.
A naked strand doth yon bay's deep discover,
And o'er the moon the silver cloudlets hover.

"The Grave in Perrho," Runeberg's first epic lyric, is a poem of considerable length. It is the story of a Finnish peasant family which has been done to death by the invading Cossacks. The old man, the father of six stalwart sons, curses one, believing that he has deserted them through cowardice, but lives long enough to find himself and his other sons avenged by the supposed defaulter, and finally they find one common grave in the wilds of Finland. In this patriotic poem Runeberg shows himself for the first time, wholly, a Finnish poet with a profound sympathy for the sorrows of his unhappy country.

In "The Elk Hunters," Runeberg has given to his country its greatest epic poem—the "Kalevala" excepted. It marks an epoch in Scandinavian literature, not only on account of its place as a masterpiece of realism, but also for the perfect pictures it presents of Finnish peasant life in the country. It is written in hexameters similar to Tegner's "Children of the Communion" and Goethe's "Hermann and Dorothea."

The poem, as its name implies, describes an elk hunt. The agent of a district in the heart of the country has invited the chief men of the neighbourhood to meet at his house in the early dawn of a winter's morning in order to participate in this sport. The "thoroughly-sensible Petrus," a farmer, and his manifold-word-knowing wife, Anna, are engaged in conversation on the night preceding the hunt, when Anna's brother, Mathias, a wealthy farmer from a district some distance away, suddenly makes his appearance, and is invited to take part in the forthcoming hunt. In the early dawn the two men make for the rendezvous, Mathias being furnished with an ancient flint-lock which has played a prominent part in the family history. At the agent's house is collected a large assemblage, among them, Zacharias, a rich peasant, and his beautiful daughter Hedda, the belle of the district, also a company of travelling hucksters from Archangel are showing their wares to the girls. The farmer Petrus compliments the fair Hedda—

"As when a cloud in spring hangs bright o'er the trees on a hill-side,
Hushed is the underwood all, and the birches stand mutely admiring,
Watching the pride of the morning, the rose-hued breast of the cloudlet,
Till from the heart of it issues a breeze, and the shoots on the branches
Tenderly wave, and their leaves, half unfolded, shiver with pleasure,
Not less quivers the youth when he gazes on Hedda and hears her."

It is scarcely necessary to relate that Mathias has fallen in love with the maiden in question. The hunting party now start off, leaving the pedlars to entertain the household, and several amusing incidents transpire. In the meantime the hunt proceeds and four elks are shot; the party returns to the house, where they find the mendicant Aaron relating the sad story of his life:—

"Kangas lieth in Soini; 'tis a homestead that scarce has an equal;
Plenteous in wood and in cornfields, with rich grassy meadows and moorland.
This won my father, in wedding the farmer's fair daughter,
And here he grew old, like a summer's eve slowly declining:
From him came the farm unto me; and here, like my father,
I spent the best years of my life, and dwelt like a king amid plenty.
Servants I had; man-servants to plough with my oxen,
And maids in the house, too; and children, the joy of their mother
And the hope of my eye, who grew up like olive plants round us.
Thus sowing and reaping in comfort, from season to season abode I,
Envied by many, but having the goodwill of all men.
At length came misfortune, and so put an end to my gladness.
The frost of one night destroyed all my yet unreaped harvest,
Wolves killed my cattle; and thus passed a winter of sorrow.
Again I sowed rye-crops, looking for profit in autumn;
But again the rye failed, for again was the early ear frosted.
I had men and maid-servants no longer, I could not pay land dues.
Bread we had none; bark dried in the oven sustained us."

At length he is driven to beg in the city, and here we have the honest countryman's description of the crowded streets:—

"I reached the great city at length, and there saw the strangest of all things,
What I ne'er could have dreamed of, my friends, things quite out of nature:
Great houses, yet round them no land, neither cornfield nor pasture,
Nor yet any snug little corner to smoke a pipe in with a neighbour;
Nothing saw I but tall houses, great houses, all glittering with windows,
Bright-painted and splendid to look at, in endless rows stretching
Afar and yet farther, a hundred streets crossing each other,
And then in those streets what a tumult, like roaring of thunder,
And rattling of chariots four-axled, and shining with silver,
Each one as a house large and splendid! the trampling of horses,
The rumbling of wheels never-ceasing, the whip-cracks and cries of the drivers,
Till the air seems quite deafened; the walls and the windows all shaken!
Yet apart from earth's trouble, and spending their days amid pleasure,
You saw in each chariot a gold-spangled noble or lady,
Just like to gay butterflies seated on flowers in the sunshine,
Whilst the summer's soft breezes are waving them backwards and forwards.
Astonished I wandered along, keeping close to the wall as I could do,
Hat in hand, bowing low, and stopping each moment for reverence.
Yet no one observed me, for quickly each person was hurrying onward."

He was, of course, hospitably entertained at the agent's house, and towards the end of day the girls assemble and dance—

"To the sound of his jew's-harp at eve, when he strikes up a polska."

In the meantime Mathias pays assiduous court to Hedda, and his brother-in-law Petrus renders efficient aid to his friend, describing the fine farmstead and fertile fields, with the rich black top soil on the clay, and asks her not to refuse Mathias because he is no longer in his first youth.

"Never so rich is in blossoms a field in the heart of the summer,
Child, as in pleasures the way to the grave if we walk with contentment;
If we but step with a care to the road, nor let Hope the enchantress
Leap from the path at our feet, and persuade us another were fairer;
Only the fool is beguiled, but he follows and wantonly wavers,
Never at peace, till death suddenly falls on him, sighing, and takes him."

The betrothal, of course, takes place, and the poem ends with a spirited description of the feast, where the worshipful tenant of Hierpvik retires after a toast, foaming beer-can in hand, to the—

"Uppermost end of the table, where bench joineth bench at an angle."

"The Elk Hunters" ranks as one of the three greater works of Runeberg. Its great strength as a poem lies in its complete simplicity. The powerful studies of peasant life in the wilds of Finland are so apparently faithful, the descriptive touches of forest, lake, and moorland are so vivid and so real, that instinctively we feel that the

mantle of the greatest of the Greek poets has fallen upon the shoulders of the Scandinavian; note also the compound epithets applied to the various characters, "the thoroughly-sensible Petrus," "the manifold-word-knowing Anna," "the mattedly-brown-bearded Ontrus," these also are truly Homeric.

"Hanna" is a delightful idyll of the woodlands of Upper Finland.

The son of a village pastor returning home from the university is accompanied by his college friend, whom he has brought back with him to spend the long vacation at the parsonage. The friend falls in love with the pastor's beautiful daughter Hanna as—

"Blushing she stood at the door, in the exquisite charm of her shyness,
Coy as a strip of the sea that is caught by the rush of the morning,
Slender and quivering in rosy dismay through the gloom of the woodlands."

The feeling is mutual, and after the evening meal the brother proposes a stroll down to the lake, and he draws his friend's attention to the difference of this inland scene and the sea-coast at Abo.

"'Look at the lake in the sunset,' he answered, 'look you how unlike
'Tis to the sea as it moans round the rock-built shores of your childhood!
Here there are verdure and colour and life; quaint, numberless islands
Shoot from the breast of the wave, and, gracefully swaying on each one,
Clumps of underwood offer the worn-out wanderer shadow.
Follow me down to the beach, calm strip between meadow and water,
Here you may glance o'er a wider expanse, discerning the hamlet
Dimly sequestered afar, and the steeple that shines in the distance.'"

The lovers obey a natural impulse and fall into each other's arms, and then the three wend their way homeward in the gathering dusk and obtain the father's blessing.

"Nadeschda" is a poem descriptive of Russian lfie, and written in the style of the "bilini."

The heroine Nadeschda is a lovely Russian serf who, wandering along Moskwa's banks, indulges in vague dreams of some knightly lover.

Prince Waldemar passes by in a chariot, and the girl, looking up, perceives the lover of her dreams; with him, also, it is a case of love at first sight. Nadeschda is placed under the care of some friends of the prince, is educated, and blossoms out into a lovely and accomplished woman. After many misadventures, in which figure the Empress Catherine and Prince Potemkin, Nadeschda is married to Waldemar, and everything terminates happily.

In "King Fjalar" Runeberg reaches the very apex of his powers. It is an epic cycle of romances, and sets forth in lurid and realistic outline—after the manner of Ossian—the working of inexorable fate.

King Fjalar the "all-victorious" has assembled his warriors around him for the Yuletide festivities. Suddenly the dark prophet of night —Dargar—appears on the scene, and prophesies untold calamities which will overtake Gauthiod, Fjalar's kingdom, announcing the most fearful fatality that can overtake a father's son and daughter. At its announcement—

"The hall was all hushed; there met
The gazing eye such sight, as when showers of hail
Storming have passed, and calm returning
Chillingly sinketh over a whitened tract."

The King commands his two children to be brought before him, and, after a period of awful suspense, resolves to sacrifice his daughter Gerda, and she is accordingly taken away and thrown from a cliff into the roaring sea.

Fate, however, in the person of Darg, a viking, saves Gerda from drowning, who, being conquered by Morannel, King of Morven, Darg being on his death-bed, leaves the child Ohonna, as she is now called, to the care of King Morannel, who adopts her. She is brought up at his court, and becomes famed in song for her surpassing beauty.

Gall, Rurmar, and Clesamor, the three sons of Morannel, are all deeply in love with their beautiful foster-sister, and each in turn tries to win her heart, but in vain. This is the song of Gall:—

"Come, Ohonna, follow my life!
The hunter loves thee, rosy cloud!
The tall prince of the mountains
Prays thee to share his upland footways.

Hast thou seen from thy mountain rocks
The broad expanses smile in the morning?
Hast thou seen the wakening sunrise
Drink the dew of the trembling haze?

Remember the sound of the windy woodlands,
Leaves that stir in the wing of the wind,
Birds' riot, and the intoxicate
Brook that flies through the sounding boulders!

Dost thou know how beats the heart
When to the noise of the horn and hounds
Rustle the bushes, and lo! the stag
Checks his leap and is here before us?

Maiden, lov'st thou the sombre twilight
That melts to the shine of the dewy stars?
Come, from the summit of Melmor
Let us watch how the night is born.

O how oft have I sat on the mountain
When in the west the sun has been closing
His glimmering gates, and the red glow
Slowly faded out of the sky.

I have drunk the cool of the spirit of even,
Seen the shadows pass over the valleys,
Let my thoughts go wander
Around the sea of nightly silence.

Lovely is life on the cloudy heights,
'Tis easy to breathe in the fragrant woods;
Ah! be my bride! I will open
A thousand pleasures around thy heart."

In the meantime, Hjalmar, the son of Fjalar, whose fame has spread to the most remote regions, sets out in a viking ship after gaining his father's unwilling permission.

"Up, take it, fly over oceans and seek thy name
'Mong strange-sounding sounds, forgotten by me!"

After a series of marvellous adventures Hjalmar reaches Morven, and is married to Ohonna with the sea-king's rites. On the homeward voyage they discover their relationship, and the climax of the tragedy is reached. Hjalmar relates Ohonna's story:—

> "So she spake. Blanch not, oh, my father,
> Her own blood on my sword thou seest.
> Morven's maid, Ohonna, my bride of the ocean,
> Was thy daughter, King; was my sister, too.
>
> 'Die she would; yea, die for me. I bring her
> Greeting.' Silent he grew. His steel,
> Like a lightning's flash, in his breast was buried.
> On the rock he sank into death's repose."

"Fjalar is great, virtuous, and humane," writes Mr. Gosse; "but because he does not make the gods witnesses to his oath, he brings down upon himself and his race their slow but implacable vengeance. The style in which this poem is composed is exceedingly cold and severe, with delicate lyrical passages introduced without any detriment to the general solemnity. The work is like a noble frieze in marble, where, among the sublime figures of the gods and their victims, the sculptor has sought to introduce an element of tenderer beauty in the flying graces of a garment or the innocent sweetness of a child's averted head."

In "Ensign Stäl's Stories" Runeberg has given his country his most popular work. In none other of his poems is he so intensely national as in this collection of romances, which describe scenes from the second Finnish War. "The situations," to quote Dr. Horn, "are depicted so vividly, faithfully, and graphically, and the characters are drawn with such consummate skill, that they stamp themselves indelibly on the memory. Every one of these poems is a masterpiece, and together they form the most beautiful, heroic drama that was ever composed for, or in honour of, any nation. The whole collection is pervaded by a deep and warm patriotic sentiment, which is so gloriously expressed in the song, 'Our land, our land, our fatherland.' None of his other works have like this contributed so much towards making Runeberg the national poet both of Sweden and of Finland, for he sings the common struggle, and the common misfortunes of both countries in tones that even on the stranger make the impression of rare beauty."

The following three verses are taken from the famous anthem "Our Land," which forms the initial poem of "Ensign Stäl's Stories:"—

> "Our land, our land, our fathers' home!
> Glad sound, ring loud and clear!
> No Nile that swells 'neath heav'n's blue dome,
> No smiling vale, no salt sea-foam,
> Can be to us so inly near
> As this our home most dear!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Of thousand lakes, land unsurpassed,
> Of truth and poetry;
> Where life's rough sea our lot hath cast,
> Land of our future and our past,
> O grieve not for thy poverty:
> Be glad, be strong, be free!

Thy promise folded in the bud
  Shall swell to perfect bloom,
And ever, like a rising flood,
Shall grow our love for thy best good,
  And loud shall ring 'neath yon blue dome
  Our song of 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

The stories, which are in various metres, are supposed to be related by an old soldier.

"The tales which now I tell in song,
  Through many a long and silent night,
Fell from the old man's faltering tongue
  Beside the peat-fire's feeble light.
They speak what all may understand;
Receive them, thou dear native land."

The stories range over a very wide region, from the drollest humour to the highest pathos. An admirable example of the former is found in "Sven Dove," a good-hearted dullard who ran away from a scolding wife to fight for king and country, was killed by a bullet that pierced his heart in preference to his head, on which his superior officer, admiring the action of the ball, wrote the following epitaph:—

"A middling head had he, forsooth;
  His heart, howe'er, was good."

In the "Cloud's Brother," we have the sublimest tragedy. His heroic death was thus apostrophised by his loved one:—

"More than living unto me was loving,
  More than loving is to die as he died."

Very beautiful, too, is the simple ballad, "The Village Girl," who, on finding that her lover had fled from the battlefield, resolved to die in his place.

"Make me a grave, O mother dear; my days on earth are over!
The only man that fled to-day, that coward was my lover;
He thought of me and of himself, the battlefield he scanned,
And then betrayed his brothers' hope, and shamed his fatherland.

When past our door the troops marched by, and I their ranks had numbered,
I wept to think that like a man among the dead he slumbered;
I sorrowed, but my grief was mild, it had no bitter weight,
I would have lived a thousand years to mourn his noble fate.

O mother, I have looked for him where'er the dead are lying,
But none of all the stricken bear his features calm in dying;
Now will I live no more on earth in shame to sit and sigh,
He lies not there among the dead, and therefore I will die."

"Kings at Salamis" is Runeberg's last great work. It is a tragedy written in the manner of Sophocles, and combines the severity of the Greek period with the realism of the modern. It has been compared with Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon," to which it bears some resemblance.

The play sets forth the struggle between Leikritos the usurper and Eurysakes the dispossessed, the latter being the son of Ajax and

Tekmessa. In the end the pretender is overthrown. "One feels, in reading this tragedy," writes Magnussen, "as if the poet were holding passion down all through with one hand while, with the other, giving to it a stately and graceful embodiment with features only expressive of passive and patient agony nobly borne."

Runeberg is the greatest of the Swedish poets. He is entirely free from the grandiloquent and sometimes false idealism of Tegnér, which consisted too often in the cultivation of high-sounding but empty phrases. He is also free from the moonlit melancholy of Atterbom and the romantic school—a melancholy often morbid, more often unreal. He is, in the fullest sense of the word, a national poet—*the* national poet of his country. No pompous phraseology, no artificial glitter, mars the simple force and realistic strength of his work. He is a product of his country in the period of that country's sufferings and that country's wrongs, and he has spoken, and spoken not of Apollos and Floras, muses and zephyrs, shepherds and shepherdesses, but of the soldier dying on the field of battle, of the peasant struggling for bare existence with the fearful elements of nature. He not only writes of the people, but he has lived himself into the life of the people—a life that is intimately associated with the natural phenomena of a wildly-picturesque country. His verse is solemn and true and strong; no other northern poet brings before us with such graphic emphasis the dark woods, the vast moorlands, and the wild wastes of his native land, as Runeberg, nor describes with such vivid touch the peasantry who inhabit them. He seizes on life wherever and however it presents itself, in the peasant, the soldier, the gipsy, the lover, the maiden. "Coming down and walking the earth," as some one has beautifully expressed it; "grasping humanity in all its forms, with honest ungloved hands."

Bellman was a great poet, but the muse of Bellman was too often intoxicated, not with aspiration, but with the nectar of the wine-cellar. Tegnér was a great poet, but his muse dwelt in Arcadia, a land known only to the few. Runeberg was the greater poet, for his muse walked hand in hand with humanity.

The President, and Messrs. Fox, Butterworth, and Stansfield took part in the discussion which followed, in which it was suggested that more attention might usefully be given to German literature than had been the case of late in England, and that valuable work might be done by comparing the literatures of the northern countries with those of the south.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1898.—Mr. JOSEPH ANGELOFF, the President, took the chair.

Mr. ALEXANDRE SHAKLIAN read a paper on "Octave Mirabeau." Mirabeau is a contemporary French writer, now living in Paris, and belongs to the realistic school, which includes Catulle Mendès, Leon Daudet, and others. Mirbeau's principal works are the three romances "L'Abbe Jules," "Sebastien Roch," and "Le Calvaire," and the two dramas "Le Mauvais Berger" and "L'Epidermie." He is also famous as a pamphleteer, taking

rank with such writers as Rochefort and Clemenceau in the journalistic world. He is chiefly known in this country as being the "discoverer" of Maeterlinck.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1898.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. RICHARD LAWSON presented a copy of his "History of Flixton."

ART INSTITUTIONS OF MANCHESTER.

Mr. J. E. PHYTHIAN read a paper on "The Art Institutions of Manchester." The following is a report of the proceedings:—

The art institutions of the city were the subject of discussion at the weekly meeting of the Manchester Literary Club. The matter is of special interest at the present time in view of the proposal of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation either to build a new art gallery for the city, or carry out an adequate extension of the present building in Mosley Street. Invitations to attend the meeting were issued to members of the Art Gallery Committee, the Queen's Park Sub-committee of the Parks Committee, who have the Queen's Park Gallery under their control; the governors of the Whitworth Institute, representatives of the Manchester Art Museum in Ancoats and of the Owens College Museum, the Manchester Grammar School, the Academy of Art, the Northern Art Workers' Guild, and the Technical Instruction Committee of the Corporation. The invitations were well responded to, with the result that there was a large and representative gathering, including a strong muster of members of the Club.

Councillor J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN, Chairman of the Art Gallery Committee, said, in suggesting that the Literary Club should devote an evening to the Art Institutions of the City, his hope was that a discussion might take place which would be useful to those who controlled our art institutions. One thing much needed was the support of some clear judgment of intelligent public opinion, and a discussion in the Literary Club would furnish material upon which such a judgment might be based. It would be enough if he succeeded in putting before the meeting the chief points on which discussion was needed. The art institutions had a dual function, namely, to train the artist and craftsman, and to provide examples of good art for the general enjoyment. They would confine themselves for the moment to the more general work of the institutions whose primary task was the exhibition of works of art, the City Art Gallery, the Whitworth Institute, the Ancoats Art Museum, the new Museum at the School of Art, and the Queen's Park Museum. We had

here five institutions doing work of the same general character. Yet they were not working together in any adequate sense of the word. Nay, there was, on the contrary, considerable overlapping and consequent confusion. We were entitled to take considerable pride in these institutions. They were all doing good work, they covered a good deal of ground, and had the elements of great usefulness. It was their importance that suggested the necessity of the most careful consideration of their future, and the need for consideration was urgent. It was well known that the City Art Gallery was no longer adequate for the housing of the permanent collection of pictures and the holding of periodical and occasional exhibitions. They had now to decide whether the municipality should abandon part of the work or build new galleries, and surely a right decision could hardly be arrived at without considering the whole of the requirements of the city, and the means of meeting them. He was by no means alone in the Art Gallery Committee in feeling that they were simply groping in the dark. What was desirable the Committee thought they knew, but unhappily the work was so split up, and there was such a lack of organisation, that they simply did not know what was possible. They thought that a good deal of money was being wasted, and that the practically best is far from being accomplished. For example, it was desirable that Manchester should have a fairly complete representation of the English school of painting. Was that practicable? They did not know, and they were not likely to know, so long as one collection of oil paintings was being formed in Mosley Street and another at Whitworth Park, without any understanding between the two institutions with regard to the kind of pictures to be purchased. Manchester ought to have examples to show the people how painting has grown in this country. It was frequently said that this was beyond our resources. People had the idea that these pictures could only be obtained at fabulous prices. He had been trying to test that, and had just been shown a beautiful painting, said to be by Romney. If Romney was not the painter, one wondered who the artist was. The price asked for the picture was only £150. Then there was the portrait of an old lady by the same artist which could have been obtained for about £600, and a beautiful portrait by Sir Peter Lely for £35. There was a demand for pictures by the early English masters. They were leaving this country, and Mr. Phythian asked whether Manchester was to be shut out from the possession of representative examples? We believed that we had water-colours admirably represented at Whitworth Park, and the city ought to have an adequate representation of the earlier English masters in oil painting. Further, it was desirable to have in the city original examples of the earlier Continental

schools of painting. Was this possible? No answer could be given to the question so long as we duplicated, overlapped, paid unnecessary salaries, and, by want of aim, discouraged the help which a clear and comprehensive scheme would be likely to obtain. Take another instance. Let us assume that it is desirable to have temporary exhibitions of present-day art or of earlier art. Is it desirable that such exhibitions should be held both at the Mosley Street Art Gallery and the Queen's Park Museum without any understanding between the committees having control of these two institutions? One would think not. A short time ago the Art Gallery Committee had made preliminary arrangements to hold a black and white exhibition, only to find a little later that such an exhibition was about to be opened at Queen's Park. Exhibitions of oil and water-colour paintings are open free at Queen's Park, and a charge for admission to such exhibitions is made at Mosley Street. The entire separation of the management of the two institutions entails not only confusion, but unnecessary expense. The School of Art Museum and the Whitworth Institute, again, must inevitably overlap without co-operation. The Ancoats Art Museum is doing excellent work, but is crippled, and, indeed, its very existence is rendered precarious, by want of funds. He had, perhaps, said enough to show our present system of government by several independent committees, which without the help of a single highly-trained official, can never produce satisfactory results. But each of these institutions cannot support such an official staff. How much we should gain if such a comprehensive scheme as that already suggested were worked out by a thoroughly competent official head with departmental assistants! The cost would be greater than that which is incurred at present, but not as much greater as might be supposed, and the efficiency of the work would be enormously increased. We do not expect that libraries and booksellers alone will suffice to spread a love of literature; we organise an elaborate educational system to this end. Art galleries and museums alone will not suffice to spread a love of art; we need our educational system also. For this purpose alone, if for no other, our art institutions ought to be brought closer together. For both the formation and management of our collections, and for putting them to the best use, we ought to have the help of well-trained officials. This would be easily within our resources were we united in our endeavours. In conclusion, Mr. Phythian said as to the form the co-ordination of the art institutions of the city should take this was not the time to speak, but nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of a comprehensive scheme.

The President said there arose out of Mr. Phythian's paper, with great distinctness, two or three points. The first was the importance of providing an adequate building for the permanent

collection of pictures and the exhibitions held from time to time A great deal could be done with the present City Art Gallery, but no satisfactory scheme of co-ordination could be carried out unless further provision were made. No doubt the Art Gallery Committee and the Corporation generally would like to know what the citizens thought about this, and whether, if the Committee determined to provide adequate accommodation, the ratepayers would be willing to pay the cost. Then, as to the appointment of an art director. That question had been often discussed, but no decision had yet been reached. Personally, he confessed it was a difficult question to deal with. Unless an art director of the right sort could be secured, the city would be better without one. It would not do to have a man limited in sympathies, who would devote himself to pushing the works of one school of painters, or elevate oil-painting as against water-colours, or *vice versâ*. Then came the question of co-ordination. Matters might be arranged between the Art Gallery Committee and the Whitworth Trustees. With regard to the Art Museum in Ancoats, its function was that of teaching. The kind of teaching which it attempted was without parallel in England or Europe, and it would be better for being placed under an art director of the right sort. Therefore it seemed to him that the Museum might take its proper place in any scheme of co-ordination.

Mr. T. C. Horsfall said the need for co-ordination must be painfully apparent to all who had worked in connection with any one of our art institutions. The practice which now prevailed of duplicating works of art could then be controlled. The Ancoats Art Museum Committee had always been willing, whenever possible, to allow any work to be taken from the Ancoats Hall that would be more useful in another part of Manchester. But though the set of works illustrating different stages in the development of art would be more valuable in Oxford Road, near Owens College, the Girls' High School, and the other educational institutions, than in the slums of Ancoats, it had been impossible for them to part with it because they had never yet succeeded in making known the existence of that valuable and interesting collection to any one except Mr. Darbishire (honorary secretary of the Manchester Whitworth Institute). One of the great advantages of having a highly-trained expert at work was that he would make himself thoroughly familiar with the contents of all the galleries, and bring his information before the various councils. Co-ordination could not, he thought, be brought about but by the help of experts. If the right man could be secured at an expenditure of £700 or £800 a year, a hundred times more would be done to bring a knowledge of fine works of art into the minds of the mass of the people of Manchester than could be

done by spending £50,000 or £60,000 on buildings, or other large sums on new works of art. We needed larger galleries, but we needed a thorough appreciation of the treasures we already possessed far more. He had recently spent a short time in North Germany for the purpose of examining the elementary schools, art galleries, and workmen's dwellings there. In Hamburg one could not help being struck by the different arrangements of public buildings to those at home. We spend nearly as much on our free libraries as the Hamburg people do on all their collections of fine art, but there they have a greater variety. He could not resist the conclusion that in Hamburg the money was being more wisely spent. No progress could be made in promoting love of art unless based upon a knowledge and love of nature. In the German towns, where the elementary schools were, as he thought all elementary schools should be, under the control of the Town Council, good collections of freshly-cut flowers were sent each week to every public elementary school, labelled with the German and Latin names. In one school he visited the teacher showed him admirable pictures of flowers, but added that they did not rely much upon them, because there was such an abundant supply of flowers. More would also be done to educate people, especially the working classes, by placing before them excellently-chosen museums of industrial art than well-chosen pictures. His experience had taught him that if people could be taught to realise the beauty of good textile fabrics, good pieces of ironwork, and similar things, they would be placed much more surely on the line of advance on which they would eventually have good taste with regard to pictures, than if they were simply given an intellectual interest in half-a-dozen pictures. Each of the art institutions in Hamburg was under the direction of an expert. The Germans did not treat these matters as though they were luxuries; they regarded them as the absolute necessaries of modern life. He was told by a well-known German professor that the English had a much greater feeling for the beauty of form and colour than Germans. The only wall-paper designs in the Berlin Museum were the productions of William Morris, and he believed it was the same in Hamburg. In view of this natural ability for beauty ought we not to regard the cultivation of it as a necessary of municipal life? By a wise expenditure of money in these directions the national life of Germany had become much healthier than that of our own country, and it was no wonder that drunkenness, for one thing, was rare.

Mr. C. J. Pooley, Deputy Chairman of the Art Gallery Committee, said he had long been of the opinion that Art Gallery Committees, as a body of amateurs, had gone as far as they could, and that it was time to call in the aid of an expert. He

had been asked what sort of a man was the expert to be. Was he to be a painter who had failed to make his mark? Nothing of the kind. What we wanted was a man of intelligence and ability like Mr. Whitworth Wallis, of the Birmingham Museum. In Birmingham the art work was admirably managed. First of all they had an excellent museum for the purposes of technical instruction, containing a more beautiful collection of specimens of ironwork than perhaps could be found anywhere else. In Manchester we might arrange a different collection, having regard to our industries. An amateur had neither the time nor the technical training of an expert. If something of the kind were not done we should go on groping in the dark. The Art Gallery Committee also were not supported by the ratepayers and general public to the extent they should be. There seemed to be a sort of indifference in Manchester as to what was going on in our midst. It grieved him to see the Art Gallery Committee and that of the Whitworth Institute pulling, if not in different directions, at the same string. He trusted that these two institutions and the Queen's Park Museum would be brought together, and suggested that the Ancoats Museum might be used as a kind of feeder.

Alderman Hoy, Chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee, observed that he was a little tired of approaching things of this kind, because he had come to the conclusion that they had an unsympathetic public and press to deal with. Co-ordination had certainly been successful as far as it had gone in technical instruction, but he thought the expert was not going to come in a hurry. He was not so sure either as previous speakers had been that up to the present the Art Gallery Committee of Manchester, with all its stumblings, had not got together a first-rate permanent collection. And if they were going to wait and stay their hands until somebody found another Mr. Wallis he was afraid they would wait a long time.

Mr. Byron Cooper, a member of the Academy of Art, said the difficulty experienced, judging from Mr. Phythian's remarks, appeared to be that of obtaining professional assistance. Mr. Phythian seemed to have come to the conclusion that the amateur Committee had carried matters as far as it was possible for them to do. He was only surprised the Committee had not arrived at that conclusion sooner, for in most other matters professional assistance was obtained. It was an open secret that professional assistance had been offered to the Art Gallery Committee, and that it had been repeatedly refused, and the Academy of Art ignored. Whether its members knew anything about art or not the Academy was the only representative body of artists in the town, and it might have been wise, and certainly courteous, to have dealt more gently with them. From the remarks of

the last speaker the Corporation seemed to feel a little bit injured that the *Manchester Guardian* and *City News* had not gone with them. Now the press, he took it, only reflected the feeling of Manchester people. He would, at any rate, say that the *Guardian* and *City News* had in a sense taken the matter up, and that they seemed to think there was something in the claim of the Manchester Academy to be represented on the Art Gallery Committee. It did appear strange that any such committee should be without professional assistance. In view of the gloomy reports of apathy, would it not be wise for the Art Gallery Committee, even at this late hour, to reconsider its decision, and try the effect of bringing the body of Manchester artists into full sympathy with them? At present there was a feeling of, if not antagonism, of estrangement between them. The Academy, instead of being recognised by the Corporation, had been overlooked in every possible way, and if art were to flourish in our midst there ought to exist a spirit of harmony.

Mr. Edgar Wood, Master of the Northern Art Workers' Guild, said two things he had gathered from Mr. Phythian's paper were that there was a great deal of apathy in Manchester regarding art matters, and that art was largely represented by picture paintings. He did not deny the existence of the apathy, but it was largely the fault of those responsible for the promotion of art in the district. The educational bodies had put before the public things of a high order indeed, but it was in the sense of putting the cart before the horse. Art must be approached from the beginning. If a man were surrounded in his house, rooms, and streets with things which were beautiful, he would find them subtly and unconsciously impressing themselves upon him, and leading him to take a higher interest in higher subjects.

Mr. Herbert Templar, a Manchester amateur artist, said if the Corporation could only see their way to veto the great Infirmary scheme, and erect an art gallery, it would be a capital thing for the community. Did the minor exhibitions in Ancoats and Whitworth Park serve any purpose? He doubted whether in Ancoats they served any purpose whatever. He had been there several times, and invariably found the gallery empty. He had tried to show a few boys about the place the merits of the pictures, but they had not been interested in them at all. That might have been his own fault. He had been to Whitworth Park during the daytime and found no one there. Crowds of people went on Sundays, but they went to see each other and not the pictures. Whatever interest there was aroused was in the modern paintings. In fact, both exhibitions would be better appreciated if brought to the centre of the city. People living in the other outskirts, such as Old Trafford and Broughton, did not see the pictures. If they could not be brought to the city,

would it not be an improvement to change them at different times by transferring the Queen's Park collection to Whitworth Park, and the Whitworth Park collection to Queen's Park? This surely would create and sustain interest. If, however, they were all in the city he was convinced that crowds would go to see them during the dinner hours. Are old masters wanted by the public? continued Mr. Templar. I do not think they are. We have a few here in our Art Gallery: "The Decline of Carthage," by Turner, in the hall, which may be worth hundreds of pounds; but who cares for them? Well, there may be a few enlightened people here who do, but I think ninety-nine out of every hundred don't care for them. There is "Venice: Going to the Ball." I don't think anybody can make out what it is. A gentleman told me once the beauty in Turner is what you don't see; and I think there is a lot of truth in that. I can see points of beauty in a good picture, but I question what there is in Turner's. With regard to the Autumn Exhibitions, he did not think the quality last year was up to the standard of previous years. If the Committee would only get one good picture people would go to see it. He remembered how, when the picture of "Christ before Pilate" was placed on view, the people went to see it in large numbers. Lectures twice a week at the Autumn Exhibitions by masters like Walter Crane would also be great attractions. Why was it, he asked in conclusion, that the Corporation never purchased any water-colour paintings?

Councillor Greenhow pointed out that the picture by Turner which Mr. Templar had referred to had not been purchased by the Corporation, but was on permanent loan from the National Gallery. Its faded appearance was not due to the Corporation, but to the fact that Mr. Turner did not use proper materials in the picture. Personally, he thought the Manchester Art Gallery was doing good work. Already, in connection with the class of experts referred to, Manchester was spending nearly a thousand pounds a year, and in his opinion there was no reason why cold water should be thrown on the work of the Art Gallery Committee. He knew most provincial galleries, and amongst these the Manchester Art Gallery stood second to none. Liverpool had a larger collection of pictures, but picture for picture the quality was not as good as we in Manchester possessed. The Corporation had made up their minds not to purchase any class of picture simply because it was sent to the Autumn Exhibition. There was a strong feeling among artists that when pictures were sent there the Corporation should spend the couple of thousand pounds from the rates in purchases. By all means let them do so if the works were good enough, but not otherwise. He did not think the Art Gallery Committee could be decried in anything they had done recently.

Mr. W. Noel Johnson, artist, said the question arose as to whether the apathy was due to the quality of the exhibitions or whether it existed in the people themselves. He thought there was something to be said on both sides. There could be no doubt about one point—that the majority of people required educating on art matters. On the other hand, the Autumn Exhibition was not all that it should be. He quite believed the members of the Art Gallery Committee did the best they could. It would be advisable to accept the offer of the Academy if it meant that its members should in turn take part in the work, but not if the services of one man only were concerned. Every man had a bias, and what was wanted on the Art Gallery Committee was various shades of opinion, in order to ensure a wider selection than would be secured with one man constantly jogging their steps in one direction. What Mr. Templar had said about the Whitworth Gallery was largely true. It was unfortunate that so little use was made of it by the public, but it was no good for people to go there without some one to instruct them. A short explanation would arouse much interest. As regarded the appointment of an expert, his advice was not to push matters too quickly, for it took a long time to build up a good permanent collection. He knew many people who had never been to the Whitworth Institute (people who did not need educating) because it was too far away. He did not agree with what had been said about duplicating good pictures. If all good pictures could be duplicated it would be a good thing, for more people would see them.

Councillor T. C. Abbott said we were at the present day more in a state of chaos than transition, and needed educating in the elements of taste and art.

Mr. H. P. Greg contended that the Corporation were to be blamed for the somewhat strained relations between them and the artists of Manchester. To strike effectually at the root of the prevailing apathy, we must have art instruction in our elementary schools.

Mr. John Angell said that every boy and girl in every elementary and secular school in the kingdom should devote several hours each week to drawing, painting, and music. He objected to co-ordination because, he remarked, practically the whole of the advance in the education of the country during the last fifteen years was the result of non-co-ordination.

Mr. Elias Bancroft, Honorary Secretary of the Manchester Academy of Art, replying to Mr. Greenhow, denied that the artists of Manchester desired the Art Gallery Committee to confine their purchases to the Autumn Exhibitions, especially, he added, the Autumn Exhibitions we have had of late. As a ratepayer, not as an artist, he objected to the way money had been lately spent in purchasing the pictures at the Autumn Exhibition.

No doubt the Committee had done all they could. He believed they had done their best, but it was not absolutely satisfactory to the ratepayers. He could see no reason why one member of the Academy should not be deputed, not as a fixture, but that he might be of some service to the Committee. Mr. Phythian's suggestions were admirable. He did not agree with the idea of separating the water-colour pictures from the oil paintings. They might be placed in separate rooms, but close at hand, for the purposes of constant comparison.

Mr. J. H. Reynolds, Director of the Manchester Municipal Technical Institute, explained that the School of Art Museum was intended mainly as a library of reference for the thousand students of the school. They had hitherto been left without adequate examples in the various domains of art. The museum would contain good examples of textile manufacture and a valuable collection of specimens of industrial arts and crafts. He trusted there would also be explanatory lectures to visitors. The Committee intended to devote a whole floor of the school in Sackville Street to the encouragement of the smaller arts and industries, and they were hoping to attract those persons specially who earned their livelihoods from them. At present it would be difficult to name half a dozen art industries in Manchester.

Mr. Phythian, replying on the discussion, said his object in reading the paper that evening had been to get the subject talked about, and not to come to any conclusion. With reference to the remarks made by Mr. Bancroft, he might point out that Mr. Clarence Whaite, President of the Academy of Art, had been asked to assist the Art Gallery Committee, and had declined. The last two Autumn Exhibitions, in which the Committee had had expert assistance, had been more successful in point of the number of visitors than previous ones, and praise was bestowed upon them by members of the Royal Academy. It was now necessary to appoint a man who could give his whole time to the work. For himself he had done as much as he could, and his Chairmanship of the Art Gallery Committee would terminate next November, because it was utterly impossible for him to give the necessary time to the work.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

Wednesday, February 2, 1898.—Mr. Karnic H. Funduklian was in the chair.

Mr. J. F. L. Sandbach read a paper on "The Novelists of Finland." Pietari Paivarinta is the founder of the Finnish novel. He was born in 1827, of a peasant family, is still living, and is a

member of the Finnish Diet. His principal theme is Finnish peasant life. Aleksis Kivi was born in 1834, the son of a tailor. His romance, "The Seven Brothers," is the greatest novel that Finland has produced. His chief theme was that no real happiness is possible without culture. He died in 1872. Juho Reijonen is the most humorous of the Finnish novelists, and has earned the title of the "Hans Christian Andersen of Finland." Juhani Aho is the greatest of the Finnish novelists, and is still, comparatively speaking, a young man. He is as popular in Finland as Bjornsen is in Norway, and Pontoppidan in Denmark. Other Finnish novelists are Tummerus, Sounamalen, Kasimir Leins, and Santeri Ingman.

An additional element of interest was imparted to the meeting by the presence of, and a short address from, Mr. Alex. von Becker, late of Helsingfors, Finland, who is personally acquainted with Juhani Aho.

Monday, February 7, 1898.—The chair was taken by Mr. George Milner.

ABERGLASLYN RAILWAY.

The Chairman drew attention to the proposal for running a light railway from Portmadoc through the Pass of Aberglaslyn to Beddgelert. He thought the Club would be interested in the matter, and would probably wish to enter its protest against such an unnecessary intrusion upon a district of peculiar beauty. It was true that the railway would not run absolutely through the Pass of Aberglaslyn, but it would, as he understood, approach it to within a third of a mile, then disappear in a tunnel, and emerge before the end of the pass was reached. Apart altogether from the question of the Pass, there was to be considered the effect which the line would have upon the beauty and quiet of Beddgelert. He had not a word to say against giving people facilities for visiting these places, but it was not necessary or desirable to spoil the places themselves in order to give these facilities. There was already a railway within five miles of Beddgelert on the Carnarvon side, and Portmadoc was but some seven miles from the entrance to the Pass of Aberglaslyn. On the motion of Mr. J. T. Foard, seconded by Mr. B. A. Redfern, the following resolution was passed—"That the Manchester Literary Club views with apprehension and alarm the proposal to 'open up' Beddgelert and intersect the Pass of Aberglaslyn by a railway cutting and tunnel. Any infringement of the natural beauty of this famous pass or disturbance of the quiet of Beddgelert will be an irreparable misfortune. If the scenery is to be in no sense injured or impaired, the protest will neither be needed nor applicable. If, on the other hand, there is an inten-

tion to deprive the district of any of its natural beauty, the Club now desires to express as earnestly as possible its abhorrence of and hostility to any such scheme."

OPERA.

Mr. Robert Peel read a paper on "Opera, its Rise and Development." From the time when first men began to theorise upon the musical drama the favourite problem has been, How could poetry and music be most effectively blended. Opera, as generally understood, is of comparatively modern origin, and few branches of art have been subject to so many sweeping, even fundamental, changes. It may fairly be said to be a child of the Renaissance. The first true Italian opera was the "Euridice" of Jacopo Peri, performed at Florence in 1600. Peri was convinced that the ancient Greeks in their dramas made use of a mode of expression somewhat different to that of every-day speech, and that it was musically coloured. That he endeavoured to copy, or rather revive. Claude Monteverde made immense improvements. In his opera of "Orfeo" (1607 or 1608) the orchestra consisted of at least thirty-six performers. He gave prominence to, and made full use of, stringed instruments played with the bow. Henry Purcell, in England, followed neither the French nor Italian composers, but struck out a line of his own. There was nothing previous to his time but the old English masque, and he left no comparable successor as a writer of English opera. Alessandro Scarlatti, representative of the so-called Neapolitan school, is sometimes termed the father of modern opera. He made poetry simply the handmaid to the music. Cultivating melody, he developed a form of opera at once entrancing and unsound. Through his imitators, this grew until at length pure music—in melody—predominated over and shut out the dramatic; then followed the ruinous exactions of the solo singers. In 1762 Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" was performed at Vienna. This was the beginning of the reform which opened the eyes of all true artists to the false position opera then occupied. In his preface to "Alceste" he said: "I seek to put music to its true purposes; that is, to support the poem and thus strengthen the expression of the feelings and the interest of the situation without interrupting the action." The libretto or text had up to this point been almost entirely drawn from mythological or classical sources. Under the name of Opera Buffa a lighter kind of opera, dealing with everyday life, sprang up. Though at first a kind of interlude or intermezzo sandwiched between the acts or scenes of a more serious piece, it at length was made an entire performance of itself. With Mozart, opera appeared so richly clothed that those who were familiar with it in its old garb hardly recognised it in its new

attire. He was the first to make a complete *ensemble*, that is, the orchestra and the voices on the stage worked together so as to produce a splendid and complete harmony. Opera also owes to Mozart its introduction to romance and fairyland. Thus opera may now be said to have passed from youth to manhood. Having the use of Comedy as well as of Tragedy; drawing its librettos from the classical and historical; pourtraying the feelings of everyday humanity and just beginning to make use of the romantic; possessing an orchestra which was deemed perfect, opera, until Wagner appeared, could fairly claim to be as necessary to the intellectual life of the educated person as the oratorio, the concert, the picture gallery, or the play.

In illustration of the paper a number of selections from the operas of Purcell, Handel, Gluck, and Mozart were sung by Messrs. Butterworth, Wilcock, Pendlebury, Derby, Dumville, Stott, and choir boys from the Cathedral. The pieces were accompanied by a band, which included Messrs. S. and H. Stott, Walter Hudson, J. Gibson, H. Noppen, and Mr. Peel himself. A number of volumes of music from the library of Dr. Watson were also shown in further illustration of the paper.

On the motion of Mr. W. H. Collier, seconded by Mr. William Sterling, a hearty vote of thanks to the singers and musicians was passed.

Monday, February 14, 1898.—The President, Mr. George Milner, was in the chair.

Mr. Abraham Stansfield read, under the title of "A Remarkable Lancashire Man," a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Henry Nutter. Mr. Nutter offered a singular combination of seemingly opposite qualities; a poetical enthusiast and an accurate and devoted scientist, he was truly a remarkable man. For the greater part of a century, wherever he went, he shed around him the sunshine of a most lovable and beautiful nature, making, as far as in him lay, all men and women happy, while at the same time he instructed them by the fulness of his acquired knowledge and happy faculty of imparting it.

Mr. G. A. Shaw read the principal paper on "The Arthurian Legend."

In the discussion which followed the reading of the papers Messrs. Milner, Fox, Mortimer, Andrew, Newton, Credland, and Sandbach took part.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1898.—Mr. ALFRED SCHUMACHER occupied the chair.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

Mr. WALTER BUTTERWORTH read a paper on "Gabriele d'Annunzio," the Italian poet and novelist. D'Annunzio was born in 1864, on the yacht "Irene," on the Adriatic, not far from Pescava, in the Abruzzo district. Originally intended for the artistic profession, his first book, "Primo Vere," written in his sixteenth year, caused such a sensation that he determined to devote himself to literature. In this first work he shows distinctly the influence of Carducci. In 1880 he went to Rome, and during the three years that followed he produced three volumes of verse. This was his "storm and stress" period, and he became the head of a school of young writers, the characteristics of which were the abuse of colour, the employment of unusual expressions, and a great audacity in erotic description. During a temporary residence in the Abruzzo he wrote in prose and verse, came forward as a novelist, and produced several works in rapid succession. Of these "Trionfo della Morte" has just been translated into English. The novels are written in the style of the modern French school, and show a strong realistic tendency. D'Annunzio is an egotist, and this exhibits itself both in his life and in his writings. He lays great stress on style, his own being elaborately beautiful. His great theme is the "eternal feminine"; but he had a keen appreciation for the things of nature. His descriptions of the sea, both in prose and poetry, are unsurpassed. In religion he is a Pantheist. His novels possess very little plot, and rely solely upon a psychological basis, being full of analysis and introspection.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1898.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, took the chair.

REVIEW NIGHT.

Mr. TINSLEY PRATT opened the proceedings by reading the following paper.

THE POETRY OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

That able dramatic critic, Mr. William Archer, in the course of a recent luminous deliverance on "Some Living Poets," has been at considerable pains to show that poetry is not yet dead. This comes as a revelation, because we have been in the habit of supposing that poetry died with the late Poet Laureate. In the course of his inspired remarks Mr. Archer proved to his hearers, beyond all possibility of doubt, that we have still some singers amongst us of considerable promise, while a few have already achieved some little success. But, strange to relate, Mr. Archer quite overlooked the fact that such a person as Mr. Stephen

Phillips existed. This was surely an unpardonable oversight on the part of a man who has the well-being of the little kings of modern rhyme so much at heart. I shall, therefore, endeavour to remedy the omission in some measure. But I must confess at the outset that it is somewhat difficult for an unlettered person to know quite how to approach a consideration of recent poetry in general, and of Mr. Phillips' poetry in particular. The *Athenæum*, in reviewing Mr. Phillips' little volume (and I think we may safely assume that Mr. Watts-Dunton was the writer), says: "We find ourselves asking why such good writing—for it is certainly good writing—does not hold us with a more instant and a more unmistakable power. Well, the answer to all this is that the verse, good as it is, is poetical feeling rather than poetry." Thus the *Athenæum!* On the other hand, there are critics who would seek to place Mr. Phillips a little below Milton, while, with regard to his London poems, others find his nearest parallel in Crabbe. We can, therefore, hope to gain little assistance in "placing" Mr. Phillips from professed critics. It is now very generally known that Mr. Phillips, who is a Birmingham man, is cousin to Frank R. Benson, the Shakesperean actor, and it was in his company that Mr. Phillips played for several years. It is not often that poetry finds her graduates on the stage, though in one supreme instance this has been the case, and it is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that Mr. Phillips should have fretted his brief hour upon the stage in a round of Shakespearean characters. Finding, however, that the life of a travelling player was scarcely conducive to the requirements of poetical composition, and that the employment was otherwise precarious, he wisely laid aside the sock and buskin to assume the arduous calling of poet and critic. This would seem to lend a vague suspicion of truth to the dubious opinion of Mr. George Bernard Shaw—that man cannot live by Shakespeare alone!

I first became acquainted with Mr. Phillips' poetry when, in June, 1890, he made his earliest public appearance as a poet. This was in a modest booklet of verse, bound in brown paper covers, and published by Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford. The book was entitled "Primavera: Poems by Four Authors"—they being Stephen Phillips, Lawrence Binyon, Arthur S. Cripps, and Manmohan Ghose, the last three being Oxford undergraduates, while Mr. Phillips had already made an appearance as prose writer, in some of the magazines, and was then favourably known as a promising young actor. I happen to have by me a notice of this book, which appeared in a London paper at the time of its publication, and in the light of his present celebrity it will, perhaps, be of some interest to note the attitude then taken up by the critic towards Mr. Phillips. I shall, therefore, offer no apology for making a brief quotation from this review. It will also give me the opportunity of calling attention to a lyric which Mr. Phillips has not seen fit to republish. The little piece is not perfect by any means—indeed, it contains several very weak lines, but if these were corrected the poem ought to find a place in any good anthology of lyric love poetry. Says the reviewer: "The first poem in 'Primavera' is by Mr. Phillips, though it is not his best by any means, either in motive or expression. It *might* be entitled 'The Lost Muse,' and it is to be hoped that the poet will recognise that the muse ever will lie adream when moved with 'a lamenting cry,' for, in the quaint words of an Elizabethan poet, 'She loveth well to be won with joy and conquering resolve, and the swift breath of the time.' Technically, the poem might easily be improved, as any reader with a keen ear for poetic music will at once understand from the following couplet:—

> 'She thought the dim and inarticulate God
> Was beautiful, nor knew she man a sod.'"

"*Knew she man*" is about as ugly a collocation as any poet could devise. On the other hand, Mr. Phillips is seen to be the true poet in his lyrical poem called "To a Lost Love," the closing lines of the second and fourth quatrains are particularly notable:—

"I cannot look upon thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet;
Better to hear the long waves wash
These wastes about my feet!

"Shall I take comfort? Dost thou live,
A spirit, though afar,
With a deep hush about thee, like
The stillness round a star?

"Oh, thou art cold! In that high sphere
Thou art a thing apart,
Losing in saner happiness
This madness of the heart.

"And yet, at times, thou still shalt feel
A passing breath, a pain;
Disturb'd, as though a door in heaven
Had oped and closed again.

"And thou shalt shiver, while the hymns,
The solemn hymns, shall cease;
A moment half remember me:
Then turn away to peace.

"But oh, for evermore thy look,
Thy laugh, thy charm, thy tone,
Thy sweet and wayward earthliness,
Dear, trivial things, are gone!

"Therefore I look not on thy grave,
Though there the rose is sweet;
But rather hear the long wave wash
These wastes about my feet!"

While upon the subject of Mr. Phillips' lyrical poems I confess that I cannot agree with certain critics who find the same high qualities in his lyrics generally as distinguish his blank verse poems. There are very few of them, and they do not strike one as being above the average of recent work of this class. They are somewhat lacking in substance, both of thought and expression. By far the best is "The Apparition," and beautiful though it is in many ways, we cannot help feeling, after reading it, that there is still something wanting—an indefiniteness, if I may use the term—which prevents its being regarded as a complete success. The following lines, which appeared recently in the columns of a weekly journal, are not, perhaps, likely to add very considerably to the glories of a future "Golden Treasury." The piece is entitled "Earth-Bound":—

"Though from the body I am past,
To the earth I am bound fast;
Immortal voices call me low,
I may not go.

But like a bird out of the night
Beat ever on in this warm light.
I heard an angel say,
'Come away!'
I answered, 'Let me bide
Where I have died;
Near to the blowing grass and sun,
Where I have run.'
And then I said,
''Tis dreary to be dead,
And watch the budding lane,
And hear the rain:
To pine about the green,
And haunt the sheen.
O, rare, rare,
Are human faces, human hair.'"

There seems to be no good reason why verse of this class should not run on to twenty, thirty, or forty lines; while our later poets have rarely given us such a piece of absolute raving as this last couplet:—

"O, rare, rare,
Are human faces, human hair!"

When we come to Mr. Phillips' longer poems the result is more pleasing. Three of the pieces in the new volume are written in heroic couplets. He is a bold man who, in these days, dares to come before the public with poems in this form. One, however, misses, to some extent, the monotonous beat of the rhyme, as in the couplets of Dryden and Pope, and other of their followers. This is chiefly due, I think, to a skilful arrangement of pauses, which Mr. Phillips has probably derived from a close study of the blank verse and the sonnets of Milton. "The Woman with the Dead Soul" pictures a phase of character supposed to be met with in an East London gin-palace—that of a woman apparently pure, but whose soul has died within her:—

"She with a soul was born: she felt it leap
Within her: it could wonder, laugh, and weep,
But dismally as rain on ocean blear,
The days upon that human spirit dear
Fell; and existence lean, in sky dead-grey,
Withholding steadily, starved it away:
London ignored it with deliberate stare,
Until the delicate thing began to wear.
She felt it ailing for she knew not what;
Feebly she wept; but she could aid it not.

. . . . .

"Slowly she was aware her soul had died
Within her body: for no more it cried,
Vexed her no more; and now monotonous life
Easily passed; she was exempt from strife;
And from her soul was willing to be freed,
She could not keep what she could never feed!

. . . . . .

"Yet for a time more heavily and slow
She walked, and indolently worked, as though
About with her she could not help but bring
Within her busy body the dead thing."

The piece entitled "The Wife" Mr. Phillips calls "a true story done into verse." Well, it may possibly be so, though I should take leave to doubt the likelihood of the story. It is an unsavoury piece of work at the best, though it must be admitted that it is treated in a reverent spirit. Our prose fiction of late years has provided us with such a sufficiency of sensations of this kind that we can afford to dispense with them as subjects for poetic treatment. A brief quotation will give the key to the poem:—

> "Her husband starved . . .
>
> . . . . .
>
> "She saw the room of every morsel reft,
> And only her own body now is left."

So she goes forth into the street.

> . . . . .
>
> "But now she slowly trembles as she sees
> The cruel lover that must give her ease;
> Burning, weary, he paced in moody stride,
> With little lilies on his breast that died.
> O, meekly she beside him went away,
> And dutifully as a daughter may."

One word with regard to a careless slip in this poem. Surely so skilled an artificer in verse as Mr. Phillips should have known better than to rhyme "shadow" with "now," which gives rather an odd sound to the following couplet:—

> "Out from the arms of that shadow
> Swiftly she burst, and eager now,"

In the same poem Mr. Phillips has the following passage, which offers a sort of conundrum to the reader:—

> "The clerk with spirit lately dead,
> The decent clothes above him spread;
> The joyous, cruel face of boys;
> These dreadful shadows proffering toys;
> The constable with gesture bland,
> Conducting the orchestral strand;"

One may perhaps be pardoned for supposing that the clerk would wear his clothes upon his person, rather than have them "above him spread"; and a "joyous, cruel face" is surely something of an anomaly. It might be interesting to know, too, what this amiable policeman, with this "bland" demeanour, has got to do with an "orchestral strand." With regard to the latter point Mr. Phillips has explained to a reviewer that "strand" should be spelt with a capital letter, but even then the illustration does not strike one as being very masterly.

In a letter to the editor of the *Academy* Professor Dowden expressed a belief that Mr. Phillips' blank verse was the finest work of its kind published of late years, an opinion with which most readers will agree. But then, with the exception of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," our modern blank verse has not been remarkable—except in rare and isolated instances, such as Arnold's "Sorah and Rustum." Of "Christ in Hades," and "Marpessa," the former shows a very marked Miltonic influence, which is less observable in the latter poem.

The following passages from "Christ in Hades" will give some idea of the surpassing beauty of the poem:—

"Art thou a god? Then guide us to the air,
To trees and rivers, that peculiar light
Which even now is squandered on the beasts.
Canst thou not make the primrose venture up
Or bring the gentlest shower? O, pity us;
For I would ask of thee only to look
Upon the wonderful sunlight, and to smell
Earth in the rain. Is not the labourer,
Returning heavy through the August sheaves
Against the setting sun, who gladly smells
His supper from the opening door, is he
Not happier than these melancholy kings?
How good it is to live, even at the worst!
God was so lavish to us once, but here
He hath repented, jealous of his beams.

. . . . .

"Yet how shall we in thy tormented face
Believe? Thou comest from the glistening sun
As out of some great battle, nor hast thou
The beautiful ease of the untroubled gods.
More strong are they, for they are joyous cold.
Thou art not happy! We can trust thee not.
How wilt thou lead with feet already pierced?
And if we ask thy hand, see, it is torn!"

"Marpessa," a subject borrowed from the classic writers, tells the story of how Marpessa, being given by Zeus her choice between the god Apollo and Idas, a mortal, she chose Idas. The story is told in splendid verse, with a profuse richness of imagery, but when Marpessa, in addressing Apollo, employs the phrase "watch thee nudge thyself," the sense of poetry is at once destroyed. Occasionally Mr. Phillips gives us such halting lines as the following:—

"Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds."
"Allaying ever, calm companions."
"Realises all the uncoloured dawn."
"Adoring Asia kindle and hugely bloom."
"Upon the wonderful sunlight, and to smell."

This may be very respectable prose, but it is certainly irregular verse. These, however, are, perhaps, matters of minor importance, but since Mr. Phillips aims so high, and achieves so much, we must be pardoned for pointing out these errors, which are chiefly the result of carelessness, and might easily be remedied. Perhaps Mr. Phillips achieved his most complete success in the short poem entitled "To Milton—Blind," some of the lines of which might have been written by Milton's own hand:—

"He who said suddenly, "Let there be light!"
To thee the dark deliberately gave;
That those full eyes might undistracted be
By this beguiling show of sky and field,
This brilliance that so lures us from the truth.
He gave thee back original night, His own
Tremendous canvas, large, and blank, and free,
Where at each thought a star flashed out and sang.

O, blinded with a special lightning, thou
Hadst once again the virgin Dark! and when
The pleasant flowery sight, which had deterred
Thine eyes from seeing, when this recent world
Was quite withdrawn; then burst upon thy view
The elder glory; space again in pangs,
And Eden odorous in the early mist,
That heaving, watery plain that *was* the world,
Then the burned earth, and Christ coming in clouds.
Or rather a special leave to thee was given
By the high power, and thou with bandaged eyes
Wast guided through the glimmering camp of God.
Thy hand was taken by angels who patrol
The evening, or are sentries to the dawn,
Or pace the wide air everlastingly.
Thou wast admitted to the presence, and deep
Argument heardest, and the large design
That brings this world out of the woe to bliss."

Mr. Edmund Mercer traced the history of the word "calepin" in a short paper.

Sir William H. Bailey discoursed on two books, one being De Salis's "Chronology of Inland Navigation in Great Britain," and the other Andrew Yarranton's "England's Improvement by Sea and Land." The quaint old book of Yarranton tells on its title-page that its inventive author proposes to lay before the reader schemes to "out-do the Dutch without fighting, to pay debts without moneys, to set at work all the poor of England with the growth of our own lands," and to perform sundry other wonders in a marvellously easy and clever manner. Many truly beneficial schemes were put forward by this old-time reformer, and some of his suggestions have since been adopted to the lasting benefit of the country. But he was much before his time, and we have not yet been educated up to some of his social and political improvements. It is worthy of note that on page 160 of the first volume, published in 1677, there is the following reference to Manchester:—

> This tape and thread trade to be fixt is of much more difficulty to be brought to perfection, but if they once fix well in that manufacture, then they will deter all others setting up the same, and so consequently be at last the great masters of it, as Manchester is of all things it trades in.

Mr. N. P. Thamsen contributed original settings to music of three songs, namely, "Once," by R. Le Gallienne, "Love's Hour," by Charles Swain, and "Look out, little wife, from the door," by George Milner. The songs were sung by Mr. John Wilcock, and the two last elicited enthusiastic encores.

Mr. B. A. Redfern contributed the following paper on "Lewis Carroll."

LEWIS CARROLL.

"I sing you a Car(r)ol(l)
Both merry and wise."

"A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

The Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, M.A., Senior Student and late Mathematical Lecturer of Christ Church, Oxford, who was the author of many learned treatises on such enticing and entrancing subjects as conic sections, parallels, goniometrical ratios, simultaneous linear equations, determinants, pillow problems, and other *curiosa mathematica*, died on the 14th of January, 1898, aged 65 years.

Possibly none of us here would have heard of this event, or, if we had, would have felt special interest in it had there not died with him a certain Lewis Carroll, to whom on our own account we were indebted for many hours of harmless gaiety, and on that of our children for much that was both profitable and pleasant to them.

There are a few books (to be reckoned possibly on the fingers of one hand) which can be read with equal delight by readers of all ages and stages of mental growth, and amongst these the best work of Carroll may surely be reckoned. There is in it a certain subtle charm quite apart from its humour which is felt alike by all, whether they be "grown ups," whom the author gently but effectually satirises, or the "little ones," for whom especially these works of genius have been written.

Lewis Carroll wrote many other works of light literature besides his two well-known masterpieces, but they have only had a success of esteem, and would not of themselves have made him a name in literature. "The Hunting of the Snark," "Phantasmagoria," "The Lang Coortin'," and other sportive essays in verse have in them much ingenuity and fantastic humour of the kind with which our author has made us familiar; but they do not strike us as extraordinary, and, indeed, his verse, as a rule, the few exceptions to which I shall note presently, is deficient in that charm which is almost always felt in his prose. Indeed his preface to "The Hunting of the Snark" is better than anything in the poem itself, and it is also illustrative of some well-known and oft-quoted passages in the "Alice" books.

"The Hunting of the Snark," which is not much read or known, shows that whilst Lewis Carroll was evidently a ready writer of easy-flowing verse, he was limited in range and method of expression, the verses suggesting, as they do, by their resemblance to the better-known rhymes in the "Alice" series, that they were simply echoes of some of those immortal poems.

He has also left a few serious poems, tender, sweet, and graceful compositions, mostly in the minor key, which have nothing particularly striking or original in them either in their subject or treatment. Most of these were published in the month of their author's death in a separate volume, under the title of "Three Sunsets, and other Poems," along with twelve charming designs by Miss Gertrude Thompson, which designs, by the way, have only one drawback in this setting—*i.e.*, they do not illustrate or have any connection whatever with the text.

But it is with two books, which have been, are, and will be a source of never-failing delight as long as there are any readers left in the world, that any reviewer of Lewis Carroll must chiefly deal.

"Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," written for the recreation and amusement of his girl friends, but more especially for those of a

daughter of Dean Liddell, was published in 1865, and its sequel, "Through the Looking Glass," made its first appearance in 1871.

Both of these books were illustrated by John Tenniel, and surely never has there been a more satisfactory alliance between author and artist than in these volumes. Take as examples of the artist's thorough sympathy and complete understanding of the author his presentments of the mad hatter, the mock turtle, the duchess, the Cheshire cat, the two queens, the Bandersnatch, the white knight and the carpenter, and then look at the wonderful drawing—along with the text—of the marching or falling soldiery in the forest, which is a perfect masterpiece in its suggestion of crowding, hurry, and stress.

Two potent magicians have in these volumes united their forces to produce a work of art, which on the first sight and hearing of it satisfied even those severe and—within their limits—most capable critics, the children, whilst the "grown ups" could only at first stand by, unable to make up their minds whether nonsense, even though it were of this extraordinary and laughter-compelling kind, could be worth more than a passing attention.

Rudyard Kipling says, somewhere: "Now if a mere man keeps very quiet, and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him, and let him see what they think of the world." And, in this case, the children soon settled the fate of "Alice," and directed the critical judgment of their elders upon it.

I can recall in my own experience many crowded séances specially arranged for inquiries into this Wonderland, at which I played the part of medium, the key-stone of an arch of youthful humanity which had the fireplace for its chord. But when, a page having been turned by the medium, another "picture" was announced by some keen-eyed gnome, the semi-circle became a cluster, and the medium was overborne by a rippling sea of fays and elves, anxious seekers after Truth, fervent worshippers at the shrine of Art. And when that cluster became a semi-circle once more, and each component part thereof settled down with its chin on its palms, and its eyes on the glowing fire, I have many a time wished that Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel could have been there to see the appreciation their work met with from what they would have considered a most competent assembly of critics.

But I doubt not that most of you know "Alice," and have accompanied her through Wonderland and Looking Glass Country, to discover, like me, that "Dulce est desipere in Looking-glasso," and be willing to journey there again on occasion, so that I do not need to say much in commendation of the books which contain the story of her travels. Notices of them have appeared during the last few weeks in most of the literary and some of the illiterary journals, and many attempts have been made in these to describe, appraise, weigh, or earmark the special quality of their author's genius; but I do not propose to imitate them, for I could not hope to convey to any one who has not read them any idea of that wonderful charm which they possess.

And for the humour displayed in the adventures of that very human child Alice, who is suddenly thrown with her prim manners, tidy habits, harmless vanities, and self-satisfied goodness amongst fabulous animals and inanimate objects temporarily endowed with life, it is of such an unusual, inconsequential, paradoxical, and puzzling character that it defies analysis or description. Only a man of genius could have made us accept toddling oysters, weeping mock-turtles, rhyming walruses, and shop-keeping sheep as characters in fiction. But, after all, that applies only to our waking hours; for surely when we think it over we

can all remember to have met with singular creatures, scenes, and incidents in that one-third part of our lives which we usually spend in bed, which strongly resemble these eccentric creations of our author. Perhaps it may be part of Lewis Carroll's art to have trained his memory to recall during the other two-thirds of his existence some of the circumstances and the *dramatis personæ* of his dreams. But, however that may be, it is certain that he has supplied us with much exquisite fooling and not a little wisdom "out of such stuff as dreams are made on" in these volumes.

Of the author's personality we know little more than that he was a scholarly recluse, an "old-fashioned college don," of courteous manners, precise speech, and methodical habits, who found, as he had been heard to say with some tartness, that "the world's slipshod speech, too free manners, and illogical ways of thought" were not to his taste.

But he had a circle of friends with whom, and especially with its younger members, he was intimate, and to whom, young or old, he was a most acceptable host, guest, or companion; though even amongst these there were some who complained that he bored them at times with his arithmetical puzzles, his word contortions, and his enigmatical utterances.

In the thirty years during which we have been amused, and I dare to say, edified by his works, they have had many imitators, none of whom have been successful; because, although many of them have been clever, and some of them have been even funny, they have not displayed, it may be, the gentle spirit, the graceful style, the well-assumed simplicity, or the unforced humour of their original, and we cannot hope to have in our times another writer possessing in himself all the many natural and acquired advantages of Lewis Carroll. It must have been of great service to the children of the last generation to have read these books. This is a so-called—and, in some cases, so-boasted—utilitarian age, the majority of whose young people may roughly divided into: "Laissez-faire," "Self-help," "Help-yourself," and "Heaven-help-you" young people, none of whom would be likely to be interested in things outside their own experience, or which had not a direct bearing on their own pecuniary or social condition.

Such persons would not care to wander through Wonderland, but, thanks to certain of our teachers, there is still a large, and, I trust increasing, minority of young people who—caring for something more than material and bodily wants—do like to wander therein, and it is for them that this man of great parts and acquirements has addressed himself with a loving heart and a reverent spirit to write good, clever, amusing Guide Books.

And let it be remembered that these books are not only good for young people; they have a charm for all classes of readers. Books of never-ending satire, playful earnestness, loving sympathy, and healthy humour, in reading which you may forget the bitterness, sourness, restlessness, and dissatisfaction which are the distinguishing marks of much of the imaginative literature of our day.

Whatever may be the fate of the mathematical treatises of the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, I think I am quite safe in prophesying an honoured niche in the Temple of Fame for Lewis Carroll, and that he will be looked upon as one of the world's benefactors as long as the minds of our children are allowed to expand naturally and wholesomely.

Mr. John Mortimer followed with this short paper entitled "A Sprig of Thyme."

A SPRIG OF THYME.

"How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?"—*Andrew Marvell.*

Among snowdrops, crocuses, polyanthuses, and primroses, that go to form a nosegay gift of homely February flowers, the gathered posy brought to me from an old-fashioned Staffordshire garden, I find some fragrant sprigs of thyme. The scent of it is grateful to the nostrils, and if I take one of these grey-green sprigs from among the scentless blooms and press it between the palms of my hands, as one does a spray of bog-myrtle, it leaves thereon a pleasant odour, subtly suggestive in its aromatic sweetness. It is reminiscent of grey old gardens, and, in a milder way, of hillside and pastoral solitudes, where its parent, the mother of thyme, finds habitation. The thyme of the garden plot is, as we know, to be reckoned among pot-herbs, and in such culinary associations it calls up visions of savoury flesh-pots. For this reason, it may be, the term *vulgaris* has been applied to it in botanical nomenclature. No well-ordered kitchen garden is without it, but best do I like to see it growing in the fair companionship of such flowers as here, in this posy, do keep it company. So, too, I take it, thought Louis Stevenson, when, in his address "To a Gardener," he said:—

"Friend, in my mountain-side demesne,
My plain-beholding, rosy green
And linnet-haunted garden ground,
Let still the esculents abound.
Let first the onion flourish there,
Rose among roots, the maiden-fair,
Wine-scented and poetic soul
Of the capacious salad bowl.
Let thyme the mountaineer (to dress
The tinier birds) and wading cress,
The lover of the shallow brook,
From all my plots and borders look."

Thyme, alike of the garden and the wilderness, is loved of bees, and from it they derive for their honey an added flavour. Mount Hymettus, we are told, was clothed with the attractive herb, and the honey extracted therefrom by Attic bees had a peculiar and much-prized quality of the aromatic kind. Of such delicate sweetness was it that the thyme from which it was extracted became typical of that quality in Greek literature which is known as the Attic style. Your poet strove to impart to his verse "the smell of thyme." So did Sophocles, for his grace of expression, come to be called the "Attic Bee." From the plant-lore associated with it we learn, too, that "Thyme was an emblem of activity, and as this virtue is eminently associated with true courage, the ladies of chivalrous times embroidered on the scarfs which they presented to their knights, the figure of a bee hovering about a spray of thyme, in order to inculcate the union of the amiable with the active."

So much have I extracted from my sprig of thyme, hovering over it bee-like, and now let me go on to say that my thyme-scented garden-posy came to me seasonably, inasmuch as it reminded me, in a sweet and supplementary way, of a little hill ramble which I had taken a day or two before, and about which there lingered in the memory a sense of fragrant garden herbs, early spring flowers, and other influences of a wilder kind. "Only lie long enough," says Hood, "and bed becomes a bed of thyme." The temptation to test the truth of that is with some of us a daily one, but this was a walk which necessitated early rising, and so it was

from the early morning train that, in the first stage of my journey, I alighted at a little hill-foot station, about a dozen miles from town. As I passed through the wicket-gate and up the steep path which leads to the roadway, from the bough of a beech tree up there a full-throated throstle, looking down upon me, piped forth a melodious welcome. The air was crisp and fresh, and on the village of stone houses, grouped, cup-like, in a hollow of the hills, and on the upward-reaching slopes of pasture and moorland rising all about, there rested the tranquil beauty of the early morning sunshine. In the open space, with the village fountain in the centre, and upon which the tree-shaded church looks down, many roads do radiate to places high and low, and, taking the steepest of these highways, which leads to the moorland heights I love, I passed upward to that high curve where, among a cluster of stone houses, the workshop of my friend, the woodwright, is perched. I suspect that worthy gossip had seen me ascending the hill, for I found him in the roadway, lying in wait for me, and, as usual, eager for a little wayside talk. Coming to the footway with a cheery morning salutation, he took up his position by the low stone fence of a spacious patch of cottage garden, and, with his cap pushed back from his forehead so as to reveal his rugged, shining face full-fronted, and with his hands plunged deep into the pockets of his corduroy trousers, he began by remarking on the beauty of the day and the probability of its lasting. Then he passed on to discuss the mildness of the winter, the like of which was not within his memory. There had been little frost, and as for snow, certainly a ruck of it had fallen on one day, but it melted as it came. Evidences of the genial nature of the season were to be found in the cottage gardens, where wall-flowers had bloomed all the winter, and marigolds had kept open their golden eyes. The snowdrops had put in an early appearance, the crocuses had flamed up through the mould, primroses there were too, and the green spears of the daffodils were already well uplifted. As for the early snowdrop, I remember how I went to look for it in my Pleasaunce on the first day of the year, and how, in the waning misty afternoon, from beneath a dusky hedge-row in Sleepy Hollow, I gathered a solitary infantile flower. I remember, too, how, after gathering that first snowdrop, as I walked through the shadowy land where the ploughshare rested idly in the furrow and and peasant folk moved dreamily, I heard from far away, but clearly distinguishable, those sweet and solemn strains of music, to which are usually linked the words of the hymn which begins:—

> "Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
> It is not night if Thou be near,
> O may no earth-born cloud arise,
> To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes."

In this hill-side garden-place, among its marigolds and primroses, there were breadths of thyme, and the woodwright drew my attention to it as another proof of the absence of nipping frosts. Then his thoughts took a medicinal turn in relation to the herb, and he said he had heard that in some form of drink it was good for folk who suffered from headache. A good many folk suffer from headache, but I don't think the woodwright was among them, or he would probably have known more about that herb-remedy. Among poets, Herrick knew the pain, and said to his lady:—

> "My head doth ache,
> O Sappho! take
> Thy fillet;
> And bind the pain
> Or bring some bane
> To kill it."

According to him the rosy God, Eros, is sometimes a victim, with this result to the physician:—

> "I held Love's head while it did ache,
> But so it chanced to be,
> The cruel pain did his forsake,
> And forthwith came to me."

In his erotic verse Herrick used many flowers and aromatic herbs, but I do not remember that thyme plays any part among them as an expression of the perfumed sweetness of Anthea, Julia, Sylvia, and the rest.

Regarding the medicinal properties of thyme, we are told that in old days "it was believed that thyme renewed the spirits of both man and beast; and the old herbalists recommended it as a powerful aid in melancholic and splenetic diseases."

From the consideration of herbs the woodwright's thoughts took a wider range, as he turned from the garden patch to look upon a broader prospect. From where his workshop stands there is a fine view of hills and valleys manifold, with the heathery moorland rising near enough to hear the grouse call to each other and the fretful pewit pipe wearily. With the white pigeons fluttering overhead in the sunshine, my friend discoursed variously, his talk being mixed up in a scrappy way of reflections on men and things, with bits of country-side gossip, that sometimes fell upon the ear irrelevantly. I could not piece it together now, but I remember that it turned from things pastoral to huntings and carousals, with stories intermingled of people who had led riotous lives in hall and cot, and of fortunes that had been won and lost on horse racing or upon some such risky chances as the drawing of a long straw or a short one from a stack. One of his stories was of a wager depending upon the relative paces of a couple of snails, which, in a tricky incident belonging to it, reminded me forcibly of Mark Twain's story of "The Jumping Frog." In the course of his hunting talk he surprised me greatly by remarking, in a casual way, "We had a stag-hunt here the other day." Now, I know the country thereabouts pretty well, and was aware that there were deer in the neighbourhood; indeed, I was then on my way to look once more upon the herd in a distant corrie, but I was not aware that the antlered beauties of these parts were ever now-a-days pursued by horse or hound. Such was the fact, however, though the event, it seemed, was an occasional one, for my friend went on to relate the story of the stag-hunt with the descriptive power of one who had taken part in the chase. The victim, he told me, was a lonely stag, a pariah of the herd, one driven out by his fellows, who had taken refuge, beyond the boundaries, in a plantation of firs visible from where we stood. From there would the outcast go foraging in the neighbouring fields, to the discontent of farmers, and at night-time would visit the gardens and homesteads near where we were standing, a poor Autolycus, snapping up such unconsidered trifles as potato peelings. He was a fine stag though, the woodwright said, as he indicated his height above the roadway by a movement of his hand—a red stag, too—who could leap walls with ease, the loftiest of them, could even leap over that little hayshed across the way, were he so disposed. As my friend described his points, the lines of Scott's song came back again:—

> "It was a stag, a stag of ten,
> Bearing its branches sturdily:
> He came stately down the glen,
> Ever sing hardily, hardily.
>
> . . . . .

"He had an eye and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily:
He had a foot and he could speed—
Hunters watch so narrowly."

There was something pathetic, however, about that lone stag of the fir plantation,and one wondered if it was through sympathy that those two young fawns had been drawn to him, which the hunters found when they came to rouse the poor outcast from his hiding-place. The woodwright became eloquent as he described, with a sportsman's zest, the meet of the hunters and their hounds. There were redcoats there, and fair Dianas of the chase—a goodly sight—and when the quarry was up and the hunters and dogs were in full cry, it was a stirring business. With index finger he traced out the way the stag took, an upward one, leading over many stone fences of the hillside. Long and far was the hunt, the stag once, at least, being so close pressed by the dogs that he took to the water of a lake, and, at another point, made a great leap for life over a steep crag, but in the end, and it was a comfort to know it, he escaped from his pursuers. When the hue and cry had died down the homing instinct would bring him back to the shade of melancholy boughs again, there to have respite until another hunting day came round, for—though the deer knew it not—his ultimate fate had been decreed; he was not to be shot, but, if possible, the dogs were to be upon him at last.

When I had taken leave of the woodwright, as I passed on my upward way in the direction which the stag had first taken, my thoughts were very much occupied with that poor hunted creature. Among such afterthoughts came to me some lines, not altogether relevant perhaps, but linked to the subject by an association of ideas. They are Cowper's and describe that outcast feeling in which the poet was sometimes prone to indulge. He says:—

I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades,
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts
He drew them forth, and healed and bade me live.
Since then, with few associates, in remote
And silent woods, I wander, far from those
My former partners of the peopled scene,
With few associates, and not wishing more."

A robin, perched on a thorn tree by the wayside, his breast showing a bright spot of crimson among the brown twigs, warbled to me of the coming spring and of the time when leaves should be "large and long," as the Robin Hood ballad has it, and the boughs should be white with May. With deep-chested music of a rougher kind did the keeper's dog, chained there to the cottage wall, salute me as he vainly strove to release himself from bondage. Along the cart-track, fringed with heather and bilberry, I reached the crest of the ridge, and then dropped down into the corrie where at times you may hear the curlew call and where the red-deer lie. I came upon the herd gathered close by the gate which gives access to the wood below. You remember how Kingsley, in one of his "North Devon Idylls," tells of the effect upon

his artist friend, Claude Mellot, of such a sight seen there on Exmoor, above the gorge of Watersmeet, and how the cockney artist had tears in his eyes when the keeper showed him "sixty head of red deer all together." Well, here were at least as many, probably more, could one have counted them, stags and hinds, proud antlered beauties that I go to see again and again. Children of the mist, too, were they, as I saw them on a former day, when all the corrie was filled with moving vaporous clouds, out of which they were revealed under such picturesque and shadowy conditions as would have delighted the eye of an artist. I remember, too, how the mist, which hung low, in its partial clearing showed above it a belt of pines, saw-edged and ragged. In the wood the cloud-wreaths trailed among the tree-boles in a ghost-like fashion, giving to that vernal place a strangely weird aspect. On this later day, the air being clearer, as I passed through, I could see far down the sun-glinted aisles, whose soft carpet of turf was reddened with fallen beech leaves and rusted bracken.

There is little left to tell save that when I had passed from the deer-corrie through the shadow of the wood to smoother-pastured places, I wended my way, by gated cart-tracks that led me towards the plain. Near where the track crosses a brook in a wooded hollow there stands within a grey old garden an ancient stone house with mullioned windows, upon whose gabled chimney-stack was perched a glossy starling, who, with gaping beak, was inhaling the blue smoke that "reeked from the lum," seeming the while like one saying to himself, "O diviner air." Beyond the hollow is a steep green lane, with golden-tipped gorse bushes straggling into it from the hedgerows, and further, again, cottages with gardens, in which I noticed the full-flowered purple Daphne Mezereon. After this came the prosaic railway-station and the townward-tending train.

In recalling the incidents which I have here roughly written down they have been to me thyme-scented memories, but, beyond this, there is in such communings with nature that sense of something far more deeply interfused—

> "Whose sweet-smelling presence
> Out-perfumes the thyme."

Mr. J. J. Gleave read a review of Mr. Prescott's novel, "Scarlet and Steel."

Mr. Henry Gannon read a poem entitled "That awters th' case," translated by him from the German dialect poet, Fritz Reuter, into the Lancashire dialect.

The Rev. A. W. Fox concluded the entertainment with the following verses:—

WORDSWORTH ON A BICYCLE.

My bicycle has got two wheels,
And when along the ground it steals,
They both of them go round:
The wheel behind appears to hunt,
But ne'er o'ertakes the wheel in front;
They run without a sound.

The rims and spokes of my machine
Are of a comely olive-green,
For they were painted so:

The forks are of the self-same shade,
The tyres of india-rubber made,
Their surface ribbed below.

When I am going for a ride,
My feet fly round on either side
My cycle to propel;
And both my hands the handle hold
To guide it, and sometimes I'm told
To go where I mayn't tell.

If I perchance get in the way
Of drivers, horrid things they say,
When I my bell have rung:
They use strong language spite of laws,
And speak in English words, because
They know no other tongue.

When ev'ning comes I light my light,
And when it's in it glitters bright
As glow-worms when they glow:
I'm in the dark, howe'er I pout,
Whenever it has been blown out
By winds that rudely blow.

To make my speed more excellent,
I crook my back, and so it's bent
Down o'er the handle-bar;
My eyes are fixed upon the road,
And see stones where'er stones are strowed
My windy tyre to mar.

Racing down hill I lift my feet,
And find that quicklier I fleet
Than when I'm going up;
The hedges all are green with leaves,
Through which I see men binding sheaves,
And cider in a cup.

And as along the lane I pass,
I see the fields are full of grass,
The sun is on the hill;
I skim on with contented mind,
And seem to leave those fields behind,
Though they are standing still.

A waggoner walks by his wain,
He looks on me with proud disdain,
And hopes I'll tumble o'er.
A bicycle, howe'er it skim,
Is but a bicycle to him
Alas! and nothing more.

He little dreams what joys are mine,
When I glide on a long decline,
Which gently slopes adown;
My feet are planted on the rest,
I feel myself supremely blest,
And ride into the town.

The urchin trips upon his toes
No shoes are on his feet he knows,
His clothes are full of rags;
He makes remarks not strictly true,
A very naughty thing to do,
And calls my trousers bags.

Thus bicycles or swift or slow
Upon the ground must soothly go,
Since they can't scour the sky.
And so I'll end my little lay,
And merely a "Good evening" say,
And onward swiftly fly.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1898.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER, took the chair.

Mr. JOHN MORTIMER presented a copy of his "Samples from the Note Books of an Uncommercial Traveller."

The CHAIRMAN gave some reminiscences of Rhoscolyn. Rhoscolyn village is hardly known to fame. The disposition of the few houses is not striking, and the sea is invisible. But when you have been there a few hours you find out its charm; the sea is really all round you, for you are on an island, and when the water's edge is reached you find that you are on a magnificent coast. You may stand in a little bay or in a warm and sandy cove, and see that on each side there are cliffs and headlands, rocky islets and wild gullies, dark and fearful, such as are not to be surpassed out of Devonshire or Sark. Then, close to the shore, there are vast tracks of craggy moorland, where you may lie in deep heather and fancy yourself on some mountain top, and yet all the while hear the thunder of the waves.

Mr. SIM SCHOFIELD read the following short paper:—

UP AND DOWN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

It was in the April of 1891 that I, accompanied by three Lancashire friends, who, like myself, had gone to Egypt in search of health, started from Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, for a visit to the Pyramids. Instead of starting in the early morning, we very thoughtlessly set out a little after ten o'clock, just as the heat of the day was beginning to be felt. Driving through modern Cairo, and over the new iron bridge which spans the Nile, we got our first view of the pyramids. My first sight of them was one of disappointment. They did not look so imposing and awe-striking as I expected they would. But then we were still seven miles from them, although they did not seem to be more than a mile off, so clear was the atmosphere. Our way to them was along a straight road, and under almost one continual avenue of acacia-trees. Through the occasional breaks between the trees we got glimpses of the fertile country. Although it was the early part of April, large patches of yellow waving corn might be seen, and in some places it lay cut in sheaves upon the ground. The tints of the surrounding vegetation were

rich and varied, the bright green intermingling between, making the picture all the more lovely. Verily is there much corn in Egypt!

As we approached the Pyramids they seemed to gradually grow in size, and my impressions deepened as we drew near those massive and kingly monuments of bygone ages. When we got close to them, and gazed up at their mighty height, I was struck with feelings of awe and wonderment. It was now noonday, and as we walked over the burning sands of the desert, in the vicinity of the highest Pyramid, the heat and glare of the sun became intense. We were followed and pestered by bands of Arabs offering their services as guides to the summit of the great Pyramid. The persistent jabberings of these Arabs must have been in effect something like the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. It was amusing to hear at least a score say: "Me guide Markie Twain."

Well, what was to be done? I asked of my fellow-travellers. Did they intend to return without attempting the ascent?

The heat of the sun's rays and the height of the great Pyramid, together with the seeming danger of making an ascent, was too much for my companions and the whole of a party of Yankees who were present. I had told my friends all along that I should not quail at the task of making the ascent of the monster Pyramid, if I had sufficient strength left in my body for the effort. A neighbour of mine had told me he had once made the attempt, but gave in when he had got half way up. I had vowed that if I made a start I would either accomplish the task, or break my neck in the attempt.

I therefore at once made arrangements with a sort of a "boss" sheik to be guided up and down for the modest sum of four shillings. Having done this I was handed over to three powerful-looking Bedouins, two of whom could not speak English, and the other not more than twenty words. There was one word he could pronounce *remarkably* well. It was the ever-ready word of "Backsheesh." I had not been long in Egypt before I learnt the full meaning of this word. Two of my guides gripped my hands and commenced pulling me up, while the other kept now and again giving me a push from behind, and the spectacle I presented reminded me of a stupid animal at the seaside when being helped along by one before and another behind. At first some of the steps were from four to five feet in height, and many of them had only a few inches of a footing when I got upon them.

Up we went at a good speed, the man behind giving his occasional pushes as often as he thought the height of step demanded them, at the same time repeating, parrot-like, the everlasting words, "Good push, good backsheesh." I pretended not to know what this frightful word—"Backsheesh"—meant.

When we had been climbing for about ten minutes we reached what the guides gleefully termed "De half-way hous." The physical exertion and the heat of the noonday sun, together with the somewhat heavy but light-coloured tweed suit I was wearing, was equal in effect to a Turkish bath.

I could well understand my stout neighbour giving in at this stage, although his ascent was made in the early part of the day. From this resting-place I could see my friends watching my progress. They looked like little marionettes holding their white cockle-shell-looking umbrellas. At this spot I found that a water-carrier had been following us up with a supply of water in an earthen Oriental bottle, which in shape resembled a cabbage with a stalk to it. I was in a frightful state of thirst, my throat feeling as dry and parched as the desert sand below. Oh! what would I have given for a draught of "Old Maria Barlow's sma' beer." The Arab water-carrier, turning to me, said:

"Good drink, good backsheesh." I eagerly seized his bottle, but, O horror! what an awful taste and stench came from what was nothing more than literal sink-water. Parched and thirsty as I was, it was impossible for me to swallow that dirty, stinking water. So indignant did I feel that I threatened to break the bottle on the Arab's head if he offered it me again. For the time being my temper got the better of me, and in this state of rage I was unable to find words in the Queen's English sufficiently strong and expressive to denounce the vile conduct of this water-carrier. Instinctively my own native Lancashire dialect came to my aid, and for two or three minutes I relieved myself with such expressions as—"Theaw idle, dirty ragomuffin, what dost meon by offerin' me sich stuff as that for t' drink? Duhno' try ony moare o' thi poisonin' tricks wi' me. If theaw does aw'll punce thi deawn this Pyramid like a footboa." Of course he did not understand a word of what I said, and while it did him no harm, it enabled me to give vent to my feelings, and thus served as a safety-valve to let off my pent-up rage. I don't suppose the "boss" guide, who pretended to speak English, could tell a word I said. But this I will say, that I made myself so understood that I was never again offered that bottle. Without doubt the water had been brought from some stagnant pool, and must have been literally swarming with animalculæ.

This little scene over, I gave the signal to start again, being fully determined to have no such word as "fail" in my vocabulary. In a short time we reached the summit, where a hearty cheer, in both English and Arabic, was given. The top is often pictured as being pointed, but this is not so now, as some stones have been taken off, leaving a surface of about 20 feet to walk and rest on.

Having rested a few minutes, I stood up to take a view of the surrounding country, and what an awfully grand and impressive sight met my gaze. Looking in a westerly and southerly direction there lay before us, stretching out for scores of miles, the undulating desert, dotted here and there with barren cliffs, which looked like huge piles of stone heaped up near stone quarries. Looking in another direction we could see a silvery streak, upon which the sun's resplendent rays were shining. This was the Nile, and on and around its banks could be seen the richly-cultivated patches of green and yellow vegetation, forming a striking contrast to the desert desolation in the opposite direction—the contrast seeming to be one of *life* and *death*. Beyond the river stood busy, bustling Cairo, with its mosques, domes, and other white buildings, lifting themselves up in the gleaming and brilliant sunlight. Looking straight down to the desert-ground, we could see camels gliding about as if they were mere mice, and our friends were pointed out to us, appearing more like insects than human beings. Language fails me in further describing the feelings and impressions which seized me while viewing in silence from this lofty eminence the solemn grandeur of scenes, and surrounding places, of such historic interest. Truly it is said: "Man may fear Time, but Time fears the Pyramids."

At such a height it is said that some travellers become dizzy and light-headed, so much so as to be terribly afraid of making the descent. Certainly, I did not experience any such feelings while viewing the scenery from this wonderful man-made monument. Having had my fill of these rare sights, I signalled to my guides to commence to make the descent; but, alas! they were dumb to all entreaties. All kinds of little model mummies, old coins (made in Birmingham), heads of real mummies, scarabs, etc., were pulled out, and forced upon me for sale. I felt determined to have none of them until I had made the descent; therefore, I thrust them aside. But do what I would, and say what I

could, my guides would not stir. They stood there like sulking children with toys in their hands. Finally, I gave way so far as to promise one of them a few shillings to go down the great Pyramid we were standing upon, across the intervening space between it and the next, and then to the top of that, the whole feat to be accomplished in ten minutes. Pliny ascended the Pyramids 1,800 years ago, and he mentions one of his guides performing the feat I was asking to see done. My offer was accepted, and, pulling out my watch, I shouted—"Off." Away went the Arab, as if he would break his neck, leaping from one stone to another, as if he had been a squirrel. In a short time I could see him crossing the desert sands, loking like a white butterfly, and making for the other Pyramid. This he seemed to mount at a great speed, and I felt sure he would never accomplish his task, but just as the finger of my watch pointed to 9½ minutes, he had scaled the summit, and yelled out his "Hurrah!"

This feat done, my guides were prepared to commence the descent, and on the opposite side to the one we had come up. A strong twisted calico-cloth rope was tied round my waist, which was firmly held by a guide behind, while another attendant took hold of my hand, and jumped down before. The guides, being bare-footed, and accustomed to the work, could make their way down with comparative ease, and, at the same time, prevent me from slipping, or overbalancing myself. If I had attempted the task alone, become dizzy, and slipped, I might have been dashed to pieces. Before attempting the descent I felt there would be some difficulty attending it. But by steadily fixing my gaze *only* on the immediate stone I was about to alight on, I soon found the difficulty to vanish, and ere I had got a quarter of the way down, I threatened to leave my guides, and go alone, if they did not cease to make their jabberings for "Backsheesh."

In a very short time I made the descent, and once more set my foot on mother earth. Here the demand for "Backsheesh" was again renewed, and what with the fees, and the purchase of a few curios, I found that the effort had cost me about fifteen shillings. This I could have put up with without a murmur, but for three days the pains from aching legs, just below the knees, were so severe that I could scarcely walk. Still, I had accomplished the feat, and this served as a consolation for my aching limbs. Leaving the Pyramids, I went along with a guide to see the great and wonderful Sphynx, a colossal statue of a sitting lion with a human head, which is said to be older than the Pyramids. For thousands of years this monster, carved out of the solid rock of the hillside, has stood majestically gazing into the dreary desert. What a wonderful piece of workmanship and monument of past ages! Next we visited the tombs and temple of the Sphynx, which are below the surface of the ground, and are built up with huge blocks of granite and alabaster. What a weird impression we got of these tombs as we wandered among them, our only light to some of them being that of the dim glare of the candle. Becoming worn out and weary with contemplating the mighty tombs of the dead of past ages, I dismissed my guide, and went in search of my friends. When I found them they were surrounded by a band of Arabs, who were howling about them like a pack of hungry wolves, and resorting to all manner of mean methods for extorting money. One of our party had purchased some beads, and wanted his change out of a coin he had given in payment. This was refused him by the Arab, hence the row. The disturbance was assuming a somewhat serious aspect, when another of our party, a sturdy, muscular Lancashire fellow, determined to put a stop to it. He rushed among the Arabs, and, seizing the culprit by the throat, threatened to throttle him if he did not at once turn up the money.

The bold front which our friend put on so frightened the Arabs that the one who had the coin pulled it out of his mouth and handed it over. Our carriage now coming up, we jumped in, and, with the aid of the whip, kept our pursuers at bay. Having got clear away, and once more under the shady trees, we stopped, spread a cloth, and had one of the most sumptuous pic-nic lunches it had ever fallen to my lot to partake of, and so ended our visit to the Pyramids.

RECENT OPINIONS ON ART.

Mr. W. Noel Johnson read the principal paper on "Some Recent Opinions on Art," in which he dealt with the opinions put forth in the essays of John Ruskin, the Decay of Art and the Revival of Art contained in W. J. Stillman's "The Old Rome and the New," and the articles on "Beauty and Ugliness," by Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thompson in the *Contemporary Review* for October and November, 1897. There never was a time in the history of this or of any other country when so much attention was given to art as the present. Yet any one who takes the trouble to read what is written on this absorbing subject, to notice and contrast the conflicting opinions of writers of authority and the different methods of work and *technique*, may well feel bewildered, if not lost. To those who judge from the conflict of opinion, who see the whole untiring devotion of a veteran in the cause of art declared by another veteran as not art at all—must it not appear doubtful, at least, whether we know what art is? Almost entirely among the ancient Greeks and Romans art was used for religious purposes. It was the same in Christian Rome, and the bulk of the works produced by the masters of Europe of the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries was chiefly representations of the incidents and events of Christian history. What do we find to-day? The artist's aims and purposes have changed. His subject-matter has become profane; it is natural, social, or mythological, and pictures painted for a distinctly religious purpose are the exception. This change of plane has an important bearing on the varying shades of opinion and conflicting pronouncements.

In the discussion which followed, Messrs. George Milner, J. E. Phythian, J. F. L. Crosland, Edward Ireland, John Mortimer, and T. C. Abbott took part. The talk then wandered somewhat from the subject, and concluded with a defence of photography, in which the assertion was made that although photography might not be an art, it was one of the most useful handmaidens of art, and its educational and ornamental possibilities might yet be developed beyond all present conception.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1898.—Mr. EDWARD HULME occupied the chair.

Mr. K. H. FUNDUKLIAN read a paper on "Charles Baudelaire."

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

Baudelaire was born in Paris, in 1821, of a good family. He showed an early predilection for poetry, which his father discouraged, and while still a youth he made a voyage to the Indian Seas, visiting Ceylon, Madagascar, and Bourbon. On his return to France, being possessed of a moderate competence, he settled down to a literary life, and became one of a circle of men of letters, of whom the brilliant Gautier was perhaps the chief. About this time Baudelaire made a special study of the English language, and he translated some of the writings of Edgar Allan Poe and T. De Quincey into French. With these two writers he had considerable affinity, and the translations are both faithful and sympathetic. Baudelaire's first production was a volume of prose poems. These are remarkable as being the first of their kind published in the French language. They are about fifty in number, mostly short pieces, and offer the greatest variety. Outbursts of lyrical feeling, fantasias, quaint pieces of imagination, pictures from real life, cameos, and medallions; they are a collection of rare literary gems. His greatest work, "Les Fleurs du Mal," is a volume of poems remarkable for their striking originality and the audacious treatment of the most morbid subjects. This work created a considerable amount of criticism at the time of its publication, the more so that it was taken in hand by the censorship. About this time he settled in Brussels, and he continued to reside there till within a few months of his death, which was brought on by paralysis. He died in Paris, in 1867, at the comparatively early age of 46. The "Flowers of Evil" contains about 150 short poems, including a number of sonnets. The subjects cover a great variety of themes, but are mostly of a strong pessimistic and morbid tendency—the spleen of the soul dissatisfied with vulgar joy, the panting of the soul for aspiration, the convulsion of the soul torn with remorse. Death and corruption in all their forms, rotting corpses, starving women, and empty laudanum bottles, these are too often his themes. This gloom is not, however, always apparent. Many of his poems are full of an ideal joy and an almost religious aspiration. He is at the same time a mystic and a symbolist.

MONDAY, MARCH 7, 1898.—The chair was occupied by Mr. GEORGE MILNER.

Mr. EDGAR PRESTAGE presented a copy of the new edition of his translation of the "Letters of a Portuguese Nun."

The Rev. A. W. FOX drew attention to Thomas Beard's "Theatre of God's Judgments," containing an account of the death of Marlowe.

Mr. J. D. ANDREW read a short paper on "Making the best of it."

Mr. ALFRED SCHUMACHER read a short paper on "The Literal Translation of Poetry." To be a successful translator, the first

rule is perfect knowledge of both languages, and further, as regards poetry, receptibility to poetic impressions and an innate taste for verse and rhythm.

Mr. John Mortimer read the principal paper on "Arthur Hugh Clough."

Monday, March 14, 1898.—Mr. George Milner was in the chair.

Mr. B. A. Redfern drew attention to the writings of the late T. E. Brown, of the Isle of Man, who has contributed some remarkable verse to our literature, much of the finest of it being written in the Manx dialect. Several specimens were read, and were highly appreciated.

Mr. J. E. Phythian read a short paper on "M. de la Sizeranne on Contemporary English Painting."

NORTHCOTE AND WARD.

Mr. Ernest Fletcher read the principal paper on "The Twenty-one Years' Friendship of James Northcote, R.A., and James Ward, Artist." James Ward was born at Oddendale, in Westmorland, early in June, 1784. At twenty-five years of age, having from childhood evinced a love for painting and drawing, he went up to London in hopes of fostering his great love for art, and longing to meet and become acquainted with some of those men whose fame had reached him in his distant home. Through the good offices of John Jackson (afterwards a Royal Academician) he was introduced to James Northcote, R.A., and notwithstanding that the great painter was his senior by forty years, the acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the visits of the young Westmorland man were warmly encouraged. Ward soon discovered that what he had heard concerning the ability of Northcote as a conversationalist had not been exaggerated, and, from the earliest days of their acquaintance, he was accustomed, on returning home, to record in his note-book the substance of what Northcote had been saying. He continued this record for more than twenty years, until at length death called his venerable friend away. After thirteen years of this note-taking, Ward revealed the fact to Northcote, who, though considerably surprised, made no demur. Nearly half a century has passed away since the death of James Ward (December 19, 1850), and the existence of the copious and valuable notes which he made is a fact that will surprise many lovers of art. The manuscripts, yellow with age, were placed some time ago in the hands of the essayist, who has endeavoured to bring them into some practical

shape and methodical arrangement, a labour of love accomplished in quiet evening hours.

Messrs. Milner, Johnson, Mortimer, Angell, and Newton took part in the conversation which ensued.

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16, 1898.—Mr. JOSEPH ANGELOFF was in the chair.

Mr. R. H. SELBIE read a paper on Ivan Turgenieff's romance, "Fathers and Children," which is considered to be the masterpiece of the great Russian novelist. The theme of the book is the rivalry which exists between the old generation and the new, between the fathers and the children, the former conservative, the latter strongly revolutionary in tendency. The book, which was published in 1862, aroused considerable controversy in Russia. Mr. Selbie concluded with a short criticism, laying special stress on Turgenieff's beautiful style.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1898.—The President, Mr. GEORGE MILNER, was in the chair.

Mr. N. DUMVILLE presented a copy of the "Programmes of Sir Charles Hallé's Concerts from 1858 to 1895," compiled by Thomas Batley.

The PRESIDENT drew attention to the proposed publication, by Sampson Low and Co., of an edition of their "English Catalogue," to contain as complete a list as possible of the books issued during the last twenty years, and urged the members to forward the titles of local books known to them, which might, perhaps, be overlooked without such assistance.

The Rev. A. W. Fox read the short paper on "Thomas Carew," which here followeth.

THOMAS CAREW.

"Thomas Carew was a younger brother of a good family, and of excellent parts, and had spent many years of his youth in France and Italy; and, returning from travel, followed the Court; which the modesty of that time disposed men to do some time before they pretended to be of it; and he was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the Court, and well looked upon by the King himself some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the King: and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scottish nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman to it: of so great value were those relations held in that age, when Majesty was beheld with the reverence it ought to be. He was a person of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems (especially in the amorous way), which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegancy

of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time. But his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity or exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."* So wrote Lord Clarendon of one whom he may have known, and whose poems he had certainly read both before and after their first publication in 1640.† That the noble historian in his own delicate manner has glossed over the glaring debauchery of the greater part of the poet's life, cannot be doubted; but his literary criticism is in the main correct, though to compare Carew with some of his contemporary poets, was to pay him no overwhelming compliment.

Thomas Carew, of whose life very little is known, was the younger son of Sir Matthew Carew, and of Alice, daughter of Sir John Rivers. His father was Master in Chancery, and he himself was born in or about 1598. He spent his early years in much dissipation, and it was only when he felt the approach of death that he began to translate the prose version of the Psalms into halting verse, as a pitiful peace-offering for his many debaucheries. He was entered at the Middle Temple; but he spent most of his time in roystering, if we may trust a letter of his father's, who was then in straitened circumstances, to Sir Dudley Carleton. That statesman was induced to take the young poet with him, when he was ambassador to Venice and Turin in 1611, and again when he was ambassador to the Netherlands in 1616. But Carew from some unexplained pique threw up his post, and returned to his Bohemian life in London, and to pen sarcastic verses to satirise his former employer and his lady. In 1619 Carew went with Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the French Court, and upon his return he appears to have received some minor post at Whitehall. But he obtained no permanent preferment until he finally became sewer to Charles I. During his occupancy of this majestic and supremely poetical office he wrote many poems, and on February 18th, 1633, his best known masque, the "Cœlum Britannicum," was performed in the banqueting-room, Whitehall. At Court he made many friends, being an excellent pot-companion, and in 1639 he passed away, as has been said, in a wholesome horror of death, the bitter fruit of his wasted life. John Hales, of Eton, to whom he sent for consolation in his last moments, entertained a low opinion of the terrified poet, and he has left a pitiful picture of the dying prodigal, whom he visited in his house in King Street, Whitehall. ‡

Though Carew was the most popular of the Court poets of his day, and his lines have rarely any appearance of effort in their musical cadence, his invention was slow, and his execution laborious. Sir John Suckling, in his "Session of the Poets," who are represented as claiming the Laureate's wreath from Apollo, sings thus:—

> "*Tom Carew* was next, but he had a fault,
> That could not stand well with a Laureate:
> His Muse was hard-bound, and th' issue of 's brain
> Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.
>
> And all that were present there did agree,
> A Laureate Muse should be easy and free.
> Yet sure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his Grace
> Considered he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place."§

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* "Life" by himself (Folio, 1827), Vol. i., pp. 40, 41.

† Brydges' "Censura Literaria," Vol. iii., Article xiv.

‡ Wood's "Athenæ" (Bliss), Vol. ii., Cols. 658-660; "Dictionary of National Biography," *sub* Carew.

§ Dryden's "Miscellany Poems," Part ii., p. 88.

Suckling's own verse certainly shows no signs of "trouble and pain," and he loses in quality what he gains in ease. Besides he may have been jealous of Carew's greater popularity, and availed himself of a sportive opportunity of hitting his rival a sounding thwack. Whatever may have been the case with Carew, it must be confessed that the results of his laboured efforts are uniformly musical and supremely graceful. Nay, the melody of his verse may be seen from the ease with which it was set to music by the distinguished composers, Henry and William Lawes. It is commonly asserted and generally believed that Waller first used the heroic couplet with equal facility and felicity; but careful readers of our poet will be inclined to claim this honour for Carew. On one occasion, for instance, he writes thus to his mistress —that is, to one of the crowd—who had bidden him return her letters:—

> "So grieves the adventurous merchant, when he throws
> All the long-toiled-for treasure his ship stows
> Into the angry main to save from wreck
> Himself and men; as I grieve to give back
> These letters; yet so powerful is your sway,
> As, if you bid me die, I should obey."

It is readily admitted that these lines have neither the force of Dryden nor the polish of Pope; but it is no less true that they are as musical as most of Waller's efforts in this measure, and they are but one brief example taken at random of a multitude of equally melodious poems.

But Carew's supreme excellence does not lie in the heroic measure; it is by his songs that he must always be known to fame. Inspired now by one, now by another of the fair ladies whom he met at Court, the bulk of his poetry contains poems of passion. Some are sufficiently cool, and so betray the laborious care which he bestowed upon their construction; but some evidence a warmth of feeling which contrasts not unfavourably with the sweet love-songs of Waller and Herrick. He abounds in quaint conceits, such as Herrick loved, and so closely does he resemble his younger contemporary that two of Herrick's poems have been ascribed to him, though indeed the reverse may be true. On the vexed question of the authenticity of these nothing need be said here; it will be sufficient for all practical purposes to present a critique of some of the songs which are undoubtedly his, without entering upon disputed poems.

One of his most delicate and fanciful little poems in the heroic measure is entitled "Lips and Eyes," which again will compare not unfavourably with many of Waller's similar efforts:—

> "In Celia's face a question did arise,
> Which were more beautiful, her lips or eyes?
> We, said the eyes, send forth those pointed darts,
> Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.
> From us, replied the lips, proceed those blisses,
> Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.
>
> Then wept the eyes, and from their springs did pour
> Of liquid oriental pearl a shower;
> Whereat the lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,
> Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly treasure.
> And bade Love judge, whether did add more grace,
> Weeping or smiling pearls to Celia's face."

The wealth of fanciful conceits in these lines, and the simplicity of their rhythm, at least show their author had his share in the development of the heroic couplet. It is true that Waller most frequently

adopted the fashion which Dryden and Pope faithfully followed, of enclosing a complete sentiment in a single couplet; but in this Carew had the advantage of the three, in that for all his effort he seldom attained monotony. His greatest poetic power, however, lies in his daintily-expressed and melodious song, of which the following is deservedly famous alike for its vigour and its subtle grace.

"He that loves a rosy cheek,
    Or a coral lip admires,
Or, from starlike eyes, doth seek
    Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flame must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
    Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
    Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win
    My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
    And find naught but pride and scorn;
I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power in my revenge convey,
That love to her I cast away."

In these beautiful lines, which have little appearance of having been highly-laboured, Carew shows the grace of Anacreon combined with the practical good sense of an English bard; and it seems wonderful that one who could have written thus under the influences of bitter disappointment, should have provoked more than one similar experience in the future.

Once it was our poet's lot to suffer from the frost of a frigid mistress, whose pearly ears were deaf to his ardent lines, and, with a taste of Heine's bitterness, he sings of "Celia Bleeding, to the Surgeon":—

"Fond man, that canst believe her blood
    Will from those purple channels flow;
Or that the pure, untainted flood
    Can any foul distemper know;
Or that thy weak steel can incise
The crystal case, wherein it lies.

Know her quick blood, proud of its seat,
    Runs dancing through her azure veins,
Whose harmony no cold nor heat
    Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;
And the hard rock, wherein it dwells,
The keenest dart of love repels.

But thou repli'st, behold, she bleeds!
    Fool, thou'rt deceived, and dost not know
The mystic knot, whence this proceeds,
    How lovers in each other grow;
Thou struck'st her arm, but 'twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart."

These lines abound in the daintiness of Herrick, and seem to flow almost more easily than his, so great is Carew's skill within his range, and so true is his ear to rhythmical cadences. The theme is sufficiently unusual, and its treatment matches the theme; indeed the reader cannot but feel much sympathy with the scorned and plaintive bard. But he was not always so unfortunate, and in the full tide of prosperous love he sings of a trifling accident to his mistress, when "A Fly flew into Her Eye":—

"When this fly liv'd, she used to play
In the sunshine all the day;
Till, coming near my Celia's sight,
She found a new and unknown light,
So full of glory, as it made
The noon-day sun a gloomy shade;
Then this am'rous fly became
My rival, and did court my flame.
She did from hand to bosom skip,
And from her breath, her cheek, her lip,
Suck'd all the incense and the spice,
And grew a bird of Paradise:
At last into her eye she flew;
There scorch'd in flames, and drowned in dew,
Like Phaethon, from the sun's sphere
She fell, and with her dropp'd a tear,
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,
Wherein her ashes lie enclos'd.
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye
Funereal flame, tomb, obsequy."

It may be objected that this dainty little poem has an air of artificiality; but, even granted that that is so, who will deny that it is one of the sweetest pieces of occasional verse in our language? The quaintness of the conceits, the delicate fancy, and the musical rhythm alike do homage to its author and his production. In point of fact Carew has rarely been surpassed in occasional verse; his poems in this kind serve to embalm their theme in cloth of gold and delicate perfumery, and while their polish cannot be denied, the aroma of the varnish seldom disconcerts the sensitive nostrils of the keenest critic.

One more song demands a place here, which shows the quaintness of the poet's fancy combined with the tenderness of his passion:—

"Ask me no more, where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither doth stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heav'n did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For, in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,
That downward fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixèd become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies."

That this song was of great and merited popularity amongst the Cavaliers, may be seen from the numerous parodies of it to be found in the "Rump Ballads," some of which are pointed to the sufferings of the King, while others are made to satirise the Parliament with that limited degree of wit which characterises most of the poems of that somewhat unsavoury collection. In plaintive verse of this kind Carew was unmatched in his own day, and there are not many of the lesser poets of our literature who can approach him in grace and harmony.

A few words must be said of one of his masques, the "Cœlum Britannicum," in which the King and some of the chief of his Court took their part. It is touching to read in the list of the performers such names as that of the Earl of Newport, who in the later troubles sided with the Parliament against the hapless Charles, who was better fitted to play his part in a stately masque than upon the more arduous stage of politics. Suffice it to say that the scenery, probably designed by Inigo Jones, was of the most sumptuous nature, the music of the songs by Henry Lawes was perfectly suited to the melody of the words, the flashes of wit uttered by Momus were pointed and bright, and the blank verse in which Mercury is represented as speaking was sonorous and stately. Here, too, there are few apparent signs of effort, and the reader is forced to the conclusion that Carew understood better than most men that time-honoured rule of the grammatical sage, *Summa ars est celare artem.* In fine, Carew's fancy was limited in its range, but certainly creative within that range; his verse may not be of that kind which shakes the heavens and stirs the earth, but in its own rank it is musical, polished, fanciful, and sweet. As an occasional poet, though less quaint, he falls very little short of the eminence of Herrick; his conceits are dainty, and if they be at times far-fetched, that was the vice of his age, and Carew was the poet of his age. His memory will not be insulted here by quotation from his miserable rendering of the Psalms, which feebly chatter with the fear of death. It is as a love-poet of some passion and much beauty, as an occasional poet of dainty and delicate tact, and as a sweet singer of musical and flowing verse, that he deserves to be remembered. One of the most subtle of the wits of that witty Court, he was yet able to sing some songs, which still live, though their life is not so lusty as might well be desired. A dissipated lover amongst men no less dissolute than himself, his wantonness rarely intrudes its ugly face into his poems, which might serve more than one unimaginative lover to-day in the difficult art of wooing. So Carew lived, and drank, and loved, and sang, and claims a passing thought from all true lovers, as well as from all who can appreciate true poetry in this passionless era of rhythmical anæmia.

Mr. Abraham Stansfield read these two sonnets in commemoration of the eightieth birthday of Mr. Leo H. Grindon.

THE GENTLE BOTANIST.

I.

In the sweet world of Flowers he spent his days,
  Where all is pure, and fresh and breathing balm;
And when we met him in the woodland ways
  Upon a summer morn, or evening calm,

How glad he looked, and with what gentle mien
  He stooped to pluck the wild flower blooming there—
Plucked it so gently, you would swear, I ween,
  That he had gathered up some jewel rare!
And jewels rich, in sooth, they were to him:
  The modest violet, bending 'neath the shower,
The white-rayed daisy, with the ruby rim,
  Had o'er his heart a most peculiar power;
And gazing there, his eyes would often swim
  With tears of pity, in some secret hour.

II.

He loved the fields and woods, and the blue dome
  Of heaven above, and the fresh winds that blow
Over the mountains, where he oft would roam;
  He loved all things of beauty here below;
But *flowers* most. Thus bred in gentleness,
  His heart grew meek, and as he daily moved
'Mid lovely things—his life not lovely less—
  Above all men he came to be beloved.
A pure, sweet Life! and one so rich and full
  Of kindly words, and deeds, and pleasure given,
The whole world said that it was beautiful!
  Were such men often found, this earth were Heaven;
But they, alas! are few; in vain I seek
  For one so true, so gentle, and so meek!

OMAR KHAYYAM LITERATURE.

Mr. H. Tinsley Pratt read the principal paper on "Edward FitzGerald and some recent Omar Khayyam Literature." FitzGerald might be regarded as the first to bring Omar Khayyam before English readers in anything like a presentable form. He began the study of Persian in 1853, under his friend Professor Cowell, using Sir William Jones's "Persian Grammar." Writing to Professor W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity, he says: "As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of 'Rubáiyát.' I had translated them partly for Cowell; young Parker asked me some years ago for something for *Fraser*, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest." This first edition, printed in 1859, consisted of seventy-five quatrains, which number was expanded in a second edition to one hundred and ten, nine of which were suppressed in the third and subsequent editions. The aim of a translation being to dress a foreign classic for readers in another language, surely the most successful translation therefore is the one which affords the most pleasure to the greatest number of readers unfamiliar with the original. We know, of course, that Pope's "Homer" is not quite the real Homer, but if Pope succeeded in reproducing

some spirit of the original, together with something of its expression, we cannot quarrel with him if the result be pleasing. So with FitzGerald's "Omar Khayyam." We have long known that FitzGerald took considerable liberties with the quatrains, but we were never let so fully into the secret until the consummation of Mr. Heron-Allen's labours of twelve years as shown in his recently-published literal prose translation. We now find that FitzGerald's "Omar" is not a translation at all, but a very free adaptation of certain passages. Regarded as a supplement to FitzGerald's "Omar," Mr. Heron-Allen's book is of considerable value, but it may safely be said that, robbed of the glamour of FitzGerald's verse, "Omar Khayyam" would have appealed to a very limited circle of readers in a merely literal prose translation as here given. As regards Mr. Richard Le Gallienne's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam," described as "a paraphrase from several literal translations," there was, perhaps, no reason why he should not have put the unused quatrains into a poetic dress, if he was so minded, and had he confined himself to these he might have done less mischief. Where he strays from FitzGerald's rendering, his Omar becomes not the old tent-maker of Naishápúr, whom we have grown to love, but a very modern individual indeed.

An interesting discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Milner, Mortimer, Fox, and Newton took part.

Monday, March 28, 1898.—Mr. George Milner took the chair.

Messrs. W. H. Dean and Mr. Edmund Mercer were appointed auditors of the treasurer's accounts.

Mr. H. E. Campbell read an unreprinted sonnet by S. T. Coleridge, in which the poet satirised his own productions.

NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

Mr. Walter Butterworth read a short paper on "The Novels of Thomas Love Peacock." These novels are now neglected by the many and cherished by the few. Fastidious readers find in them great satisfaction, for they bear the impress of scholarship, polish, and style. Open where you will, the author is wielding the scourge of his satire, smiling the while. As a novelist, Peacock's method was simplicity itself. He brings together his personages, or, rather, his puppets, for they are bloodless, lifeless, mere bundles of ideas and prejudices, in strong contrast with each other. There is scarcely any attempt at plot or realism of any kind; hardly any descriptions of scenes. The

treatment is very similar to that of the pre-Reformation French conte; the whole interest lies in the subjects discussed, the various points of view, the handling of a topic as a lapidary polishes a diamond, until every facet sparkles. After a while it occurs to the writer that he may as well wind up, which he does laconically—proposals, wedding bells, and the rest of it occupying the irreducible minimum of time.

Mr. J. T. Foard read the principal paper on "Some Caprices of Criticism."

FOREIGN LITERATURE SECTION.

Wednesday, March 30, 1898.—Mr. Joseph Angeloff, the President, was in the chair.

Mr. Abraham Stansfield contributed this sonnet on Heinrich Heine.

"Spirit of Storm and Stress! the peewit's cry
  Mixed with the music of the nightingale—
A mingled strain of wondrous melody,
  A voice of soothing, yet a sound of wail!
Sweeter than honey, bitterer far than gall;
  Soft as the sunshine, than the frost more keen;
A ghostly banquet, a grim carnival;
  A sombre wood, with shafts of light between!

Spirit of Stress! that loved'st the Northern sea,
Where o'er the foaming wave the seagull flies;
Yet ever yearned'st in that fair land to be
  Where on the enchanted stream the Lotus lies;
Here, in reflex, is seen that life of thine:
  The magic Lotus floating on the brine!"

Mr. Edward Hulme read a paper on Byron. He said the marvellous power of indelibly impressing upon the reader's mind the image of his subject, the intensity of his sentimental appreciation for womanly loveliness, the facile faculty of not only pourtraying his creations but permeating them with the ethereal essence of beauty and love, all tend to show that to his mind womanhood should be the shrine from which emanates all that is chaste, gentle, and pure. The tendency of all his female types is to rise in the moral scale. The rhythmic description of their charms, the harmony of their surroundings, and the beauty of soul with which he endowed them present an ideal which has never been surpassed.

The discussion which followed was taken part in by Messrs. Frederick Barker, M. Wahmad, John F. L. Sandbach, A. Stansfield, and the Chairman.

MONDAY, APRIL 4, 1898.—Mr. GEORGE MILNER, the President, occupied the chair.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Mr. W. R. CREDLAND, the honorary secretary, read the thirty-sixth annual report.

Mr. CHARLES W. SUTTON, the honorary treasurer, submitted the annual statement of accounts.

Mr. R. H. SELBIE, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, which was seconded by Mr. George Pearson, supported by Alderman Mandley, and carried, pleaded for more support for the foreign literature section.

Mr. C. H. BELLAMY, in view of the accommodation at their disposal and the healthy state of the finances, suggested that some means might be taken to prevent a too rapid increase in the membership of the Club.

Alderman MANDLEY objected to such a course being pursued. It was all very well, he said, for gentlemen, when once they themselves were elected, to talk about limiting the number of members.

Mr. ELI SOWERBUTTS emphasised Alderman Mandley's remarks. It was desirable, in his opinion, to continue electing new members to fill the places of the old ones. He was not at all horrified by the fact that the Club had so much money in hand. He would suggest to the Council that they should either have a dinner, or invest the money and live on the interest. There was only one other suggestion he had to make, namely, that something might be done towards erecting a memorial to the late Sam Bamford in Boggart Clough. He would be pleased to see some of the money go towards such an object.

The PRESIDENT commented upon the present financial position of the Club, comparing it with previous years, when the reports were far from being as satisfactory. He then went on to say there were two forces which one might expect to find acting against each other in an association of thirty-six years' standing. Age in some respects strengthened a society, or led to lassitude and decay. The limitation of the membership had frequently engaged the attention of the Council, and they had come to the conclusion that before it could safely be considered to be on a thoroughly sound footing a roll of 250 members was necessary. He trusted the foreign section would continue to develop in numbers and usefulness, for he was quite sure it would not only be to the advantage of those directly concerned, but also to the advantage of the Club at large. Obviously a body professing to study literature should study the work of other countries as well as its own. Some societies, Mr. Milner continued, were

described by names which did not at all set forth their actual work, but this was not so with the Manchester Literary Club. They devoted themselves strenuously to the study of literature, and had properly passed into the regions of music and art. Art especially had obtained almost predominant attention during the second half of the present session, and upon one occasion they had endeavoured to make the discussion tell upon the public life and action of the citizens. The discussions, he was glad to say, were not marked by savage attacks or speeches delivered on the principle of the articles in the *Saturday Review*, for such were never made in pursuit of truth; they might be made in the pursuit of individual feelings. In the Club, at any rate, they had a republic of letters. He also pointed out that there was already a memorial to Sam Bamford in the Middleton Churchyard, and expressed a hope that something would be done to honour the memory of Edwin Waugh. He trusted the members of the Club would do what they could to make the unveiling of the statue of Ben Brierley in Queen's Park, on April 30, a success. Several people had asked why he had taken part in promoting this memorial, when one had not yet been erected to Waugh. Well, if Waugh had been neglected, it was no reason why Brierley should be. At the same time something more should be done for Waugh than the erection of the simple obelisk upon his grave.

The officers and Council were re-elected, the only change being the addition of Mr. Charles W. Sutton to the list of vice-presidents.

THE CLOSING CONVERSAZIONE.

Monday, April 18, 1898.—The conversazione with which it is the custom to bring the Session to a close was held in the Club's room. There was a large attendance, the company including several members of the Ladies' Literary Club. The vocal music was contributed by Misses Jessie and Edith Platt, Messrs. Wilson, John Wilcock, J. Hart, and Walter Butterworth; and a concerto and duet by Bach for the violin were given by Miss Harriet Burrows and Mr. Platt. Some original literary pieces in verse and prose were read by their authors, Messrs. B. A. Redfern, Richard Newton, J. D. Andrew, and the Rev. A. W. Fox; and two humorous recitals from Waugh and Brierley were given by Mr. John Dronsfield. The following poem, composed for the occasion by Mr. George Milner, was printed on the programme, and, by special request, was read by its author in the course of the evening:—

It hath ever beene the custome in manie of our auncient houses to let the greene boughs of Christmasse-tide hang upon the walls untill Spring be near.

I.

Burn the mistletoe to-night,
Set the holly boughs ablaze,
And drink the memory of delight
That dieth with the Winter-days.

II.

What, though still a bitter wind
May come, anon, with sleet and snow,
Making all the windows blind,
And rocking chimneys to and fro!
On the borders of the land,
Girdled with a primrose-band,
Waiteth blue-eyed Spring we know.

III.

Store of pleasure Winter brings—
The social board, the genial face,
The strife of wits in friendly race,
Pedestrian Reason, Rhyme on wings,
Learned fence, and Attic grace.
But Summer comes with better things,
Therefore cast we no regret
On the season passing by;
Therefore doth our fancy set,
Toward the jocund Hours that lie
Underneath another star,
Dreaming where the Zephyrs are—
Hours with whom our feet shall roam,
By mountain peak and ocean foam.

IV.

Burn the mistletoe to-night,
Set the holly boughs ablaze,
And drink the presage of delight
That cometh with the Summer-days.

The President (Mr. Milner), in opening the proceedings, said he thought the members of the Club could say, without any excess of vanity or self-complacency, that they could look back upon a well-spent session. The names of the writers discussed during the six months included Catullus, Ruskin, Dante, Sir Henry Wotton, Hartley Coleridge, Byron, Sir Thomas Malliory, Omar Khayyam and his translators, and Thomas Love Peacock. These were evidence of the serious study the members had given to literature. Many foreign writers had also been considered, including Turgenieff, Holberg, Runeberg, Wessel, Octave Mirabeau, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and Charles Baudelaire. Such a list embraced a wide field of thought, and covered interests of the

most varied character. A regret had generally been expressed that while in Germany there were many well-known journals devoted to the study of modern literature, and even to English literature especially, there was none such in our own country. Within the last few weeks, however, an attempt had been made to supply this want by the publication of a new periodical, the *Modern Quarterly of Language and Literature*, and he hoped he would not be thought presumptuous if he said that for many years now, the *Manchester Quarterly* had been trying, in its own modest way, to meet the need by devoting its pages purely to the study of literature, and by publishing papers whose character was indicated by the list of names he had given. In addition to those papers, many others had, of course, been read, which, though literary, perhaps leaned more to the recreative side. In this connection he ought also to mention the evenings which, with great success, had been devoted to music. In comparing the closing session with those preceding it, two things became salient—the establishment of a foreign section, and the prominence given to subjects connected with art. In his address at the opening of the session he announced the probability of a foreign section being established, and this was accomplished in January last. For two reasons, however, it must not be regarded as an innovation. In the first place, the constitution of the Club provided for the formation of such sections; and in the second place, the members had for some time been paying marked attention to foreign literature. The foreign section, though still in its infancy, had displayed great vitality and the possession of considerable resources. In this connection he might call attention to Mr. Valgimigli's recently published essay dealing with the study of Dante in England. In that essay Mr. Valgimigli made special mention of Manchester as a place where Dante was zealously studied, and amongst those alluded to by him as being diligent students of Dante must be included many members of the Literary Club whose work was well known to him. Mr. Valgimigli had frequently attended the meetings of the Club, and on one occasion, when a paper on Dante was being read, both he and some of his Italian friends who were also present, expressed much astonishment to find the subject so thoroughly discussed. Probably it was his experience on that occasion which turned Mr. Valgimigli's attention to the study of Dante in England, and Manchester in particular. In paying so much attention to art, the Club had only been working on the lines of its constitution. The first object was stated to be "the encouragement of the pursuit of literature and art," and he believed their discussions on art would bear fruit beyond the confines of the Club. Few subjects stood more in need of elucidation and definition than that of art, and he confessed that

the discussions they had had, though fertile enough, left on his mind a certain impression of vagueness and uncertainty. As usual in such cases the word itself needed rigid definition. It was used with confusing looseness, being at one time applied to an act or operation, and at another to the result of such operation. In the first sense he took it to mean cunning, skill, deftness in using means to an end, power, finish, completeness, and a certain approach to perfection. In the second sense it was the product of all this, especially when applied, though by no means confined, to painting. All sorts of confusion and contention arose from a failure to perceive that art was multiform in its nature and result; that there were many kinds of art, though differing in degree. There was no such thing as bad art. Bad art was not art at all. But there was, of course, imperfect art. The great mischief was caused by the advocates of schools or sections of art and artists. The advocates of a particular kind of art maintained that that was the only art. They

> "Praise the art they are inclined to
> By damning that they have no mind to."

Let them consider for a moment the two prominent schools, which might roughly be defined as the idealist and the realist. Now, if a man set himself to paint in a landscape or a face that which he saw and no more, and painted it faithfully and with skill, that was art, and the art consisted in transferring nature to a canvas, or reproducing nature through a medium. That in itself was an achievement of art, brain having worked with hand and material to produce the result. Again, a man might observe nature and idealise it, passing it through the alembic, so to speak, of his mind, and then painting the mental expression. Lastly, he might have no actual scene or face in his mind at all, but might paint that which his fancy or imagination pictured. Of course nature was still at the bottom of this, because the artist unconsciously reproduced impressions already in his mind, arranging them harmoniously, and creating a new thing, each part being in harmony with the whole. Each of these was art, though differing in kind and in value; and each was art, whether applied to figure or landscape, historical scenes and actions, or to imaginary ones. In the very able and suggestive address, given recently at the Arts Club, by Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, the contest between the idealist and the realist was called "The devil's game of chess in art which had been played these last five hundred years." Mr. Milner submitted that there was no reason why this contest should continue. There were aspects of nature, he said, which nothing could improve, and in dealing with those fidelity was the highest virtue. But there were others where harmony was wanting and

where beauty was not conspicuous, and here the true artist would invariably seek to supply what was needed for perfection. And he was right in doing so. The mind was imperial, and no artist was called upon to be the indiscriminating slave even of nature herself. It might be some apology for this somewhat long digression on art, if he said he believed what had been said was equally applicable to literature considered as an art.

The music and recitals followed, and at the close Sir Henry H. Howorth, M.P., conveyed the thanks of the gathering to Mr. Milner for his address and to the entertainers for their services.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

WILLIAM ISAAC WILD.

It is with sincere regret we announce the death of Mr. William Isaac Wild, a Stockport gentleman known not only to all residents in the borough, but to many outside its borders. All who had the slightest knowledge of Mr. Wild will have been pained at the sad news, but the tragic circumstances of the occurrence have added to the shock. Mr. Wild resided at 130, Shaw Heath, and it was there that on Thursday, September 2nd, 1897, he passed away in his 55th year.

On Thursday morning he complained of feeling unwell, and returned to his home, meaning to rest, as he was much troubled with sleeplessness. It seems that he was in the habit of taking a narcotic known as chlorodyne, and in order probably to induce sleep he took a quantity of the narcotic. He told the servant that he feared that he had taken too large a dose, and that he felt "dizzy" in the head. However, he spent some time at his desk, and saw two of his friends who called. Later in the day he retired to his bedroom, and was found by his son in the evening to be asleep. No attempt to awaken him was made, and it was felt the rest would be beneficial to him. When Mrs. Wild did try to arouse her husband she failed, and Dr. Bale was sent for, but he could not be restored to consciousness, and died during the night.

In this sad manner passed away a scholar and a gentleman of a type not often met. His was a cultured mind, ever at work, and his favourite occupation was that of the few. It was as an archæologist that he was chiefly famed, but he was a *litterateur* of a high order. His retentive memory made his wide reading of great value to him, his knowledge upon an inconceivable variety of subjects being amazing. He was a man who hovered on the brink of popularity, and while his name and powers are known only to the select few, they might, had he not been of so retiring a nature, have been wellnigh household words. He

possessed none of that needful quality of the day—push; he did his work quietly and well, and the honours which have been bestowed on him were quite unsought.

W. I. Wild first saw the light of day in 1842 in the old house in the Market Place, Stockport. This ancient structure was formerly the town residence of the Wrights, of Mottram, and a quaint and beautiful old place it is. Mr. Wild's father was the late Mr. George Wild, a gentleman who was Mayor of Stockport in 1869 and 1870. As a boy Mr. W. I. Wild attended the Stockport Grammar School, but, though a painstaking worker, gave no promise of brilliancy. As a youth he was sent to reside in London with an uncle, and he remained there for some years, during which time he became acquainted with many men engaged in the pursuit of literature. Already he was taken with a desire to write, and we hear of various of his contributions being published. After a short stay in Stockport, Mr. Wild was sent to Nantwich about the year 1868, in order to manage the shoe manufactory there. In 1870 he became a member of the Cheshire Literary and Archæological Society, an organisation founded by Charles Kingsley when a curate in the cathedral town. He took the deepest interest in antiquarian matters, and found in that neighbourhood plenty of material for research.

In 1873 he married Miss Goddard, daughter of the late Mr. Adam Goddard, and this lady survives him. On the death of his father, in August, 1880, Mr. W. I. Wild returned to Stockport, where his home has since been. At that time the business in Nantwich was given up, and Mr. Wild made his home at the old house in the Market Place, but some few years since he removed to the house where he died at Shaw Heath. Mr. Wild was a Methodist. In politics he was an ardent Liberal, but took no active part in the work.

Mr. Wild, as a writer, will long be remembered in this district. His most important published work was his "History of the Stockport Sunday School," which came from the press in 1891. He has also published many and various pamphlets, a number of clever and telling skits, while the annals of the Manchester Literary Club and the Stockport Literary Club contain many of his papers, as full of information as a text-book. Hundreds of his private letters will be dearly prized by friends in all parts of the country, and many a humorous couplet will be lovingly learned now that their author is gone. As a dramatist Mr. Wild had gained considerable fame, and a number of his plays were produced and taken on tour by the late C. H. Melville. "The Red Cockade" was one of his most noted dramatic efforts, and was really a fine play. He had also written a number of other plays which have been produced by amateur histrions. His latest to be so acted was "The True Woman." The charm of

Mr. Wild's work lay in the brisk dialogue and the situations brought about. As a writer on old Stockport, Mr. Wild probably had no equal at the time of his death. He was a great friend and fellow-worker of the late Mr. Heginbotham, author of "The History of Stockport," and his biographical sketch of that gentleman is still fresh in our mind. Mr. Wild was a frequent contributor to the local papers, and from 1879 to 1885 he wrote a weekly letter for the London *Globe*, while other papers and periodicals looked for help from him. As the father of the Stockport Literary Club Mr. Wild will never be forgotten by his grief-stricken disciples. Up to last year he was the club's one and only president, but at his own wish he was succeeded by Mr. Reginald Barber. At their annual dinner the club was this year about to confer the highest honour in their power upon Mr. Wild, that of inviting him to be the guest of the evening. He had accepted the invitation, and had no doubt commenced his address for the great occasion. It was for his splendid services as an archæologist that the Royal Historical Society made Mr. Wild a fellow of that learned body. He spared no trouble to make the results of his researches perfect successes, and he would spend hours with ancient documents and musty deeds. As a genealogist Mr. Wild was most successful, and he had the pleasure of recently tracing back to a very early period the family tree of a great English ducal house. To make this search complete Mr. Wild had to spend some months in Normandy. His knowledge of the topography of Stockport, and indeed the whole of the county of Cheshire, was very extensive. His library contains many rare and valuable books, but the most interesting portion of the collection is a group of books published in Stockport, and, as this is a unique set of books, it is to be sincerely hoped that it will not be broken up. At one time, too, Mr. Wild possessed a fine museum of ancient arms. Mr. Wild was a member of many learned societies in the district; he became a member of the Manchester Literary Club in 1883, and very few members had a wider circle of friends at that Club. The news of his untimely death must have been almost as great a shock to his Manchester Literary friends as to those in Stockport.—*Stockport Chronicle.*

Mr. J. P. O'Callaghan, the Irish novelist, has just written to Mr. R. H. Minshall, Hon. Secretary of the Stockport Literary Club, as follows: "Few men attracted me as Wild did, and I know that every one of you can say exactly the same. He was a noble, generous man. Few could penetrate the cloak of modesty he invariably held so close around his varied and immense store of knowledge. We are all the poorer by his death, and yet his memory will ever be cherished amongst us as a sacred link.

Every man who 'knew Wild' will have a passport to the heart of every other who also knew him. This is a great legacy for a man to leave to his fellows, and it is one that is very seldom left. Already I would rather think of him than write or speak."

The following poem, written by Mr. W. I. Wild, was published in Mr. O'Callaghan's novel, "The Prince of Tyrone":—

"Hail to thee! chieftain, from valley, from mountain,
True hearts await thee, whose love ne'er doth fail;
River and streamlet unite with the fountain,
To echo thy welcome—hail! chieftain, hail!

Welcome, thrice welcome, from castle, from shieling,
Lord of our life, and beloved of the earth;
Come where the shouts of thy triumph are pealing,
Back to old Erin, the land of thy birth.

Nothing could harm thee; no rank, wealth, or station,
Draw thee away from thy own beloved isle;
Hail to thee! Health to thee! pride of our nation,
Flowers in thy pathway shall bloom in thy smile."

The succeeding lines were written by the late Mr. W. I. Wild in January, 1893, on the occasion of a friend leaving the town after a short visit:—

A PARTING TRIBUTE.

"Farewell, we say, a word so often spoken,
A sort of epilogue that ends the play;
Could we but keep our friendships all unbroken,
Our lives would pass, just like sweet Summer's day.

Full is your mind with many a worthy treasure,
Culled from the pages wisdom hath set down.
To us your presence yielded hours of pleasure
In the brief days you dwelt within our town.

Think of us all in years now fast advancing,
When right, not might, shall triumph through the world,
For men shall spurn the worn-out, old romancing,
Despotic wrong be to confusion hurled.

We part to-day, yet in the coming morrow
Hope's cheery presence shall bright thoughts beget.
What though our parting yield some touch of sorrow,
We say farewell—we never can forget."

—*Cheshire County News.*

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Morgan Brierley, a name if not a personality very familiar to readers of the *City News* in the past. Mr. Brierley, who was in his seventy-fourth year, was found dead near his residence,

Denshaw House, Saddleworth, early on Thursday morning, Sept. 9th, 1897. It is supposed that death was due to heart disease. Mr. Brierley was a many-sided man, but he will be best remembered for his contributions to this paper, which extended over a period of twenty years, down to the early years of the present decade. Possessed of a stalwart and fine presence, he had the happy faculty of being able to make himself at home in all companies by his geniality and wonderful conversational powers. His keen humour and remarkable powers of observation were apparent in his writings. His manliness, thoroughness, and hatred of all sham and pretence endeared him to all in the wide circle of his acquaintance.

Morgan Brierley was born in the neighbourhood of Saddleworth, in 1824, the district then being the principal seat of the woollen cloth trade of Yorkshire. There were seventy or eighty mills, of a primitive kind, devoted to carding, fulling, and finishing cloth, all of which was woven by hand. At a little mill at Broadhead, under Millstone Edge, he began work. He was then only six years of age, and his wages to start with were only sixpence a week for working fourteen or fifteen hours a day all the year round. For seven years he remained thus employed, and at the end of that time his wages had increased to three shillings and sixpence per week. It can easily be understood that, under these circumstances, his early education was not very thorough. What little knowledge he was able to obtain was picked up on Sundays at a school known as Castleshaw Spout, and there he learnt to read and write. These accomplishments acquired, he made the best use of his few opportunities. The Bible, "Robinson Crusoe," and one or two other volumes usually to be found in the homes of the poor were the only books procurable. These he read at night after the long day's work in the mill, and when he was fourteen he acquired copies of Shakespeare's plays and Pope's poems. These came as a revelation to him, and from that time remained his favourite reading.

About the same time he attended a little Sunday forenoon school held by a studious weaver in a small room of his cottage, where instruction was imparted alongside the teacher's trestle bed, his pair of looms, and a forty-spindled jenny. The weaver had, on Sundays, walked all the way to Oldham to take lessons from John Butterworth, the famous mathematician, and in this way Mr. Brierley became acquainted with Walkinghame's arithmetic. This led the way to a mastery of algebra and geometry, studies to which he afterwards devoted close and patient attention, and in which he attained great proficiency. When quite a young man Mr. Brierley, remembering the difficulties attending his own early search for knowledge, opened a night school and a Sunday school, where he taught grammar, history, and mathematics to all who cared to attend. It was a

work of love with him, and he always refused payment, thinking that as he was able to earn his living by his own labour it would be almost wrong to make a charge for imparting knowledge. To him many men who would otherwise have gone into the world totally uneducated are indebted for the only schooling they received. He exercised a wide influence over his students, for, above all things, he always insisted upon straightforwardness, honesty, and true manliness.

When only eighteen years of age Mr. Brierley began business on his own account as a flannel manufacturer, and continued it for thirty-four years. He amassed a fair competence, which, however, was almost entirely swept away by two disastrous fires occurring within the space of twelve months. It was then too late to begin an uphill fight, and he wisely decided to relinquish business and devote himself to his favourite pursuits. In 1876, he read before the Manchester Literary Club a paper on the "Earliest English Mathematicians," and in the following year a second upon the "Mathematicians of Lancashire," a complete and exhaustive survey. As a young man he also took the greatest interest in mathematical questions, and corresponded with a number of the then circulating mathematical publications. Up to very recent years his name still appeared as a regular contributor to the mathematical section of the *Educational Times*.

For more than twenty years the *Manchester City News* has numbered Mr. Brierley amongst its most valued contributors. In this journal most of his work has appeared, and in the files of the paper are to be found some of his most interesting writings. His travels at home and abroad, treated in an unconventional style, full of curious out-of-the-way information, are there described. The Continent, Egypt and the Holy Land, the United States, and India, were all visited by him, and the readers of the *City News* had the great privilege of reading first-hand his notes and impressions of the places visited. His travels at home were equally interesting, and his descriptive sketches of tours in all parts of our own country were amongst the most graphic, and proved by far the most popular of all his contributions to literature. The series included "A Driving Tour in North-West Yorkshire," "Autumn Days in Western Scotland," "South by Sea, and through Mid-England," "A Home Tour" (chiefly in the southern counties), and "Days in the English Lake Country." The freshness, the originality, the hearty human sympathy, the keenness of observation, and the abounding variety made the sketches delightful, and gained for them great popularity. He constantly contributed to the *City News*, and his articles and notes, if collected, would make two or three goodly-sized volumes. In later years he devoted special attention to the subject of meteorology and weather forecasts. To the "Notes and Queries"

of the *City News* he, in 1888, contributed "Outlines of a History of Saddleworth." It is a careful production, afterwards issued separately, describing the materials for the work, place-names, the early inhabitants, the Conquest and the Domesday Survey, the lords of the manor, prices and earnings in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the rise of manufactures, the churches, schools, and notable men of the district. It was his last noteworthy contribution to this paper, although to a recent period he wrote occasionally.—*Manchester City News.*

THE LATE MORGAN BRIERLEY AND ZACH MELLOR.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, the veteran author and journalist, writing in the *Co-operative News*, pays a tribute of kindly regard and appreciation to the late Morgan Brierley and Zachary Mellor, the Town Clerk of Rochdale. He says:—

"It is impossible to tell now in what way I first became acquainted with Morgan Brierley. His friendship came like sunshine on a spring morning, giving pleasure without exciting surprise. We were friends from the first, and always remained so; and though his political opinions, in later years, differed from my own, it made no difference in our friendship. I remember visiting him at Denshaw House. The memory of his conversation and the wild scenery of the neighbourhood which he showed me have always remained with me. One day he came to a meeting in Rochdale, at which he spoke on a personal motion relative to myself. His originality of phrase and happiness of expression gave me my first conception of a quality of mind I did not know him to possess. Excepting in Charles Hadfield's speeches, I remember nothing similar in those parts in those days. It was through Mr. Brierley I first knew Mr. Nodal, and some other literary friends whom I have had reason to value. I once gave an address on the 'Provincial Mind' at the Manchester Literary Club, chiefly that he (Mr. Brierley) might hear it, and that it might entertain him. He asked me to collect for him and have bound all the publications I had issued up to that time. I believe he is the only person who possessed them all. One very wet Saturday night, when waiting in a train which happened to be detained outside Rochdale, I being the only person in the compartment—to my great delight he stepped into the carriage. Producing money, he paid me for the two volumes he had received some time before; not only the full published cost of them, but an additional sum on account of the rarity of some of the pamphlets. I could not but be attached to a man who took that interest in me. He wished me to go home with him to Delph to spend the Sunday at Denshaw House, but I was due at Huddersfield, where I was engaged for the next day. It was his brightness of mind, kindness, and charm of manner which inspired me with an affection for him. In all he wrote I found

newness of thought and observation of nature. Another loss deserves a line of record in these columns, that of Mr. Zach. Mellor, Town Clerk of Rochdale, who died suddenly a short time ago in his seventy-seventh year. His name was Zachary, but he was always called 'Zach.' On the Wednesday before he died he spent the evening with his oldest friend, George Healey, whose name appears as one of the Rochdale '28.' Mr. Healey, of Brantfield, Windermere, was on a visit to Rochdale, from which he had been absent ten years. They spent the night recounting the reminiscences of early days. When I first visited Rochdale I spoke in a room which was the property of Mr. Mellor, and there was no other room in the town which would be let to 'Socialists,' as co-operators were then called."

Mr. Mellor died on September 13th, 1897, having been a member of the Manchester Literary Club since 1866.

HENRY NUTTER.

Everybody in Burnley, and thousands of people outside, will be grieved to hear of the death of Mr. Henry Nutter, of Darwin House, Colne Road, which occurred on December 10th, 1897. Mr. Nutter has been as familiar to two generations of Burnley people as Healey Height, of which he sang so sweetly, or the old tower of St. Peter's Church. There was no more genial or lovable man in the whole district. His beaming face, and ready wit, brought sunshine into every circle which he entered, and where was there a company in Burnley or anywhere else, where honest, kind-hearted Harry Nutter—poet, philosopher, and wit—wasn't welcomed as the flowers that bloom in the spring? In the social life of Burnley he held a unique place in the admiration and affection of all with whom he came intimately in contact. An omnivorous reader and deep thinker, he was equally at home in literary and scientific circles, as in those convivial gatherings round the festive board, or in the sweet commingling of old friends, where, with his sparkling wit, his rich store of anecdote, his treasure-house of literary gems, and his skill as a musician, he could crack a joke, sing a song, or give a turn on the fiddle or the flute, to the unalloyed delight of all the company. Keen must be the pang in many a meeting-place to-day, which has been illumined by his cheering presence and resounded to his sweet musical strains, and the jokes that were ever "wont to set the table in a roar." Deep also must be the sorrow of those who knew what a tender, kindly heart reposed beneath that mirthful exterior—a heart which never knew a selfish thought, and which was never happier than when engaged in some act of kindness, even to the poorest stranger. How truly, in his simplicity of life and his frank good nature, did we all realise that—

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

A fortnight last Wednesday, Mr. Nutter, after transacting his business at Manchester, was hurrying to the station, when he was knocked down by a bicycle, ridden by an elderly man. Mr. Nutter, with his usual spirit, never waited to expostulate with the rider, but hurried away to the station, thinking no more about the incident. On the way home he felt a pain in his back, and as he came down Manchester Road, after leaving the train, he called on his old friend Dr. Dean. He told the doctor he was not very well, and that he had a touch of pain in his back. The doctor gave him some medicine, and he went down the road, and took the tram-car home, as usual. Those who rode with him that night say that he was never in better spirits, and that he joked all the way home about the bottle of medicine. He had a vigorous constitution, which he never abused, and it must have been on rare occasions indeed when he required anything in the nature of physic. So lightly did he regard the fall through the bicycle, that he never mentioned the incident to Dr. Dean, either that night or on the following day, when he called to see him. On the Saturday, Dr. Dean noticed serious developments, but still Mr. Nutter never mentioned the accident. On the Monday, Dr. Dean suggested that he must have had a fall or sustained some violence, but he was some time before he got Mr. Nutter to recollect that he had been knocked down by a bicycle. Gangrene set in, and it became a struggle between a sound, healthy frame and that insidious enemy, mortification, which at first like a little speck, gradually became a big cloud, which shut out poor Henry Nutter's life about three o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December.

Henry Nutter was 69 years of age last August. He was born in the year 1828, at Barrowford. His father was a shoemaker, and the son followed the same avocation. He was a strong, hearty lad, good natured and thoughtful, and never gave trouble or a wrong word to any one. He attended a day school at Higherford, just outside the village, kept by a Mr. Robert Brown, and he attended the Wesleyan Chapel there on Sundays. As he grew up he became connected with the chapel choir, and played the double-bass, the flute, and the violin. Organs were, of course, unknown in those days in the village Bethels, and Mr. Nutter, besides being the leader of a brass band at Barrowford, was one of a band of instrumentalists who went about playing at charity sermons in the neighbourhood, visiting such places as Barley, Roughlee, Colne, etc. Mr. Cyrus Scaife, of Burnley, often accompanied Mr. Nutter on these occasions, and they have been bosom friends ever since.

Mr. Nutter has preserved many racy stories of these early days. The following may be recalled as a sample. Once, when at Barrowford a local preacher was conducting the service, young

Harry had laid his bass viol near the pulpit. The preacher had just entered upon his sermon, and whilst striking the cushion in the midst of his eloquence, the string of the viol broke, and made such a noise that the orator was dumbfounded. He struggled on for a sentence or two, but completely lost himself, and, closing the Bible before him, said, "May the Lord have His blessing." And so the service ended, much to the delight, no doubt, of young Henry Nutter, and many others of the rising generation present, who, perhaps, secretly hoped that a fiddle-string would collapse a little oftener. About this time the subject of our sketch had an exciting adventure in a slaughter-house kept by his brother William at Barrowford. Along with him at the time were his brother Dan and a man called Nowell. A cow got loose from the halter, became furious, and chased them round the slaughter-house. Dan got through the window, and Nowell on to a beam. Harry hung by a hook, barely out of reach, and as the cow came at him, he lifted his legs, or the infuriated animal would have gored them. People were all this time shooting at the cow, from outside, and the slaughter-house was full of smoke, and no one will envy young Harry's suspense until he was released.

As a boy, he was fond of reading, Burns and Shakespeare being his favourite authors, and his mother used to say that if he had read the Bible as much as Shakespeare, he would have made a good preacher. We are not to infer from this that Mr. Nutter overlooked the finest piece of literature in the world. Indeed, up to the time of his death, he always read a chapter before going to Manchester, to attend the cotton market.

Mr. Nutter removed to Burnley about the year 1861. This was about the time that Mr. John Grey (father of the present Mr. Mitchell Grey, cotton manufacturer, Burnley Lane) arrived here from the same district, as also the late Mr. Thomas Bannister. This was a period when many men entered the cotton business, with a very modest capital, starting, in some cases, with fifty or even thirty looms. Mr. Nutter commenced in a small way, and, by dint of his energetic nature and business tact, he achieved a considerable meed of prosperity. He began with a few looms at Rake Head Mill, and these were added to from time to time, and he also became a spinner as well as a manufacturer. About 1878 or 1879, Mr. Nutter encountered evil days, and, like many others in Burnley, suffered severe losses. Trade was worse than had ever been known since he began business, and Mr. Nutter was hampered by the old mill which he had taken off Finsley Gate, with its old machinery, and other drawbacks. He ceased to be a cotton spinner and manufacturer in 1879, and has latterly been a cloth salesman in Manchester. No one could face a reverse more cheerfully than Henry Nutter, and the loss he sustained during that dark period in the history

of the cotton trade, never disturbed his genial temperament, or caused a single bitter word to escape his lips.

Mr. Nutter contested St. Peter's Ward in 1868, along with Mr. Whittaker, but they were defeated by the late Messrs. Cudworth and Denbigh. In 1869, he and Mr. Wiseman (who is still with us) fought Trinity Ward in the Liberal interest, and defeated the late Mr. Shephard and Mr. Harry Roberts. From that time, up to 1879, Mr. Nutter remained an active and useful member of the Corporation, and did much valuable work for the town during those ten years. He was a member of the Gas and Health Committees during the whole of this time. He was Chairman of the Health Department for two years, being appointed to that position on the death of Alderman Uttley. He also served on the Improvement Committee. Mr. Nutter, while an able and useful public servant, was a most agreeable colleague, and was looked upon as the humorist of the Council, whose proceedings he often enlivened by his ready wit. On one occasion, while he was Chairman of the Health Committee, somebody got up in the Council and asked what was meant by all the money that had been spent in painting the baths, which at that time were under the old Council Chamber (now the Technical School). Mr. Nutter explained the necessity for the outlay, and said he would be delighted if the members of the Council would some day accompany him to the baths in the cellars below, just to show their agility in the art of swimming. One member of the Aldermanic bench did venture into that gloomy keep, known as the swimming bath. Describing his adventures afterwards, Mr. Nutter said, "I never had the slightest idea, until then, of the specific gravity of an Alderman, for he sunk to the bottom just like a cellar-step."

Mr. Nutter has rendered valuable service to the Mechanics' Institute, in whose welfare he took a lively interest. He was a director from 1868 to 1879, and has been trustee from 1878 up to the time of his death. His good judgment and ready help were also of great value to his colleagues. He was a member of the Burnley Literary and Scientific Club from its earliest days, and a frequent contributor of papers on astronomy, evolution, and literary subjects. Up to a very short time ago, he was a very regular attender at the meetings, and frequently intervened in the debates. Mr. Nutter never spoke without having something to say worth listening to, and his presence was always appreciated by the other members. He was also president of the Literary and Philosophical Society from its commencement, and had arranged to give a paper on "Some Lancashire Writers whom I have known." Who were these writers? Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley, Laycock, Bealey, and a host of others, were proud to reckon Henry Nutter among their friends. He was almost as

well known at the Manchester Literary Club, which he joined in 1877, as he was at the Burnley Literary Societies, and wherever he went, in literary, scientific, or social circles, he made troops of friends.

Few men have done so much for the Liberal cause in Burnley as Mr. Nutter. He threw himself into the fight as soon as party organisation assumed definite shape in Burnley, as far back as the year 1866. He became one of the proprietors of the *Burnley Gazette*, when it was purchased by the Liberal party in 1867, and he remained a shareholder and director until the paper passed into the hands of the present proprietor, some seventeen years ago. Mr. Nutter was a frequent contributor to its columns up to the time of his death. The verses he published in book form in 1890, under the title of "Local Rhymes," first appeared in this paper. Mr. Nutter has taken an active part in every Parliamentary contest in the borough, and also in many of the municipal and School Board elections. There was no more welcome figure on any Radical platform in the district than that of Mr. Nutter, whose speeches would have saved any gathering from falling flat. Beneath his cheerful optimism and never-failing humour, there was an inspiring ring about all his addresses which never failed to tell. Mr. Nutter has been a member of the Executive Committee for a great many years, and the cessation of his wise counsel, his enthusiasm, and his ready help at all times, will be a severe loss to the party.

Mr. Nutter's fondness for books in his boyhood has already been referred to. He was a great reader all his life. In literature, Burns was his great idol. Deep has he drunk at this sparkling well, and his knowledge of everything that had been written about the great Scottish bard was unique. It has been said—we believe, by no less an authority than Mr. George Milner, the President of the Manchester Literary Club—that if all Burns's poetry, and all that had been written about him were lost, and Mr. Nutter survived, he could hand down to future generations a wonderfully accurate idea of the life and writings of Robert Burns. His lecture on his favourite poet must have been given hundreds of times to audiences all over the district, and in places far removed, and thousands have partaken of the rich treat which Mr. Nutter's "Nights with Burns" afforded. The Scottish ploughman doubtless inspired many of Mr. Nutter's choicest rhymes. As Henry Houlding expresses it in his poem addressed to his old friend—

"You've had your Burns, you have him still;
I have my Shakespeare, my sweet Will;
Pure fountains from the heavenly hill,
And blest are they,
Who of such waters drink their fill,
In life's brief day.

Both you and I have sat on stools,
Of harder wood, with harder tools
Than pen or pencil: in such schools,
The truth to tell,
Without much aid of bookish rules,
We learned to spell.

. . . . . .

And still you sing your songs of cheer,
You care not though the critics sneer.
Why should you? Humble souls sincere
Accept the lay:
You pipe away from year to year,
A minstrel gay.

So should it be, my festive spark,
We never weary of the lark,
And in this world of care and cark,
We need your gladness,
For sure the world is all too dark
For songs of sadness."

Aptly indeed has Mr. Houlding described the dominant note of Mr. Nutter's muse. He was "a minstrel gay," and in many of his "songs of gladness" the melody flows as smoothly as in some of the lyrics of the Scottish bard. Mr. Nutter's rhymes were mostly inspired by passing local events. Years ago, when he was the central figure at Cronkshaw's annual dinner, he had always a topical rhyme for the New Year's Eve gathering, in which he hit off most happily the local questions of the hour, and enshrined many of the leading figures at these gatherings in sweetly-flowing numbers. The Literary and Scientific Club has also its history written in verse. Many pieces are addressed to various literary friends. Among the gems of the volume are "Healey Height," "Old Jim, the Engineer," and "The Girl in the Calico Dress." Through all his writings there breathed the spirit of his kindly and benevolent heart. One would gladly cull a few gems from the volume, but space forbids.

Mr. Nutter's reading was by no means confined to the great singers of the past. He was a great admirer of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Faraday, and had a most intimate acquaintance with their works. He was the pioneer of Darwinism in Burnley, and stoutly upheld the theory of evolution in this district at a time when it was by no means so generally accepted as it is to-day. Mr. Nutter gave many lectures and papers on the Darwinian theory, and he named his house after the great philosopher. He was the best authority for miles round on "Astronomy," and his lectures on this subject were full of valuable information.

Mr. Nutter's sunny nature made him a great favourite anywhere, and no one who knew the man could help loving him. No one was fonder of a harmless joke and a good story, and few

were so full of them as Henry Nutter himself. The tales with which he has entertained the social circles wherein he was wont to mingle would fill a volume. Many of his friends will recall the tale of the blacksmith, in a village not many miles from Burnley, who was terribly bothered about his neighbour the butcher. "I dooant know about B—— yonder," said the honest blacksmith, "he's a bit of a puzzle. He goes to chapel every S—S—Sunday, and asks the Lord to forgive him his s—s—sins, and then he starts on a Monday morning, and l—l—lies with every paend o' meat he sells. And then he goes to chapel again on a Sunday morning, and asks the Lord to forgive him his s—s—sins, and then he b—b—begins lying agin on Monday morning. If I were the Lord, I'd see him d—— first."

Mr. Henry Nutter took an active part in the Chartist movement, and had lively recollections of the plug-drawing days. He tells an amusing story of a meeting of plug-drawers, at Skipton, at which he was present as a spectator. Suddenly the word went round, "The soldiers are coming," and the stampede began. One poor fellow, with a wooden leg, darted off as quickly as the rest, but, unluckily, the wooden leg stuck fast in the soft ground, and he couldn't get it out. But, with a terrible wrench, he broke it in two, leaving part of it stuck in the ground, and away he hopped on one leg. Mr. Nutter had many entertaining election tales.

As an evidence of his kindly nature, it may be mentioned that he has brought many a little thing from Manchester for people who couldn't afford to make the journey, and no fee or reward would he ever accept. On one occasion a man, whom Mr. Nutter had never seen or heard of before, asked him to buy a musical instrument which had been advertised by a person in Manchester. Knowing Mr. Nutter's musical taste, the man went to him, and asked him if he would mind looking at it for him. Mr. Nutter cheerfully agreed, and travelled about two miles from the Exchange to the address given. Mr. Nutter examined the instrument, and told the man what he thought about it; and wouldn't listen to any recompense for his time and trouble.

When any of his friends were sick, how often were his calls, and how cheering his words of encouragement. His very presence breathed comfort and hope. He sat up with the late Mr. John Gray through many a long night, and before he died, Mr. Gray declared that he was one of the noblest souls that ever lived.

The world will never know of many of his acts of kindness, and quiet benevolence, for, as our immortal bard expressed it, he had—

> "A heart to pity, and a hand
> Open as day, for melting charity."

To speak of the numerous friendships he has formed in literary, scientific, and social life, would be too long a chapter. Every-

body who knew Henry Nutter loved him, and those who knew him best loved him most.

"His life was gentle: and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

IN MEMORIAM.—HENRY NUTTER.

"Honest Harry, ever smiling,
Every hour of time beguiling,
With some pleasant word or action,
Healing, never creating faction.
Homely muse, poetic fire,
Thrilled his bosom with the higher
Thoughts, that only few can speak—
Thoughts which bind, and never break
Man from man, but each life blending,
In a friendship never ending.
None mistook the cheerful grace
Centering on his homely face,
And admired his sterling grit,
Gentle words and sparkling wit;
But to know him was to know
One whose heart could never grow
Cold and distant, but could cheer
Saddened minds with trouble near.
Harry, though thy form may perish,
Still thy honest name we'll cherish."

—*George Hindle.*

[BY AN OLD FRIEND.]

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

The dread and mysterious power, which men call death, has taken from our midst one whom all men loved. Yesterday, Henry Nutter passed from "this our mortal life," and it is not too much to say, that no man in Burnley will be more sincerely mourned. And yet, Henry Nutter was not a great man—as the world counts greatness. Wealth he had not, nor rank, nor position. Although no man more deserved success, nor worked harder than he, nor more perseveringly. Yet fortune seemed ever to take a delight in frustrating his efforts—such efforts as have secured for many amongst us honourable distinction, and a fair competency. But, though fortune might, and did prevent him securing what many less worthy and less able men have in abundance, yet fortune could not prevent him winning the love and respect of all who knew him. And it may be claimed for Henry Nutter that, in many respects, he was most truly great. Great in tenderness for the weak and fallen; great in sympathy for all that was good; great in a quiet kind of bravery that would have led him to take a stand for the right, if he stood alone, and a world was against him. At those remarkable gatherings on New Year's Eve, at Cronkshaw's, over which he

has often presided, he has more than once, in his own inimitable, genial way, reminded the worthy magistrates present that "'tis human to err," and that in their administration of justice, they should ever remember that "mercy is twice blessed," and that "earthly power doth then show lik'st God's, when mercy seasons justice." And few men, according to their means, have been more helpful to those who needed help most. Here before us is a letter from dear Ben Brierley—"Ab-o'-th'-Yate"—to Henry Nutter, in which he pours out his soul in sad complaint that the pension, which he hoped for in his old age and sickness, was not forthcoming. The men who have sung so well and sweetly of the homely joys and sorrows of Lancashire men and women, were among the trusting friends of Henry Nutter. And one especially of those whose names are known in literary circles, could tell of dark days, when without means, and with the bailiffs in the home, knowing not where to turn for help and relief, Henry Nutter came forward, uninvited, and at a cost of twenty pounds to himself, he gave the help that was so sorely needed. And no man had ever sunnier disposition. The trials of life—and of these he had full share—he met with a cheerfulness that was good to see. But this was part of the goodness and greatness of the man. In that lone judgment chamber to which he has been called, Henry Nutter may walk with firm step. There, where popular clamours avail not—where fame's trumpet is not heard—there, the sweet and gentle, and kindly man, whose loss we all mourn to-day, may be left, for there the perfect law of righteousness holds its silent sway, and to good men and true—men of "the guinea stamp"—there can no evil come.—*Burnley Gazette.*

JAMES BEGG SHAW.

By the death of Mr. James Begg Shaw, which took place on Monday, February 21st, 1898, at his residence, The Beeches, Didsbury, an interesting figure in Manchester life has passed away. Mr. Shaw was sixty years of age. His father, Mr. John Shaw, was a Manchester brewer, and carried on business in City Road. There were three sons, each of whom was distinguished in his way. The eldest, Mr. John Begg Shaw, M.A., was a barrister, and author of a book of poems entitled "Chiming Trifles." He died in 1880. Mr. William Henry Shaw, who died in 1877, also published "Sonnets and other Poems."

Mr. Shaw was a man of varied talents. A fine musician and of nice judgment in musical matters, he was for a while honorary organist of St. Peter's Church, and for many years gave the benefit of his knowledge in the selection of hymns arranged for the Manchester Church of England Sunday Schools for Whitsun week.

Mr. Shaw took deep interest in the Whit-Monday procession, and acted as honorary secretary to the Committee who make the annual arrangements for the great outdoor gathering of the Church scholars and teachers. Two or three years ago the Committee presented to Mr. Shaw a ship's chronometer as a mark of their appreciation for the long and kindly services rendered on their behalf, and in token of their esteem for his personal worth.

Mr. Shaw was one of the original members of the British Astronomical Association, and took an active part in the formation of the North-Western branch, whose meetings are held in this city. The moon and planets were his especial line of study, and with the aid of his telescope, and a four and a half inch refractor, he did much important work. A member of the Council of the Manchester branch, he was regular in his attendance at the meetings, and from time to time made contributions to the proceedings. He possessed a considerable collection of rare and out-of-the-way books on astronomical matters, and some of them were shown at the conversazioni held in connection with the Society. He was one of the party of members who represented Manchester on the island of Vadso, Norway, in August, 1896, on the occasion of the eclipse of the sun. Astronomers gathered there from almost all parts of the world fully equipped to make observations, but the result was disappointing. Whilst in Norway Mr. Shaw visited the Trondhjem Cathedral, and had there a private conversation with the King of Belgium on music and the church organ. Mr. Shaw had with him his presentation chronometer, and made good use of it during the expedition.

He had been a member of the Manchester Literary Club for ten years, having been elected in 1888, and attended the meetings up to the time of his last illness. Although an effective public speaker, being always brief and to the point, he seldom joined in the discussions, preferring rather to play the part of an appreciative listener. He did, however, read several papers before the members of the Club.

For eleven years Mr. Shaw was a member of the old Stretford Local Board, and for two years, 1893-94, its Chairman. He interested himself in the public library movement, and it was during his chairmanship of the Stretford Local Board that the Free Libraries' Act was adopted in the district. The first general election of members of the new District Council took place in December, 1894, and Mr. Shaw was defeated. Holding strong views on cremation he joined the Manchester Crematorium Company on its formation, and kept a watchful eye on its progress.

A man of wide reading and retentive memory, Mr. Shaw was a charming companion, and in private conversation one got a

glimpse of his worth. His widow is the eldest daughter of the late Alderman William Booth, Mayor of Manchester for two years in the early seventies, and who died fifteen years ago. In politics Mr. Shaw was a Liberal.

The funeral took place at the Crematorium, Withington. The mourners included Messrs. John Shaw and F. Shaw, sons of Mr. Shaw; Misses R. C. Shaw, J. M. Shaw, M. J. Shaw, J. B. Shaw, daughters; Sir Bosdin and Lady Leech, Dr. Gardner, the Rev. W. Bedford, Messrs. James Walthew, A. H. Shaw, J. B. M'Kerrow, W. Harold Rudford, and A. B. Garside. There were also present Councillor J. Ernest Phythian (chairman of the Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation, of which Mr. Shaw was a Royal Institution member), Mr. Charles J. Pooley (also a member), Mr. William Stansfield (curator of the City Art Gallery); Messrs. George Milner (President of the Literary Club), Thomas Derby, William Dinsmore, and W. A. Petty (members of the Club); Mr. Milner, together with Mr. Nathan Meadowcroft, attended on behalf of the Whit-Monday Procession Committee; Messrs. John Slyman (chairman of the Stretford District Council), Charles Estcourt (vice-chairman), W. M. Mitchell, and Frank Whitworth (clerk), represented the Council; Mr. Thomas Weir attended on behalf of the North-Western Branch of the British Astronomical Association; Messrs. Henry Simon, Benjamin Armitage (Chomlea), F. Smallman, J. Harvey Simpson (of the Crematorium Company), and others.—*Manchester City News.*

List of Members, 1897-8.

ABBOTT, John R., Poplar Grove, Swinton.
ABBOTT, T. C., Netherley, Langham Road, Bowdon.
ABERCROMBIE, William, Lyngarth, Brooklands.
ALLEN, Alfred, 13, Cumberland Street, Lower Broughton.
ANDREW, James, Woodlea, Wellington Road, Alexandra Park.
ANDREW, J. D., Lyme View, Davenport, Stockport.
ANGELL, John, F.C.S., 6, Beaconsfield, Derby Road, Withington.
ANGELOFF, Joseph, 6, Hall Street, Manchester.
ARNOLD, W. T., 75, Nelson Street, Oxford Road, Manchester.
ATTKINS, Edgar, 69, Burton Road, Withington.
AXON, William E. A., 47, Derby Street, Moss Side.

BAILEY, Sir William Henry, Kt., Sale Hall, Cheshire.
BARBER, Geo., 15, Belgrave Crescent, Eccles.
BARBER, Reginald, 24, Lorne Grove, Fallowfield.
BARKER, Fred., 3, York Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
BATESON, Harold D., Ashleigh, Woolton, near Liverpool.
BAUGH, Joseph, Edendale, Whalley Range.
BECKER, Alex. Von, Lancaster Avenue, Fennel Street, Manchester.
BEHRENS, Gustav, J.P., 36, Princess Street, Manchester.
BELL, Geo. H., 38, Lansdowne Road, Crumpsall.
BELLAMY, C. H., F.R.G.S., Belmont, Brook Road, Heaton Chapel.
BELLHOUSE, James, Sunny Bank, Stamford Road, Bowdon.
BENNETT, Robert J., 17, Cooper Street, Manchester.
BENNIE, Andrew, District Bank, Manchester.
BERRY, James, Mayfield, Grimsargh, Preston.
BESWICK, F. A., The Lymes, Priory Road, Bowdon.
BLEASE, William Thomas, 76, Broad Street, Pendleton.
BLOMELEY, Samuel, Annfield, Barlow Moor Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
BOOTE, George Harvey, 63, Brown Street, Manchester.
BRADLEY, Francis E., LL.D., 2, St. James's Square, Manchester.
BRADLEY, Nathaniel, 10, College Road, Whalley Range.

BRIERLEY, James, J.P., Fairfield.
BROCKLEHURST, John Henry, 73, Derby Street, Moss Side.
BRODERICK, L., Wilmslow, Cheshire.
BROOKS, S. H., Slade House, Levenshulme.
BUCKLEY, W. S., West Clyne, Stretford.
BURDITT, G. F., Lyndhurst, Heaton Chapel.
BURGESS, John, Cheadle Hulme.
BURGESS, W. V., 9, York Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
BURTON, John Henry, Warrenlea, Ashton-under-Lyne.
BUTTERWORTH, Walter, 20, Burlington Road, Withington.

CALVERT, Louis, Brasenose Club, Mosley Street, Manchester.
CAMPBELL, H. E., Ducie Buildings, Bank Street, Manchester.
CHATWOOD, Samuel, Bolton.
CHRISTIE, Richard Copley, M.A., LL.D., Ribsden, Bagshot, Surrey.
CHRYSTAL, R. S., 11, Market Street, Manchester.
CLAY, Lawrence, Thornleigh, Hawthorne Lane, Wilmslow.
CLEGG, James W., Hindsford House, Tyldesley.
CLOUGH, William, Manchester and Salford Bank, Mosley Street, Manchester.
COBLEY, T. R., Brook Villas, Church Lane, Harpurhey.
COCKS, John, Brook Side, Romiley.
COLLIER, W. H., Holly Bank, Sale.
CREDLAND, William Robert, Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.
CROSLAND, J. F. L., M.Inst.C.E., M.Inst.M.E., Belcombe, Hale, Cheshire.

DALE, J. M., 12, Victoria Avenue, Didsbury.
DARLING, William H., F.C.S., 126, Oxford Road, Manchester.
DAVENPORT, James, Highcroft, Hale, Bowdon.
DAVIES, John, 61, Carter Street, Greenheys.
DEAN, W. H., Monton Street, Greenheys.
DERBY, Thomas, 31, Mary Street, Harpurhey.
DINSMORE, William, 16, Chestnut Street, Hightown.
DUMVILLE, Nathaniel, 119, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.

EASTWOOD, John Adam, Ashfield, Peel Moat Road, Heaton Moor.
EDMESTON, Alfred, Didsbury House, Ellesmere Park, Eccles.
EDMONDS, Daniel, 7, Studley Terrace, Moss Lane East, Moss Side.
ELLAM, James, 29, Barlow Street, Moss Side.

FLEMING, Wm. J., 41, Longford Place, Victoria Park, Manchester.
FLETCHER, Ernest, Birchville, Edgeley Road, Stockport.
FOARD, James T., Victoria Park, Rusholme.
FORREST, Rev. Jas., M.A., 3, Cromwell Terrace, Ashton-on-Mersey.
FOX, Rev. A. W., M.A., Fielden Hotel, Todmorden.

FRASER, J. Drummond, London and Midland Bank, King Street Manchester.
FULLERTON, Hugh, Brackenhoe, Clarendon Road, Sale.
FUNDUKLIAN, K., 31, Major Street, Manchester.

GANNON, Henry, Hesketh Avenue, Barlow Moor Road, Didsbury.
GARSIDE, Harrison, York Place, Oxford Road.
GIBSON, Robert, Montague House, Old Trafford.
GLEAVE, J. J., 31, Withington Road, Whalley Range.
GOODACRE, J. A., Firwood Hill, Disley.
GORDON, Rev. Alex., 15, York Place, Oxford Road, Manchester.
GRADWELL, Samuel, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire.
GRANTHAM, John, Rothsay Place, Old Trafford.
GRAY, George William, Craigmore, Bentinck Road, Altrincham.
GREGORY, Joseph, Whalley Cottage, Whalley Range.
GROVES, J. G., Oldfield Hall, Altrincham.
GRUNDY, John, 2, Westfield, Steven Street, Stretford.
GRUNDY, T. C., 6, Mount Broughton, Higher Broughton.

HADFIELD, Edward, Barr Hill, Bolton Road, Pendleton.
HALL, John, Chorley New Road, Bolton.
HALL, Oscar S., Park Cottage, Bury.
HARDACRE, J. Pitt, Arts Club, Albert Square, Manchester.
HARDCASTLE, Wm., 24, Tib Street, Manchester.
HARVEY, Wm., Nantwich.
HEALEY, George, F.R.M.S., Brantfield, Bowness.
HEIGHWAY, Thomas, Beechmount, Marple, Cheshire.
HEYWOOD, Abel, Oldham Street, Manchester.
HIGENBOTTAM, George, 117, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.
HINMERS, Edward, St. Arnold's, Broadoak, Eccles
HOBSON, T. Arthur S., The Paddock, Ashton-on-Mersey.
HODGE, James, 84, Lloyd Street, Greenheys.
HOGG, Percy, Silverlands, Bowdon.
HOLLINS, J. G., 5, Teviot Street, Longsight.
HOOKE, Richard, M.A.A., Kersal Dale, Higher Broughton.
HORKHEIMER, Otho, Moorlands, Didsbury.
HORSFALL, T. C., J.P., Swanscoe Park, Macclesfield.
HOWORTH, Sir Henry H., M.P., F.S.A., 30, Collingham Place, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.
HUGHES, Joseph D., 72, Marlborough Road, Hightown.
HUGHES, T. Cann, M.A., Town Hall, Lancaster.
HULME, Ed., jun., Brookfield, Whaley Bridge, Stockport.
HUMPHREYS, Arthur, 109, Clyde Road, West Didsbury.
HUTTON, Alfred, 71, Dover Street, Higher Crumpsall.

IRELAND, Edward, 25, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.

JOHNSON, W. Noel, Oakfield Cottage, Stamford Road, Bowdon.
JONES, William, J.P., Nassau House, Eccles.

KARAGHEUSIAN, Aram, 7, Brazennose Street, Manchester.
KAY, John, 36, Dean Lane, Failsworth.
KAY, Thomas, J.P., Moorfield, Stockport.
KELYNACK, T. N., M.D., Moss House, Rusholme
KNOWLES, William, Alderley Lodge, Droylsden.

LAMBERT, J. J., 83, Mosley Street, Manchester.
LANGTON, Robert, Church Cottage, Bexley, Kent
LARRSON, Emile, 63, Whitworth Street, Manchester.
LAW, Edwin, 56, Cromwell Road, Patricroft.
LEA, John, Lily Bank, Hereford Road, Sale.
LEDWARD, H. D., The Uplands, Winton Road, Bowdon.
LEECH, Arthur, 14, Halliwell Street, Cheetham.
LINGS, G. S., Apsley House, Fallowfield.
LINGS, Thomas, Beech House, Northenden.
LONGDEN, A. W., Linwood, Marple.

MCBURNIE, John M., Bella Vista, Alderley Edge,
MACLAREN, R. D., 76, Mosley Street, Manchester.
MANDLEY, James George de T., J.P., 23, Wellington Street, Higher Broughton.
MARSDEN, Richard, 25, Clyde Road, Didsbury.
MARSHALL, Samuel C., 15, Talbot Street, Ladybarn, Fallowfield.
MASSEY, Samuel, 352, Moss Lane East, Moss Side.
MATHER, J. Marshall, Elizabeth Street, Cheetham.
MEHLHAUS, Wm., Bowdon View, Peel Causeway.
MELLOR, Charles, Ray Mead, Beaver Park, Didsbury.
MERCER, Edmund, 17, Withy Grove, Manchester.
MILNER, George, J.P., Elmscot, Timperley.
MINTON, E. E., District Bank, Bury.
MONKHOUSE, A. N., Disley, Cheshire.
MORTIMER, John, 96, Lloyd Street, Greenheys.
MOSS, James, 99, Fitzwarren Street, Seedley.
MUNN, W. W., Ashfield, Spring Road, Peel Causeway.

NEILD, Charles, 19, Chapel Walks, Manchester.
NEEDHAM, C. T., B.A., Ellesmere Park, Eccles.
NEEDHAM, Thomas Ashby, B.A., Ashley Lane, Moston.
NEWBIGGING, Thomas, M. Inst. C.E., The Limes, Fulshaw.
NEWTON, Richard, Devonshire Road, Buxton.
NICHOLSON, Albert, 62, Fountain Street, Manchester.
NICHOLSON, J. Holme, M.A., Ellerhow, Wilmslow.

NICKSON, Charles, *Bowdon Guardian* Office, Altrincham.
NODAL, John H., The Grange, Heaton Moor, Stockport.
NORBURY, Jonathan, Carrick, Port Lewaigue, Ramsey, Isle of Man.

OGDEN, J. N., 59, Piccadilly, Manchester.
OLDHAM, J. B., B.A., St. Peter's Gate, Stockport.
OPPENHEIMER, L. J., 8, Manley Road, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

PAGE, John, Ash Villa, Stretford Road, Old Trafford
PARRY, His Honour Judge E. A., Holland House, Withington.
PEARSON, George, Southside, Wilmslow.
PEEL, Robert, Fulshaw Avenue, Wilmslow.
PERCY, William, 226, Great Western Street, Upper Lloyd Street, Moss Side.
PETTY, Alfred M., 2, Marsden Street, Brown Street, Manchester.
PHYTHIAN, J. Ernest, The Cottage, Holmes Chapel.
PITCHER, W. N., 49, Cross Street, Manchester.
POLLIT, John, Wilmslow.
POTTER, Charles, Llanbedr Lodge, Conway.
PRATT, H. Tinsley, Claremont Villa, Lorne Road, Fallowfield.
PREECE, John, Bella Vista, George Mellor Road, Ashton-under-Lyne.
PRESTAGE, Edgar, B.A., Chiltern, Bowdon.
PRICE, Harry L., Grangeville, Grosvenor Road, Whalley Range.

RAMSDEN, William F., M.D., Dobcross, Saddleworth.
REDFERN, B. A., 4, Lever Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.
RHODIN, J. G. A., 47, Victoria Buildings, Market Street, Manchester.
RILEY, Thos., Rosthwaite, Stafford Road, Ellesmere Park, Eccles.
ROBINSON, Benjamin, Zurich Villa, Pendleton.
ROSS, R. M., 6, South Street, Manchester.
ROWCLIFFE, W. E., 30, Cross Street, Manchester.
ROYLE, William A., 17, Cooper Street, Manchester.

SANDBACH, J. E., Brearley, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
SANDBACH, J. F. L., Wilbraham Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
SCHOFIELD, Sim, Auburn Bank, New Moston, Failsworth.
SCHUMACHER, A., 45, Bootle Street, Manchester.
SCOTT, Arthur R., 17, Clarendon Terrace, Sandy Lane, Stockport.
SCOTT, Fred, 33, Brazennose Street, Manchester.
SELBIE, R. H., Abbey Grove, Eccles.
SEVER, W. M., Fern Bank, Conway.
SHAKLIAN, A., 24, Keppel Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
SHAW, Geo. A., 45, St. Peter's Gate, Stockport.
SHEPHERD, Thos., Carlisle House, Broad Walk, Buxton.
SHERRATT, John, 24, Palm Street, Longsight.
SHIELDS, Frederick J., A.S.P.W., 7, Lodge Place, St. John's Wood, London.

SHONE, George, 26, Steven Street, Stretford.
SINCLAIR, Wm. J., M.D., 268, Oxford Road, Manchester.
SLATTER, Henry, J.P., 69, Ducie Grove, Chorlton-on-Medlock.
SMITH, Francis, 151, Chorlton Road, Hulme.
SOUTHAM, John, Moss Bank, Whitelow Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.
SOUTHERN, James W., J.P., Burnage Lodge, Burnage Lane, Levenshulme.
SOUTHWARD, Henry, 35, Northern Grove, Didsbury.
SOWERBUTTS, Eli, Grassbrow House, Blackley.
SPEAKMAN, Walter, 302, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester.
SPENCER, G. A., 1, Church Street, Manchester.
STANSFIELD, Abraham, Kersal Moor, Manchester.
STERLING, Wm., Platt Lane, Rusholme.
STERN, W., Stoneleigh, Swinton Park.
STIRLING, John, 2, Lansdowne Road, Albert Park, Didsbury.
STOTT, Samuel, Wood Lawn, Grove Avenue, Wilmslow.
SUTCLIFFE, Jackson, Tineholme Villas, Todmorden.
SUTTON, Charles W., Reference Library, King Street, Manchester.

TALLENT-BATEMAN, Charles T., 64, Cross Street, Manchester
TATTERSALL, William, Melbrook, Bowdon.
TAYLOR, Alex., 18, St. Mary's Place, Bury.
THAMSEN, N. P., 72, Clyde Road, Didsbury.
THOMAS, George, 72A, Deansgate, Manchester.
THOMSON, Wm, Royal Institution, Princess Street, Manchester.
THORNBER, H., Broad Road, Sale.
TOMLINSON, Walter, 21, Alexandra Grove, Plymouth Grove.
TUCKER, Thos. Ford, 100, King Street, Manchester.
TYRER, Cuthbert Evan, B.A., St. Luke's Vicarage, Walton, Liverpool.

UDALL, R. J., 29, Albert Road, Withington.

VEEVERS, Harrison, M. Inst. C.E., Hall Green, Dukinfield.

WADE, Richard, 23a, George Street, Manchester.
WAINWRIGHT, Joel, Finchwood, Marple Bridge.
WALKER, John, 8, York Terrace, Bury.
WALKER, J. A., Baerlein and Co., Blackfriars Street, Manchester.
WARBURTON, Samuel, Langley, Broughton Park, Manchester.
WARDEN, Henry F., 5, Brighton Grove, Rusholme.
WATKINSON, Henry, 34, John Dalton Street, Manchester.
WHITEHEAD, Wm., 6, Lawn Grove, Fallowfield.
WILCOCK, John, 77, Cecil Street, Greenheys.
WILKINSON, T. R., Vale Bank, Knutsford.
WILLIAMS, James, 4, Walnut Street, Hightown.
WRIGHT, Edward, Alton Towers, Chorlton-cum-Hardy.

YATES, Geo. C., F.S.A., Dean's Villa, Swinton.

List of Members.

SHOWING THE YEAR OF ELECTION.

1862—John Page.
1863-5—Charles Potter.
,, Geo. Healey.
,, William Percy.
1867—W. F. Ramsden, M.D.
1868—Harrison Veevers.
,, T. Newbigging.
1869—J. H. Nodal.
1872—John Mortimer.
,, George Milner.
1873—Samuel Gradwell.
1874—James W. Southern.
,, W. E. A. Axon.
,, Walter Tomlinson.
,, James Brierley.
,, John Adam Eastwood.
,, Richard Newton.
,, Eli Sowerbutts.
,, Samuel Warburton.
1875—Albert Nicholson.
,, Charles W. Sutton.
,, Alfred Allen.
,, Benjamin A. Redfern.
,, Abel Heywood.
,, Henry Watkinson.
,, Gustav Behrens.
1876—Sir William H. Bailey.
,, Sir Henry H. Howorth, M.P.
,, John H. Burton.
,, R. J. Udall.
,, William Jones.
,, Richard Wade.
1877—John Hall.
,, John Angell, F.C.S.
,, John Cocks.
,, R. M. Ross.
,, Robert Langton.
,, T. Read Wilkinson.
,, Wm. Abercrombie.
1877—Henry Gannon.
,, Thomas C. Horsfall.
,, J. F. L. Crosland, M. Inst. C.E.
1878—William H. Darling.
,, R. Copley Christie, M.A.
,, Edwin Law.
1879—James George de T. Mandley.
,, James Andrew.
1880—Thomas Heighway.
,, Alfred M. Petty.
,, Abraham Stansfield.
,, William A. Royle.
,, Robert J. Bennett.
,, H. D. Ledward.
,, Thomas Kay.
1881—Henry F. Warden.
,, T. R. Cobley.
,, W. H. Dean.
,, John Grantham.
,, James John Lambert
,, Edgar Attkins.
,, George Pearson.
1882—J. A. Goodacre.
1883—Wm. Robert Credland.
,, Chas. T. Tallent-Bateman.
,, Wm. J. Sinclair, M.A., M.D.
,, W. W. Munn.
,, W. T. Arnold, M.A.
,, Richard Hooke, M.A.
1884—F. E. Bradley, LL.B.
,, Alfred Edmeston.
,, James Bellhouse.
,, Joel Wainwright.
,, Reghald Barber.
,, J. B. Oldham, B.A.
1885—H. Thornber.
,, Andrew Bennie.
,, James Moss.
,, Frederick Scott.
1886—Geo. Wm. Gray.
,, Henry Slatter, J.P.
,, J. G. Hollins.
,, William Dinsmore.
,, J. Ernest Phythian
,, Wm. Clough.
,, T. C. Abbott.
1887—Edward Hadfield.
,, James Berry.
,, Sam. Chatwood.
,, Thos. Lings.
,, Alex. Taylor.
1888—Daniel Edmonds.
,, Jonathan Norbury.
,, Thos. Derby.
,, Jas. T. Foard.
,, Jos. Baugh.
,, R. S. Chrystal.
,, A. W. Longden.
,, E. E. Minton.
,, A. N. Monkhouse.
,, Robert Peel.
,, W. E. Rowcliffe.
,, Thos. Shepherd.
,, Wm. Sterling.
,, John Walker.
,, Edmund Mercer.
1890—Harold D. Bateson
,, Oscar S. Hall.
,, William Harvey.
1891—J. D. Andrew.
,, Walter Butterworth.
1892—L. Broderick.
,, S. H. Brooks.
,, T. C. Grundy.
,, Ed. Hinmers.

1892—W. Noel Johnson.
,, Samuel C. Marshall.
,, Charles Mellor.
,, Chas. Nickson.
,, Wm. Sever.
,, J. A. Walker.
,, Geo. C. Yates, F.S.A.
1893—C. H. Bellamy.
,, J. E. Sandbach
,, John Southam.
,, Sim Schofield.
,, J. N. Ogden.
,, G. S. Lings.
,, James Hodge.
,, Robert Gibson.
,, Richard Marsden.
,, Harrison Garside.
1894—J. H. Brocklehurst.
,, Rev. A. W. Fox.
,, Joseph Gregory.
,, J. Pitt Hardacre.
,, John Preece.
,, John Willcock.
,, James Williams.
,, Edward Ireland.
,, N. P. Thamsen.
,, Alfred Hutton.
,, John Kay.
,, Henry Southward.
,, Wm. Thomson.
,, W. V. Burgess.
,, W. H. Collier.
,, Jas. Ellam.
,, Jas. Davenport.
,, Ernest Fletcher.
,, Rev. Alex. Gordon.
,, J. J. Gleave.
,, Wm. Hardcastle.
,, Wm. Mehlhaus.
,, L. J. Oppenheimer.
1894—H. E. Campbell.
1895—Samuel Blomeley.
,, J. W. Clegg.
,, John Davies.
,, Hugh Fullerton.
,, Geo. Higenbottam.
,, T. C. Hughes.
,, Arthur Humphreys.
,, T. N. Kelynack.
,, John Lea.
,, J. Marshall Mather.
,, Edgar Prestage.
,, Geo. Shone.
,, Wm. Whitehead.
1896—Wm. Thos. Blease.
,, Nathaniel Bradley.
,, G. F. Burditt.
,, Louis Calvert.
,, Lawrence Clay.
,, J. M. Dale.
,, Nathaniel Dumville.
,, J. Drummond Fraser.
,, T. Arthur Hobson.
,, Percy Hogg.
,, Joseph Hughes.
,, R. D. Maclaren.
,, J. Holme Nicholson.
,, Judge E. A. Parry.
,, H. Tinsley Pratt.
,, Harry L. Price.
,, Benjamin Robinson.
,, Thomas Riley.
,, John Sherratt.
,, Walter Speakman.
,, John Stirling.
,, Wm. Tattersall.
,, Thos. Ford Tucker.
,, Edward Wright.
1897—Jos. Angeloff.
,, Geo. Barber.
1897—Geo. H. Boote.
,, W. S. Buckley.
,, John Burgess.
,, K. Funduklian.
,, J. G. Groves.
,, Ed. Hulme.
,, Wm. Knowles.
,, C. T. Needham.
,, Charles Neild.
,, J. F. L. Sandbach.
,, A. Schumacher.
,, A. R. Scott.
,, R. H. Selbie.
,, A. Shaklian.
,, Geo. A. Shaw.
,, Francis Smith.
,, W. Stern.
1898—John R. Abbott.
,, Fred. Barker.
,, Alex. Von Becker.
,, Geo. H. Bell.
,, F. A. Beswick.
,, W. J. Fleming.
,, Rev. Jas. Forrest, M.A.
,, John Grundy.
,, Otho Horkheimer.
,, Aram Karagheusian.
,, Emile Larrson.
,, Arthur Leech.
,, John M. McBurnie.
,, Samuel Massey.
,, Thos. Ashby Needham, B.A.
,, W. N. Pitcher.
,, John Pollit.
,, J. G. A. Rhodin.
,, Samuel Stott.
,, Jackson Sutcliffe.
,, Geo. Thomas.

Honorary Members.

1875—Fred. J. Shields, A.S.P.W.
1890—William Percy.
1892—Robert Langton.

Rules.

The objects of the Manchester Literary Club are :—

1. To encourage the pursuit of Literature and Art; to promote research in the several departments of intellectual work; and to further the interests of Authors and Artists in Lancashire.
2. To publish from time to time works illustrating or elucidating the art, literature, and history of the county.
3. To provide a place of meeting where persons interested in the furtherance of these objects can associate together.

1.

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership of the Club shall be limited to authors, journalists, men of letters, painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, musical composers, members of the learned professions and of English and Foreign universities, librarians, and generally persons engaged or specially interested in literary or artistic pursuits.

The Club shall consist of ordinary, corresponding, and honorary members. The nomination of a candidate for ordinary and corresponding membership must be entered in the candidates' book and signed by a member, who shall state the qualifications of the candidate. (It is desirable that the nominee should attend a meeting of the Club before the ballot is taken.) It shall be competent for the Council to submit to the Club for election as a corresponding member any person having the necessary qualification, but being resident at a considerable distance from the city of Manchester. Corresponding members shall be entitled to receive a copy of the "Papers," and to all the privileges of ordinary members when temporarily in Manchester. All nominations shall

be posted on the notice board. The ballot shall be taken by the Council (acting as a Ballot Committee) at their next ordinary meeting. A majority of two-thirds shall be requisite to secure election.

Nominations for honorary membership shall be made by three subscribing members, and entered in the candidates' book, stating the grounds of the nomination. The voting shall take place in the same manner as for ordinary and corresponding members.

Each new member shall have his election notified to him by the Honorary Secretary, and shall, at the same time, be furnished with a copy of the Rules of the Club, and be required to remit to the Treasurer, within one month, his entrance fee and subscription. If the same be unpaid one month after his election, his name may be struck off the list of members, unless he can justify the delay to the satisfaction of the Council. No new member (other than honorary) shall participate in any of the advantages of the Club until he has paid his entrance fee and subscription.

2.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The subscription for ordinary members shall be one guinea, and for corresponding members half a guinea per annum, payable in advance on the 29th of September in each year, and shall be paid to the Treasurer. New members, ordinary or corresponding, shall also pay an entrance fee of one guinea. The Council shall have power to transfer the name of an ordinary member to the list of corresponding members. No member whose subscription is unpaid on the 1st of November shall be entitled to vote at any meeting.

Any member may resign on giving one month's notice to the Honorary Secretary before the first Monday in October, otherwise he shall pay his subscription for the following session. The Council shall have power to remove the name of any member whose subscription is at least one year in arrear.

All arrears may be sued for in the name of the President, Treasurer, or Honorary Secretary for the time being, in the Manchester County Court. See 17 and 18 Vic., cap. 112, sec. 25.

3.

MEETINGS.

The ordinary session shall begin on the first Monday in October, and terminate on the last Monday in March, unless the Council deem it desirable to hold further meetings in April. Special meetings may be held during the vacation at the discretion of the Council, or on the requisition of any six members duly presented to the Honorary Secretary. The Club, during the ordinary session, shall meet on each Monday, at seven o'clock

in the evening, and begin its proceedings at 7-15, by the Secretary reading the minutes of the previous weekly or other meeting; after which the time, until eight o'clock, shall be occupied by the reception of short communications and notes and in general conversation. At eight o'clock prompt the paper or other business of the evening as set down in the syllabus shall be proceeded with. The subjects under discussion may be adjourned from time to time. Each member shall have the privilege of introducing a friend to the meetings; but no person so introduced shall take part in the proceedings, unless invited to do so by the President, to whom the visitor's name shall be communicated, and shall also be entered in the Visitors' Book, with the name of the member introducing such visitor. The President shall announce to the meeting the names of such visitors as are present.

4.

OFFICERS AND COUNCIL.

The affairs of the Club shall be conducted by a Council, to consist of a President, Vice-Presidents (whose names shall be submitted by the Council for election at the annual meeting), a Treasurer, two Librarians, a Secretary, and seven members, who shall be elected, by ballot or otherwise, at the last meeting of the session, and who shall hold office until the election of the Council in the following year. A vacancy may be filled up at any ordinary meeting. The Council shall sit each regular meeting night, at least one hour before the assembling of the Club. The Council shall have power to erase the name of any member from the books of the Club on due cause being shown.

Two Auditors shall be appointed by the members at the ordinary meeting next preceding the final meeting of the session, to audit the Treasurer's accounts. A nomination paper for the election of officers shall be placed on the table of the Club on each of the last four meetings of the session prior to the annual business meeting.

5.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The duty of the President shall be to preside at the meetings of the Club, and to maintain order. His decision in all questions of precedence among speakers, and on all disputes which may arise during the meeting shall be absolute. In the absence of the President or Vice-Presidents it shall be competent for the members present to elect a chairman.

The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Club, pay all accounts passed by the Council and signed by the Chairman for the time being, and submit his accounts and books for audit at the last meeting of the session.

The Auditors shall audit the accounts of the year, and, if correct, sign the same, and present them at the last meeting of the session.

The Honorary Librarians shall have charge of all the books, MSS., and scrap-books belonging to the Club. They shall keep a register of all purchases and donations, shall acknowledge the gifts to the Club, and shall present a report on the condition of the library to the yearly business meeting at the end of each session.

The duties of the Honorary Secretary shall be to attend all meetings of the Council and Club, to enter in detail, as far as practicable, the proceedings at each meeting; to conduct the correspondence, file all letters received, and convene all meetings, by circular, if necessary. He shall also prepare and present to the Council at the last meeting of the session in each year a report of the year's work, and, after confirmation by the Council, shall read the same to the members.

6.

SECTIONS.

Sections for the pursuit of special branches of literary or artistic work may at any time be formed by resolution of the Club; and the Council shall be empowered to frame bye-laws necessary for the government of any such section.

7.

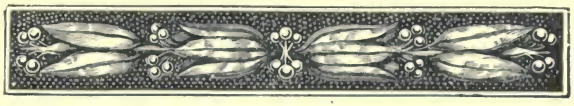
SYLLABUS AND ANNUAL VOLUME.

The syllabus of the session shall be prepared in two sections—one to be issued, if possible, a week before the beginning of the session, namely, in the last week in September, and the other at Christmas. A copy of each shall be forwarded by the Secretary to every member. The report of the year, together with the Papers and Proceedings of the Club, shall be bound up at the end of each session, and a copy forwarded to every member whose subscription has been paid. A list of the officers and members, with their full addresses, and the Treasurer's balance sheet, shall be appended to the report.

8.

ALTERATION OF RULES.

No new rule, or alteration in these rules, or of the place of meeting, shall be made without a special meeting of the Club being convened for the purpose, of which seven days' notice shall be given.



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